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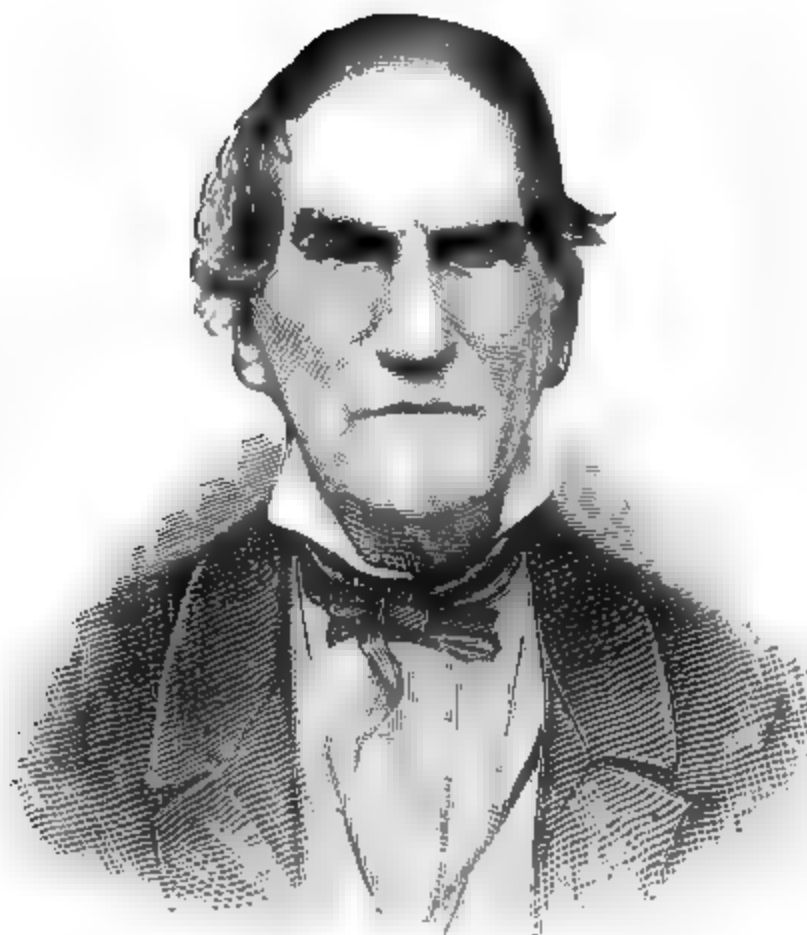












**COL. WILLIAM McLANE,**

Whose narrative of the Mngree expedition in the Gauthier war in Texas in 1812-13, is embodied in this work; and who was the last of that expedition to pass away, which occurred at his residence, at the head of the San Antonio river, adjoining the city limits of San Antonio, on May 11, 1873.

IRENE VIESCA,  
A TALE  
OF THE  
MAGEE EXPEDITION  
IN THE  
GAUCHIPIN WAR IN TEXAS,

A. D. 1812-13.

BY

HIRAM H. MCLANE,

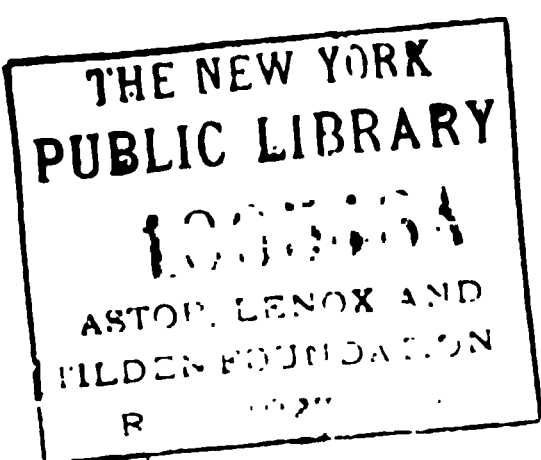
Author of "The Capture of the Alamo," a Historical Tragedy, in four acts, with prologue, etc.

Of truth and fiction, each, its part,  
'Tis thus the two are joined,  
That they may in this manner serve  
To weave together, what shall be,  
A pleasing tale.

Chivalry may mark well the age,  
But deeds of valor go for naught,  
As fit adornments to a tale,  
When love is lacking.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS:  
SAN ANTONIO PRINTING COMPANY, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.  
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*To my departed Father, some of the romantic incidents in the history of whose life have furnished the basis of my story, is this imperfect tribute respectfully dedicated.*

*H. H. McLANE.*

*San Antonio, Texas.*





## PREFACE.

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THE object of this work is, to place in some readable and attractive form the history of the Magee expedition, as it came from the pen of one who was himself an actor in most of the scenes and familiar with the details of all the operations connected with the expedition, from the time of leaving Nacogdoches until the execution at the Trinity river of the prisoners taken in the retreat, after the defeat in the fight near the Medina, as detailed therein; and which, indeed, embraced all its operations, as the expedition was organized at Nacogdoches, and to use his own words when speaking of the execution of the prisoners at the Trinity river, "Thus terminated the Magee expedition."

And such a record has seldom or ever been met with in the world's history. To find as we do therein, a "mere handful of men lording it over"—as he expressed it—"a province of old Spain;" and but for the blowing away of a little smoke at the critical moment, to reveal to the aid sent by Elisondo to recall the Spanish forces and order a retreat, the very small force opposed to them, and thus causing him to rally them,

instead of obeying the command to order a retreat, there might have been then established that government, which it took years of suffering and the sacrifice of many noble lives to secure.

The narrative as given herein is just as it came from his pen, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, to adapt it to the purposes and plans of our story. The wounding the hero of the tale, as described, is but a record of the facts, as they occurred at the time, so far as the locality and nature of the wound, with the circumstances under which received, are concerned.

The finding the wallets after the fight, with the amount contained in them, is also, as related by him, and was often repeated by him, to compare the honesty of those people then with the same class now.

The incidents of his retreat, such as the finding the Mexican making soup from the dry bones, and the feast it made them, with the bird killed by him, and the method of crossing the Trinity river, are all exact in description. Also, the fact, as stated, of the accumulation of the "bars of silver," the room occupied in San Antonio, as quarters—some 10x12 feet—being shown him, in comparison with the one thus filled; likewise the capture and execution of the father, and the putting the daughter to menial service. These have all been given as obtained from the writer of the narrative. And

the purpose as we have said of this work, is to give to the world in this form, the true history as given from his own pen, even down to the strictures upon, and corrections of, the history as detailed by others, of one who was the last to pass away (which occurred May 1, 1873), of those who took an active part in the operations of what might perhaps be well called the most remarkable of expeditions; thus making it attractive as well as instructive, and how far we have succeeded in our effort to make it attractive, our readers will be able to judge when it has been perused by them.

As for that portion which is our own, being the plan of the story, and the weaving the narrative therein, we neither claim indulgence, nor court criticism, but simply offer it as it is, for acceptance or rejection by those into whose hands it may fall.

To vindicate the truth of history, and correct the many numerous statements sent forth as such by the many would-be historians, was the object of the father—the real actor—in penning his narrative, and to give it to the world in some attractive form, and to perpetuate his memory, have been the objects of the son,

THE AUTHOR.

*San Antonio, Texas, 1886.*



# IRENE VIESCA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE room was rectangular in form, some eighteen by twenty feet in extent, with high ceiling, and heavy oak cornice, adorned with carved figures, in groups, of celestial beings and of sainted martyrs; and was lighted by a single taper held by a brightly polished stick of brass, which was standing upon a massive oaken table, supported by six elaborately carved legs, with the representation of beasts, birds, and flowers upon them. The other furniture of the room consisted of a number of chairs, of the same material as the table, and alike massive, and adorned with similar carvings. The walls were hung with paintings, the works of the old masters, representing the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection of the Savior, and other incidents of His life, as well as the early history of the church. The openings consisted of a door and window. Across the latter there ran iron bars, and it had a heavy oaken shutter, hung upon large iron hinges, with which to close it securely



from the outside. The door, which led into a large open court, had likewise a heavy oaken shutter, elaborately carved.

The only occupant of the room was a man about forty-five years of age, with a slight tinge of gray in his locks, some five feet ten inches in height, with form erect and features regular and comely. He was standing and gazing through the grated window into the darkness beyond, as if intent thus to pierce by his gaze the mists which obscure the future. He was evidently absorbed in his own reflections, since he did not observe the opening of the door behind him, and the entrance of a young girl, who sprang to his side, and exclaimed: "Oh, my father! my father!" at the same time throwing her arms around his neck, when he turned and clasped her to his breast and imprinted a kiss on her lips, as her face was turned towards his. After a moment's embrace, he placed her gently in a chair, and took a seat in front of her, when she continued: "Oh, father, how, Oh, how did you come here? I thought you still languished within those prison walls. Do tell me what this means—your coming here at this hour? Are you altogether free from that horrid prison? Or, is this another of those acts of great condescension on the part of our rulers, to grant me your presence for a time? Do speak, and let me know, for if only liberated for a brief period it will be a sweet pleasure, but if liberated forever, I will be most happy indeed."

“Yes, Irene, the cause I have espoused has its adherents here in Zacatecas, and through them, and the gracious favor of the Holy Virgin Mother, I have been liberated; and I have come to bid you farewell for a time, and only for a time, I hope, as I must be away, and join those who have an organized body to oppose our foes.”

“And whither do you go, my father? Pray, where can such a place be found?”

“The news has just reached us, that our Republican forces have captured, and now hold possession of San Antonio de Bexar, by the aid of the American patriots, who so nobly espoused our cause and marched to aid us by way of La Bahia, and captured it. Thither, I propose to flee, that I may wield my own strong arm in defense of right and liberty, or use my address and talents in their cause.”

“Why, my father, can I not accompany you? Why should I be left here, now that my term of pupilage has passed? Why need I longer be separated from you? My heart yearns to give you that devotion due you, as my only parent and protector, who, for so many years since my mother’s death, have lacked that sympathy and love which none but a womanly heart can bestow, and those tender caresses which only a woman’s hand can administer. No, my father, let me no longer be deprived of the privilege of acting my part, that of a dutiful and loving daughter.”

“How, my child, what know you of the power of woman’s sympathy and love, to meet man’s yearning desires? or the effect of her caresses in quieting his disturbed spirit? Do lessons taught within these convent walls give the knowledge? or have you some outside instructor? How came you by the knowledge, if such knowledge you have?”

“God in nature speaks, father. The birds, beasts and animals, all in their own appropriate way, and by their own known methods, do such in kind, though not degree, extend. But not to them alone, but to my inmost self I go, and learn from thence, the powers within me. My very fingers tingle now, to smoothe those locks of thine, or press themselves upon your brow, or be clasped within your own. And my heart yearns to be allowed to go out to you, in sympathy through kind and loving words.”

“Indeed, my daughter, you know not the chords you have touched, since you revive memories long since buried, with my buried love for your sainted mother. And the love I have bestowed upon you, as my child, has been to my heart like the manna in the wilderness to the famishing Israelites. But, you could not endure the hardships which would beset us on every hand, since so little prepared are you to encounter dangers and endure hardships, reared as you have been within these walls, like some delicate exotic.”

“Nay, father, say not so; have not my feet scaled those giddy heights, and my limbs borne me over their rugged steeps, and who, among all those assembled here so fearless as I, when rambling as we have so often done in company with the good sisters, and him my best beloved teacher, of whom I have often made mention to you, over those mountain ranges, and through the glens and dells surrounding this convent. Nay, father, do not place that before me as a barrier.”

“But, Irene, your presence might greatly embarrass us on our journey, and should our foes gain the scent and place their hot pursuers on the track, you might prove a snare, for physical suffering and great exertion will be necessary to carry us through in safety, and you, my darling, are not fitted to endure such, and should you falter or fall by the way from exhaustion, I could not leave you, and all might be lost.”

“But, father, you do not know the force of that will which dictates and guides me, nor do you rightly appreciate the power of that Viesca blood, that courses through my veins to sustain, nor the longing of that heart which would make me brave dangers, for those dangers’ sake, if to share them with you; and then, too, my father, these walls as well as these familiar scenes around me, have become wearisome to me, and I would away, like some imprisoned bird when its prison doors are opened into the world be-

yond. I so long to see and know more of that world of which my kind, good teacher has told me so much, and now, when the way seems open to me, do not deny me the privilege."

"But, my daughter, it would be reckless, nay, I might say, suicidal, to allow you to accompany me, since a thousand hardships and innumerable dangers await on every hand, all who would undertake such a journey; but most of all, to me, if pursuit be undertaken, and then, if with you to check my course, or clog my way, and we be captured — what then? — perhaps a life of servitude, for both, within some mine, deep down within the bowels of the earth, shut out from nature's face and the world's companionship. No, my daughter; remain here with these good sisters, who have so long supplied a mother's place to you, and if the Holy Virgin shall so far favor our cause, as that this land of ours shall be free, I will return and will dwell here with you; or, if our foes shall gain the day, and I be not slain, I will provide some safe retreat to take you to, and you shall take that place to me in what shall make home again as far as shall be possible, what it was when your mother, and whom you so much now resemble, went in and out and made it little less than a place of bliss to me."

"But, father, the power of protection is not at all times within man's keeping. There is a hand above that guides, and that a loving hand,

too, and they who put their trust in it shall not be discomfited; and so we will journey on with our faith linked to our united prayers, and then, with your watchful care and my ready wit, which is a woman's gift, we shall shun all dangers and reach our destination in safety."

"What will my watchful care or your woman's wit be, when pitted against the power of the foe, and that, too, wielded as it is, in the interest of injustice and wrong, which alas, leads man to do and to dare more, than right and justice will often do."

"True, father, men often go to greater lengths in the pursuit of wrong doing, indeed much farther, often, than in the pursuit of worthy objects, but such are only goaded on by a sense of their own weakness; for when man once steps beyond the bounds of the prescribed limits of right, and enters upon the broad and unbounded plane of wrong, a sense of helplessness, or more properly speaking, of complete isolation, seizes him, and he is driven on and on, pursuing as it were, an *ignis fatuus*, until he falls from exhaustion, never dreaming there is a way of return, since he heeds not the voice of right that is ever calling him back. And shall the power of such be feared by those who are held in the hollow of the hand of Omnipotence, and who put their trust in the Holy Virgin? Nay, father, trust me to endure hardships from my will power and the pride of my Viesca blood, and put your

trust with me in the power of the Virgin to protect, if you discredit your own watchful care and my woman's wit, and we shall reach our destination in safety."

"Your earnestness and pleading tones of voice more than your arguments, weigh with me, my daughter. But, to power of will, and pride of ancestral blood, more than woman's wit, or my watchful care, I fear me, must be added, and if assured of that support of which you speak, it might be well. But then, to fly so evidently in the face of providence, and as it were, temptingly dare what reason disowns, and then claim that protection—it is too much, my daughter."

"No, father; no, not so; the Holy Mother is always gracious to those who trust her; and she will not deny us if we appeal to her. Besides, would it not be in the path of duty, and though a thousand-fold more dangers should menace us, we would be deserving a severe penance not to trust her, and enter therein."

"I fear me, my daughter, that it is your own desire, or perhaps it is the impulsiveness of your nature, that is guiding, in the forming thus the estimate of duty; and when too late and the dangers menace, or the hardships overcome you, your faith will then weaken, and if our defence should then be alone upon that, we should indeed be in a pitiable, as well as in a critical, condition."

“True, father; often times the ‘spirit is willing, while the flesh is weak;’ but it is equally true that the spirit often imparts strength by force of will-power to the wearied or failing flesh. And, but a burden of weariness too heavy to be borne, or a danger too great for human skill or physical power to compass, shall my will-power break, or deter me from pursuing the way with you or make me regret the step taken. No, father; let us not longer be separated, but let that current of life in me, which flows from your imparting, pursue its course beside your own, whether smoothly gliding on or dashing against the rugged shore, or down the rocky steeps.”

“Ah, my child, I fear me that the feebleness of your own current would so retard the flow of mine in the midst of the perils of such a journey as now lies before me, as that the whole stream would become stagnant, or the quicksands of pursuit drink it up. Nay, my daughter; discard the thought and dismiss the wish, and be content to remain here until such time as events shall be more propitious, then the desires of your heart for the mingling of the currents of our lives shall be gratified.”

“No, no, father; no, no; do not put me off so; do not deny me this one privilege — this great boon. I can not bear to have you go without me. I can not see you go alone. I must be your companion. Think not, father, oh, think



not of the hardships, nor fear to trust the Holy Virgin to bring us safely to our journey's end."

"Would you drive me to such rashness, my darling, by your pleading tones and impassioned words? Nay, desist, trust me; the plan I propose is the only plan for us to pursue, and you must be content."

"No, no, father; no, no; *I can not* be left, and know as you have told me, that a thousand dangers await you, and not have the power to stretch forth my hand or use my wits to shield you. No, father; I can not; you must not leave me. If left, my days would be spent in anxious thought, and my nights in fearful dreams of your perils, and together they would kill me. Better let me perish, if perish I must, in the attempt to escape with you. 'Twere better to have left me unadvised of your departure than to leave me thus."

"But, my child, would you by your presence heighten the dangers to which we will be subject, and make the prospect of our perishing more certain, or capture more probable, which, with such a life as we would probably have before us in prospect, would be worse than death."

"No, father; but I would ward off those dangers by my skill or cunning, or nerve you to bear them by my own example."

"What! shall the lion be protected by its whelp, or the tiger gain courage from its young?"

“No, father; but, as in the fable, the mouse can gnaw the net with which the lion is bound, and as a little child’s trust will lead its bewildered father over the burning bridge or through the swelling flood, at the bidding of the mother, so shall I the hunter’s net destroy, and by my trust in the Holy Virgin Mother, lead you safely through and over every opposing obstacle.”

“Well, be it so; your tender sympathy unnerves my will, and I can but grant your wish, the better judgment yielding unwilling obedience to the feelings of the father, and with that trust alone which we shall place within the Virgin’s power, must we launch forth.”

“Thank you, father; thank you; your will has yielded to nature’s promptings, as I too was lead by its promptings in my pleadings, and now we shall be no more severed, but hand-in-hand, we will journey through life, putting our trust where no betrayals come.”

“The future, Irene, the future, we know not what it has in store for us. But enough, and now, I must away to make the necessary preparations for our journey, and you, be ready at my call. With means so slight as we will have for transport, your preparations need be scant indeed, and therefore, only such as your greatest needs demand, prepare.”

“Trust me, father, to be ready at your call, and to the Virgin also look for guidance in your plans, and all will be well.”

## CHAPTER II.

## THE LOVERS.

IN the year 1813, there stood near to, and just above, where the iron bridge now spans the river on Fourth street, known as the Lewis bridge, in the city of San Antonio, Texas, one of those humble dwellings, such as all then occupied, except the most opulent of the Mission Station, or *presidio*, as it was then called.

This dwelling was placed upon a slight elevation, now occupied by the Lewis family residence, and but a few *varas* from the stream, and from which there was a gradual slope down to the water's edge, over which at this season of the year, as well as every where else, all over the beautiful prairie country, which then surrounded the locality—that is the city—but which now is covered with a rank growth of mesquite and chapparal, was spread a dense carpet, composed of the most beautiful and fragrant wild flowers, known to the country.

The hour was that of dewy eve, and the setting sun was tinging the topmost branches of the pecan, sycamore, elm, and other trees, which skirted the stream immediately above and below, leaving an open space in front of the dwelling





down to the river. His rays seemed to struggle to send their beams over the hills lying to the west, and to make his dying moments still beautiful to those of earth, for whom and to whom his daily rounds were made, to bring them warmth and gladness. The hour and scene was one in which are born those tender passions which link together hearts for aye, and those passions, when thus born keep warmed into full blown existence, and with that tender passion thus to guide, and charm of scene to on to lure a maiden fair, with full blown rose tints on her cheek, and grace to mark her every step, with form cast in a perfect mould, and eyes through which the lustre of a gifted mind shone forth, with features classic, indeed, so strongly marked with points attractive to high art, as to be thus more than striking, then sought the shore, and with her harp in hand, a seat secured upon the very water's edge, that with the ripple of the stream, she might her song strains mingle. And then, tuning to the harp her voice, she sang:

Thou fitful, faint, and struggling ray,  
That would to earth, still brightness give,  
And lengthen out to those the day,  
Who pleasure find in it to live.

Thou dost with spirits tender touch,  
Upon this heart of mine now move,  
And thus would tell me, 'tis of such  
That in me's born, my strength of love.

To passion strong, I know I yield,  
But Oh, what for? To pleasure bring?  
Is not within it there concealed,  
What may me wound, with poisonous sting?

Shall he, to whom my heart doth cling  
With all its strength of fond desires,  
A heart as true unto me bring  
And love like warmed by passion's fires?

“What, Irene? have the song birds of doubt flown through thy mind, and lured thee with their false notes unto a land of dire unrest; from which thou wouldst fain escape? Then, list to the chimes of thine own heart's bells, and as their echoes shall return into it from my own, then, thou mayest rest with quiet within that sanctuary, where no schisms ever shall enter, as love only shall there hold sway.” And Jerald Fitzgerald, having approached unheard by her, imprinted a warm kiss upon her fair brow, and took his seat by the side of Irene Viesca.

The expedition of Magee to aid the Mexican republicans in their struggle for freedom from the yoke of Spanish rule, had brought several young men adventurers into Texas, and among the number, Jerald Fitzgerald, a native of Scotland, but who, at the age of ten years accompanied his parents to the United States, where they settled in New Orleans, and where, as he grew up, he made himself master of the French and Spanish languages, thus making him quite

an acquisition to the Magee expedition, which he joined at New Orleans. With his knowledge of the language, and his naturally gay and genial disposition, with that culture, the result of association among the better class of the French and Spaniards in New Orleans, as well as the American population there, he naturally sought the society of the intelligent and refined portion of the Spanish population in San Antonio, of which there were at that time quite a number of families, many of the descendants of which still are to be found among the best and wealthiest of its population. At the house of one of these families he met with Irene Viesca, whose father, Don Ramon Viesca, having espoused the liberal cause, and with her fled from the city of Zacatecas, had taken up his residence in San Antonio, it being at that time in the hands of his friends. And as palaces and fine buildings of every kind were not as plentiful then as now, and as there were many like himself who had sought an asylum there, he had accepted the humble dwelling of which we have spoken.

To say that an attachment sprung up between the young couple, would be putting it tamely, for, as the fair Irene herself in the sweet strains to which she was accompanying her voice with her harp in singing, has put it, "a passion strong," they each then owned, and to each had made confession, not indeed by words alone, but



something more than words, in looks and actions as words may deceive, but they, never.

“Come, take your harp, which at my coming you had laid aside, and tune it to a strain which shall dispel the shadow that has fallen upon thy heart, and but for that check unto its freedom which my coming gave, it might have borne down even to despair. And never again, Irene, let slightest force of such distrust disquiet your heart.”

“I know not why those strains then for themselves upon my mind with so much weight, but know that then my fingers did the harp strings touch, as they were led there, to give expression to my outward senses, of what my heart with so much force did feel. Indeed, I would scarce own unto myself the dark forebodings of my heart. To you, who never knew the inner workings of a rule where power and passion only guide; where no light shines from the will of the governed on the ruling power, all is dark, mysterious, like the strong volcano's fires, smouldering, ready to burst forth at the least influx of outward air, or tiny flow of dipping stream. You, who have lived where the voice of those who bear the rule, the form of rule itself do make, why should you know of what they have to bear and suffer, where none have say what shall be the rule, save those who do rule enforce. And now, while I, a feeble, half-formed fledgling from the nest have flown,

eagle's talons thus to shun, and have a warm and down-lined nest within thine own heart found, the eagle does with pinions strong and talons sharp this way his course pursue, and when he comes, what then?"

"Trust me, Irene; the fowler's skill shall then the eagle's strength overcome, and thou shalt still within the nest remain, a tender fledgling, buried deep within the down with which my love has lined it."

"But, come; the harp now touch to some such strain as shall give rise to lighter thoughts. And, by the way, there is one thing I have never told you yet, and that is, that within my native heaths, when but a boy—as you know I told you I left old Scotia's shores when but a child as yet—I did those notes the pipes give forth, then oft wind out, and with my childish voice did mingle strains set to some Scottish air. But when I bade adieu for aye to fair old Scotia's shores, and sought the far-off western wilds, I didna wind those notes as then, but as my soul to music's notes was tuned, I touched the harp-strings often, to strength and beauty give to some familiar strain."

"Ah, Jerald, why have you thus kept it secret from me? How often have I longed to hear some strains from touch besides my own; and had I known it was in your power to grant my wishes, I should have used my will by strong command, if by request, or yet persua-

sion you would not. And now, since you have of your skill made me acquainted, its exercise to you I claim, and see that you at once obey. Here, take the harp."

"No, Irene; I would not the sweetness of your own soft strains now drive from out my inmost soul, by one discordant note of mine. It was the fear of this that has kept me dumb, but some evil genius has led me now to betray myself."

"Come, Jerald, say not so; my heart yearns to catch one note of thine; to hear thee utter but one strain with fingered touch of harp-strings."

"A truce then we will make, Irene, and since you press me, I will sweep the strings to give strength to my response, unto the strains with which you gave me greeting:"

Thou orb that dost the day bring forth,  
As in the east thou dost appear,  
And by thy warmth but giveth birth  
To stems to bear the full-grown ear.

So art thou thus an emblem made,  
Of those bright orbs that send their rays,  
To drive from out my heart all shade,  
And set my soul within ablaze.

She whom thou dost thus emblemize,  
Does now, with power beyond thy ray,  
Send forth from out her own bright eyes  
Those beams that drive all clouds away.

All the time while Jerald was singing the lines, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on Irene, to note the effect they would have upon her. She at first met his gaze, but, when the purport of them became revealed, averted her gaze, and looking thoughtfully into the gliding waters before her, changed in color from deep to deeper, as the sentiment was more and more revealed in their recital, and when he had ceased, she turned her face full upon him and said, impassionately:

“How can you, Jerald, so overrate my winning powers? For poorly, I know, your love I do requite, if such your sentiments. And shall it be that I, even I, shall thus have always power to charm you?” And laying her head upon his shoulder—“and oh, may this sweet dream—yes, dream—for surely it is too much to be all real, never pass away.”

Placing his arm quietly around her waist, and pressing her close to him, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and said:

“Yes, Irene; so heaven wills, or has so willed till now, that none but you have such emotions in my breast produced, and why not hope, that what to us now is decreed has been unto life’s end decreed.”

“I beseech you, Jerald, speak not to me of decrees, they sound so like the edicts issued by those rulers, who would rule us with their rods of iron, but let your speech be made alone of

wills, as I do know, that naught but my own will, does make me cleave so now unto you. And if you can with like strong bond attach yourself to me, then I shall be content."

"There, see, the shadows now are gone! How soon the light does disappear, and darkness follow on, when the sun goes down. No twilights here do ever linger to guide the weary traveler on his way; all, all become benighted wheresoever the sun's last setting ray does find them, and oh, Jerald! if you should from my pathway remove the ray of that love which you do now upon it throw, with so much strength of warmth and light, the night of death to my fond hopes, and the tomb's cold chill unto my heart would come. There, now, I must away unto that humble dwelling, and leave this spot, where alone in all my short stay in this world of mingled joys and sorrows I have known true bliss, and you have, Jerald, unto me but such imparted, since it is in knowing you do so respond unto my heart's most intense longings, I have found it."

With one more kiss and fond embrace, they each their separate ways then took, she to her humble dwelling, and he unto his quarters.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE FITZGERALD FAMILY.

**T**HE elder Fitzgerald, the father of Jerald, whose christian name was Donald, was descended from a family of Scotch Presbyterians, and he followed closely in their footsteps.

**A**t the age of fourteen years he was placed in the large commission house of Bruce & Lloyd, in Glasgow, which firm also had a similar house in Liverpool, under the firm name of Lloyd & Bruce.

**Y**oung Fitzgerald became a great favorite with his employers, from his strict attention to business and his unswerving integrity, born of his Presbyterian faith. At the age of twenty-one, he had, with the full consent, and by the advice of his employers, entered into a matrimonial alliance with Mary McGregor, and upon the consummation of the event, they had doubled his salary, of their own accord.

**W**ithin one year after marriage, Jerald was born, and three years later a daughter, whom they christened Mary.

**A**nd, as we have already heard Jerald say, as to time or date, when he was ten years old, those composing the two firms of Bruce & Lloyd, and

Loyd & Bruce, determining to establish a branch house in New Orleans, selected Fitzgerald to be the head and manager, and sent him over for that purpose; the name of the firm being that of Bruce & Co., Fitzgerald being the manager, under salary, only. But, some few years before the date of the introduction of our hero to the reader, the father had been installed as a junior partner in the firm of Bruce & Co., in the New Orleans house.

Jerald had never manifested any fondness for mercantile pursuits, and had been kept at his studies with the hope, on the part of his parents, that he might not only fit himself for, but be inclined to the ministry.

With all their training, however, in the rules of the Scotch forms—to which they adhered, although surrounded as they were with such a maelstrom of vice as New Orleans at that time presented—they never were able to do more than keep him strictly within the pale of virtue and propriety. And although a regular attendant on the services of the sanctuary, and a member of the church, he was far from being of the school of his fathers in Scotch Presbyterianism, but was given to attendance upon all those places of amusement, such as theaters, parties, etc. With such a disposition, coupled with his literary attainments and highly social qualities, which indeed were far above ordinary, he was quite a favorite in society, and many a fair one

had looked with envy upon those who were receiving his attentions for the time being, but no gossiping tale had ever linked his name to another in the matrimonial role, so evenly balanced had he kept his attentions to all.

Of course, with such surroundings and associations, his connection with the Magee expedition was looked upon by his necessarily large circle of acquaintances as a freak of singular inaptness, since neither by habit, nor yet by seeming inclination, was he of that kind of material necessary for success in such undertakings.

His parents, finding their persuasive powers insufficient to change his purpose, reluctantly gave their consent, feeling that as he had just arrived at the age of twenty-one, and therefore from under their legal authority, the only restraint they could properly throw in the way, they had done, in using their persuasive powers.

His sister, Mary, being three years younger, just ready to enter into society, and feeling so keenly the need of just such a brother's hand to guide her untrained feet, gave him up only after a long struggle, and the final bringing to her aid all her Scotch Presbyterian Christianity.

His departure was made the subject of prayer on the part of his parents and sister, and became a part of their daily burden, when bringing their petitions, with their gifts, to the altar. And their yearnings of heart are only known to those



who have hearts thus actuated by Christian principles, and have passed through like trials.

The methods of communication were almost wholly confined then to occasional and stray passers to and fro, except, as in the present state of affairs, when it was more or less regular through couriers dispatched with calls for aid or recruiting officers. To such sources would the family have to look for communication with him. And, as often, his letters might pass through the hands of more than one person, it was deemed best to depend upon their general delivery in the post office, while an occasional one might be left by the bearer, for his own convenience, at the counting room of Bruce & Co.

As they were the days, too, before the advent of postal delivery clerks and lamp post letter boxes, all had to send to one place to post and receive their mail-matter. And as the city then covered a large extent of territory, it made it very inconvenient for some residents, and it was especially so for Mary, from the location of her home with reference to the post office, and but for her Scotch training, her patience might daily have been sorely tried, by the length of time that elapsed, and was necessarily taken, when the servant was dispatched, between the time of departure and return.

But, with all this, and the additional fact of the uncertainty of receiving Jerald's promised letters, she dispatched a servant at least twice

a day to the office, in addition to the calls made thereon from the house, of which we have said her father was the head and partner. And the intensity of her desires deepened with the passage of each day. For, with their strict family training, added to their natural true Scotch natures, inbred of devotion, the inheritance of that individual, or clanish socialism, born ages before of the clan system, when each member was an essential and important factor, and the whole a unit, she and Jerald had grown up with hearts and minds in unison, so far at least as two natures so different in temperament and disposition could do so.

Jerald was impulsive, rapid in his movements, quick to think, and equally rapid in execution, one of your open, free natures, that always takes things as they come, and rushing through life, as if engaged in something like the old athletic sports, when the struggle was to see who should reach the goal first. But, at the same time, not only thoughtful of the feelings and interests of all around him, but jealous of their individual rights, never allowing himself knowingly to encroach on any, and especially did he act thus towards his sister.

On the other hand, she was a genuine plodder, never seemingly in a hurry, never thrown off her balance, always ready for whatever might happen, never excited, or unduly carried away by impulse. What she did, she did with a purpose,

and for a purpose, nothing ever being done to her simply for effect. Having inherited her mother's plainness of personal attractions, she likewise inherited her sterling good qualities and at the age of which we write, that golden age to woman, her entrance into society, but not then as now, at time of life, the age then being eighteen, while it is now dependent upon the whim, or will of the daughter, with the relative yielding disposition of the parents, anywhere from twelve years up, she had so far, through her home associations and church relations and duties, become versed in society's ways and life's demands, that the transition from the miss to the woman was so gradual as not to make even a ripple upon her life's current, except as to the want of that brother's step to go with her own, as it had done all her life long, and that hand to guide, which she had been so much accustomed to look to for guidance, and especially had looked forward to, in taking this new step in her progress through life.

With such a nature, and such training, it is not strange she should long for the chain to be again linked together, if it be but momentary, which was so rudely severed, when he, her only, and so dearly beloved — we will not say idolized brother — natures like her's have no idols — only altars on which the heart's best gifts are laid, we say then, when he did, what she could

but look upon as the merest gratification of a whim, in thus tearing himself away from them, to dash out in an almost unknown world, and into the midst of unseen dangers. And especially, was her longing increased by anxiety, resulting from a failure to get his promised letters advising them of his every movement. Little, however, did he, or they, know when the promise was made, of the obstacles that would be in the way of the fulfillment of such a promise.

Those who have only been accustomed to view life through its roseate hues, who have seldom, if ever, had an interruption to desired communication, or a check put to the consummation of their wishes, or desires, know little of the struggle going on in the world, to keep its ends together, and but for an occasional putting in of that one essential part of a farmer's outfit, an open link, they each might be hopelessly severed.

And at the end of three weeks after his departure they were still without any intelligence from him whatever. Of course, they were all anxious, but anxiety availed nothing, at least in bringing the desired intelligence, and they had to exercise patience in waiting, as the reader will have to do, for the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FIRST LETTER.

THE days of which we write were the good old days of Southern slavery, when the thrifty housewives had large bunches of keys, strung upon small polished steel chains, or flaxen cords, except those of the more opulent class, who substituted therefor elaborate gold chains or silken cords. These they attached to their belts, or secured them some other way around their waists, and let them hang down by their sides. These keys were used to lock and unlock chests, drawers and doors, as all the family supplies were kept strictly under lock and key, and were usually dished out for each meal. Thus, giving those who were strictly good housewives but little time to devote to anything else but attendance to the keeping the servants going, so as that idleness should not breed insubordination; for, being utterly helpless without them, knowing nothing themselves practically of such drudgery, they were compelled to keep at least two of a kind, in case of sickness of the one, to have another to take her place. And by reason of such a course, the number would often range to a dozen or more, especially if the family was

blessed with a supply of misses or young ladies, as each must have her own waiting maid. And so, with this necessary supply of cooks, chamber and waiting maids, the house was generally filled from top to bottom, and to keep them all in their places was the work of at least one member of the family, and this was usually the lady of the house, unless aristocratic enough to command the services of a professional housekeeper.

But the Scotch breeding and religious principles of the Fitzgeralds had been a bar to their using more than one cook and one chambermaid, the mother and daughter never having indulged in the luxury of dressing maids. The circle in which they moved was that of the most refined and cultivated of the church-going Protestant population of the city, and as this class was composed mostly of Americans, and those foreigners coming from Protestant countries, they mingled but little with the Creoles and, therefore, had none of the habits that attached to them.

They rose with the sun, took all their meals at regular hours, kept good hours for sleep, were not attendants on theatres, or any of those lighter amusements of which the Creoles were so fond, and Jerald's breaking over these rules, of which we have made mention, was always to the other members of the family, a source of regret. And while he did not indulge in such things to the extent of absolute dissipation, as was the

case at that day with the Creole population, yet, he so far entered into them as to become more gay than suited the wishes of the others.

But there was a solace to them in his church going attendance, as that was unexceptionable—every service of the Sabbath—unless absent from the city, or unavoidably detained, finding him in the family pew. Another source of comfort to his parents was, that he never abandoned his sister to seek the society of others on such occasions, but was always her escort.

The fact that he was not a strict adherent to the church's demands, but rather nominally a member, as it were, was not for the want of strenuous effort being made on the part of his parents to rear him in that faith, and bring him conformably into her close connection, but from the nature of his surroundings, and his naturally volatile disposition. Still, the fear on their part that too close a rein might alienate his affections, and drive him from the narrow path, in which they themselves had been led, may have so tempered their zeal, and softened the rigors of their training, that it might be said of them, "that they were slack," as some count slackness. And, had his surroundings been what their's were, a more stringent method might have been not only justifiable, but expedient, and would perhaps have been so considered and acted upon by them. As it was, they seeing no fatally gross departures, accepted the situation,

with a good degree of composure on account of their hope for the future.

As for Mary, she not having, in the language of the day, "come out" yet, that is, been received into society, and placed upon the list of marriageable young ladies, was exempt from the influences that surrounded her brother. And with her home duties, associations and training, she was but in a small part different from what girls of the same class were, in the old country. She had a few associates of her own age, and in her own class and grade in society, and as she was to pass the ordeal of entrance into society by passing over the boundary between the two closing years of the teens, and as such events were more frequently celebrated then than now, for the reason, perhaps, that the age at which they are now allowed to "come out" is an indefinite and uncertain one, she deemed it her duty to call around her, a few select friends, and make an appropriate display.

Accordingly, we find the mother and daughter, with their small list of servants, engaged in making the necessary preparations for the occasion. And, as they never had imbibed the notion, which at that day, to a great extent, prevailed, and which years later became almost universal amongst the fashionable in the slaveholding States, that work of any kind, and especially of a domestic nature, was beneath the dignity of a lady, and, indeed, wholly unfitted



her for genteel society—we say, as they never had imbibed such notions, and had been accustomed to indulge in the luxury of a little good wholesome work, they not only superintended but did a large share of the needed labor in the preparation.

The selection of their intended guests was made from the immediate neighborhood, from those with whom they had kept up more than a visiting acquaintanceship; their intercourse being more in the nature of neighbors and friends, than mere fashionable acquaintances. To which, however, were added a few from other parts of the city, who were attendants with them at church, and some several school mates, whom Mary had formed attachments for, who were not of the Presbyterian church fold.

The education of their children had been conducted under their own eyes by the Fitzgeralds, in a school of high order, established mainly by the members of their own church, but which in the course of time, came to be patronized by many others, occupying the same grade in society as themselves, in which the sexes were taught together, and, therefore, Jerald and Mary always attended school together, and pursued their studies, many of them in the same classes. For, while Mary was three years his junior, she kept pace in growth of body and mind fully up with her brother. The only difference in their education was, that while he pursued the higher

branches in the sciences and classics, she devoted her time to the ornamental ones of painting, drawing and fine needle work.

As a consequence of this system of education of the sexes together, it brought Mary in contact with many of those who became the leading young men of that society, in which she would be called to move. Therefore, her entrance into it was made much more easy and natural than if just entering from some distant boarding school, or "coming out" in some new and unfamiliar locality.

And a reflection might perhaps be very properly put in here, of this kind, that the mania for boarding school education for young ladies has grown up, not so much from a desire to secure better grades, but to get rid, first, of the supervision which parents should feel it to be their highest duty to extend to the child, and to place it in the hands of hired and professional caterers; but for the second and leading feature, of giving their daughters the *eclat* of novelty, which attaches more or less to every stranger, upon her entrance into society's circles. The peculiarities of the girl to become so obscured by the polish of a few sessions at the institute, as to be wholly lost sight of in the returned miss or young lady. It being expected, and we might say intended, that she will make some such commotion, or produce some such sensation in society, as the

advent of a new planet or comet does in the scientific world.

How far this is detrimental to a healthy condition of society has been too often demonstrated to need comment, at least, to those who regard the interests of their daughters as having any weight with them, as the miss, in the process of such transformation, almost invariably becomes imbued with such a spirit of superficial nothingness; or we should say, thoroughly indoctrinated into the theory of show, being the true *zeccame* to the world, or, at least to society, that their future lives become not only worthless to the true developments of their kind, but burdensome to themselves.

And now, to return to our narrative, as Mary had always consulted her parents in all matters affecting any important action in which her own or their immediate interest could in any way be involved, so, now, she relied upon them, as to the selections to be made, and, therefore, when the young people came together there was not a jar or unpleasant feeling that could possibly mar or interrupt the pleasure of the occasion.

The preparations having been made to the satisfaction of all, and the evening having arrived, the company was assembled at the usual hour, which was much earlier then than now, for such gatherings, as well as the hour for departing, and a more genteel one, and we use the term in the sense of appearance as to dress and intelligence

—could scarcely at this day and age of the world, with all its boasted advancement since, be found assembled, to celebrate a similar event. They were not what would then have been called the *elite* of the city, but they belonged to that circle, which, like the foundations of the piers of the bridge, serve as a sure support to the structure of society, so that the stream of vice below should not undermine, nor the weight of fashion and folly from above, crush it.

And, but for the absence of Jerald, there seemed nothing to throw the least damper over, or to mar the pleasures of the occasion. The capacious parlors were filled with happy faces, indicating lightness of heart, and a full zest in the enjoyments of the evening.

The evening was passing off pleasantly, enlivened as it was with music, both instrumental and vocal, with many merry voices in conversation, when a servant entered and handed Mary a letter, which had been just brought in by her father, who had been unavoidably detained at his office, until a much later hour than usual, and where the letter had been left by a stranger sometime during the afternoon of the day. And without looking at the directions, she asked to be excused by those around her, and hurried to the sitting room, and there found her mother and father in conversation over the events of the occasion. Without looking at the directions, she hastily opened it, and when her

eyes fell upon the signature, and she saw it was Jerald's, she uttered an exclamation which brought her parents to her side, who, finding it was from him, demanded an immediate reading, and as soon as it was finished, she returned to her company.

As Jerald was personally known to all present, and most, if not all of them, were warmly attached to him—as he was almost an universal favorite among his acquaintances—as soon as she had made known—which of course she hastened to do—the reception of Jerald's letter, the demand was that the contents be made known, and it was soon decided that as it was of that nature, which did not preclude such an exhibition, that it should be read to the assembled company. And when the necessary arrangements could be made; so that all might hear, Mary, being a fluent reader, and familiar with his writing, besides having once read it over, proceeded, as follows :

“NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS, Sept. 12, 1812.

“*My Dearest and only Beloved Sister:*

“I know that you, with father and mother are anxious — did I say, anxious? nay, I would say, longing, to have that first dispatch I promised with so much of feeling, to send you. And now, it is only by the merest chance that I am able to send you this, as the bearer, or he that is to be so, is unexpectedly dispatched upon urgent

business, by those in authority over us, and I have just this moment been informed of his intended departure; therefore, if my communication should seem to lack method, or indeed, such minuteness of detail as your hearts — ah, to speak of hearts reminds me that I have one of my own, and which has indeed most sorely felt our separation; indeed, none know what sorrows come from parting, who have never parted as we have done, who none so strong a bond have severed, as that of a true family circle, where heart to heart were joined, and mind to mind linked, like the costly pearls of the necklace, but I must not trust myself in this sentimental strain, as you want to know more of what I have done, than what I have felt. Therefore, as I was saying, taking your own hearts as guides, that our separation has been fruitful alike to all of depths of feeling such as those can only know who truly love, should this lack method or minuteness of detail, such as you have been longing for you must set it down to the confusion of ideas caused by the sudden announcement, that a line of communication was opened to us.

“We left New Orleans, as you know, a small band of jolly adventurers, with rainbow hues of good times, and frolic luring us on, and we kept our spirits up, with joke, *repartee*, tricks and games playing — not cards, my dear, but such as boys oft play to breed mirth — until weary-

ing with them, we settled down to soberness of thought, and then began to ask ourselves whither our journey tended. And sober, serious thought came up to say: 'Ah, my fine fellows, it is not all play that now lies before you, but there will be mingled therewith, good, solid work, such as your unskilled hands shall find to make them callous.'

"And, truly, we have now at the very threshold found it so. And many have of it at this early stage, grown weary, but as for myself, the good old Scotch blood in me, and the memory of the scenes through which our fathers passed, when like as now, the kingly power would wield its sway unduly over hearts attuned to freedom, does brave to like scenes to dare, and I do chafe to be away. But now, unto recital of our trip thus far:

"Ah, my sister, we are each of us in this world a chrysalis, encased in covering, some to come out in one form, and some in another, and I am coming to think that it is a question whether we shall ever emerge from the chrysalis state in some form or other, or not.

"Our experiences here open to us daily a new field by which our circle of vision is only widened, to be again extended on the next, and so on, through our existences here. And are not all these but revelations of a new world to us? each one being circumscribed by the limits to which we are made obedient, by the natural

objects which surround us. And shall it not be so in the ethereal or spiritual existence, to which we are all tending, so that our higher life shall only be a more exalted state, of which this is only the type, or shadow, if you prefer.

"Pardon me, for this metaphysical disquisition. My mind was led into that channel of thought, when it reverted to the very elaborate manner in which my outfit was prepared by my well beloved mother and yourself. How, down to the most minute articles of a gentleman's toilet, you rammed, jammed and squeezed my trunk, until the hairs upon the hide, which forms the covering, stood out like bristles, so distended did it become, as it sympathized with the slender box, to which it is made the covering, as you know, it is the most approved style of slender box with oval top, covered with raw hide with the hair on.

"My graduating suit, which you deemed essential for my genteel appearance on parade, or other gala days, of course supplemented with a dozen or more elaborately ruffled shirts, with toilet soaps, brushes, handkerchiefs, slippers, card cases, and even down to the rose tinted note paper, upon which to write *billet doux* to the fair ones. All these, and more, too, I found swelling the list, and the lid of the trunk, too, upon an inspection of my special gentleman's outfit. And all these added to my selections of a host of what has proven to be worse than use-



less to us ; first, because we have no sort of use for them, and second, because we have no way of transporting them, if we did need them. For, when we left the barge in which we came up the river, our only mode of transportation was on a mule's back. So, you see, one needs to go out into the world—that is, to get out as I have said of one chrysalis state, to see what the wants are in the next, and so on, from one to another, throughout the whole journey of life, in order to find just what our real wants are, or rather with how little we can get along. For, what we can use, is one thing, and what we can get along with, and what do without, is an entirely different thing. And it would amuse and interest you exceedingly, to see how we city chaps adapt ourselves to circumstances, or rather I should say, how circumstances adapt us to themselves, making us do just what they would have us do.

“It is one of those wise saws which the world uses, as a carpenter does his jack plane, to smooth down the rough places of life for us, in saying, “necessity is the mother of invention;” but our short experiences have proven to us, that nature's laws are not at fault, even in that particular, as there is a father as well as a mother, the former being found in the circumstances which make up that necessity.

“And, as the spigot and bung-hole, are the necessary concomitants of a tapped barrel, and

as the saying, that "many let more out at the spigot than can go in at the bung-hole," is, when applied in the sense of failure to let the experiences of to-day be the guide for the morrow, applicable to such as do so, it is peculiarly so to the band of gentry, of which your humble servant is a member. But the gift of continuance may in the end remedy our defects, and before the campaign is over, you may hear of great exploits and grand results from our efforts in the line of wonderful achievements. As, in the line of eating, if, in nothing else, we have already reached the climax, since our stomachs have seemingly turned into ravenous mill-hoppers, into which the shoveling of food is demanded without cessation. For, as soon as one hopper full disappears, another is called for. And whether it will end this side of a famine in the land or lead to an undue amount of corpulency on our part, is a question which time alone can solve. But after all, this undue propensity for eating may be only seeming unto us, as the necessity for the preparation of the food devolving upon ourselves, and we being of course inexperienced, it takes us about all the time to prepare and eat it. But as I have said, by perseverance we may yet overcome these defects, and become experts, instead of, as now, mere novices.

"How the patriarchs of old must have enjoyed life, wandering as they did from place to place,

and living as they must have done, mostly upon meats, and dwelling in tents. Thus enjoying the varied scenery, open air life, and all that is conducive to longevity, and therefore, no wonder that the periods of their lives were not limited to scores, but extended to hundreds, and no wonder angels were tempted to come down occasionally and partake of a repast with them.

“But what will all this lead me to? We are on the borders of the promised land. The Jordan behind us, is in the nature of a strip of country known as the “Neutral Ground,” being, as by agreement between the United States and Spanish authorities, represented by Generals Wilkinson and Herrera, and which was afterwards sanctioned by the two governments, to occupy some such position, as a piece of insertion does in a lady’s apparel, when made to join two pieces of some thicker goods together, serving more as an ornament than for useful purposes. For, by that agreement neither could enter upon and take possession, nor yet exercise any sort of control over it. The result being, that it is infested by a set of freebooters, who prey upon the commerce of both nations, and have especial liberty to molest all who may venture upon their domain. But we ourselves had nothing to fear from them, as their good offices had been secured by our chiefs before our arrival, and now there is a company of them here ready to join us in our onward march in

search of conquest and glory, and whither we are to start on the morrow.

“And now, *adios*, with more anon, but from where, *quien sabe*.

“JERALD FITZGERALD.”

When the reading was ended, the company divided into groups, or squads, and the contents of the letter, with the suggestions arising therefrom, formed most of the topics of conversation for the rest of the evening.

One young gentleman, who had made all necessary arrangements to accompany the expedition, but had been prevented from doing so by the sudden illness of his father, entertained the group to which he had attached himself, with a somewhat detailed account of the Spanish and French colonies in America, and especially the changes which Texas had undergone, through the conflicting claims of the French and Spaniards. The different transfers that had been made of it, with more minutely giving the details of the present effort of the people to free themselves from the Spanish rule, with the reasons for and inducements held out to the citizens of the United States to engage therein. He advanced the argument that the successful establishment of a republican government in the United States, had infused a similar spirit, not only into the minds of the French people, but also into the minds of the Spanish colonists in North America. And with the events then going

on in Europe, the time for a successful movement in that direction seemed most propitious, and as a consequence the better informed of the natives, as well as a large part of the Spanish population of Mexico themselves, had imbibed Republican principles, and hence the scheme was set on foot, and had not only enlisted the sympathies of the so recently disenthralled people of the United States from kingly rule, but urged many on to an espousal of their cause. To which moving cause of espousal was also added the fact of the promised reward, in the way of lands and money, with the further prospect of a home in one of the most desirable parts of the whole of the vast North American country, to such as should choose to accept one.

So, that what most of the present company regarded as a singular freak on the part of Jerald, and the others accompanying him, was in reality but the answer to calls upon patriotism and valor, supplemented with prospective worldly gains, such as have fired the hearts of men in all ages of the world, and led them on to the accomplishment of great results.

As a proof of his assertions, he exhibited to his hearers, the published proposal of the projectors of the cause, and signed by Don Bernardo Guitierrez, for raising the "Republican Army of the North," and which he happened then to have with him, in which there was promised to each volunteer forty dollars per month, and a league

of land, to be assigned him within the boundaries of the new republic, which he urged, coupled to the prospect of achieving honor and renown, besides liberating an enslaved people from a rule far worse than they had so recently themselves thrown off; when fully warming up to the merits of his subject—should be sufficient to enlist far more than had already joined the expedition.

As for the incidents and circumstances apparently serving as drawbacks, as stated in Jerald's letter, he looked upon them as a necessary school in which young men, reared in the city, could best be fitted for the arduous duties of the field, and to meet the shock of battle.

Of course, his fair hearers were convinced by his eloquence and enthusiasm that he at least looked upon the enterprise as one worthy his best efforts, and so urged his following on at the first possible moment when circumstances would permit, which he promised faithfully to do.

Another portion of the assembly discussed man's estate here, in reference to the outer or surrounding world, as suggested by Jerald's reference to the chrysalis state, as applicable to the human race, some of the party combatted the idea of such an application, asserting that the human family at birth was like the opening flower. That the process of development from birth to maturity was like the flower's process from first bursting the bud until full blown;

that when once matured like the flower full blown, the elements of a perfect existence were assured it; that the clouds and sunshine, the dews and showers, winds and sighing zephyrs were but the component parts of what should make up the surroundings of that full developed existence; that in like manner the experiences of human nature in this world were not to be taken as new revelations, bring to light new or changed forms of existence, but only as a development of that one state into which the entrance was made at birth.

Still another group discussed the real and supposed, or imaginary wants of man as suggested by the letter in the description given of the outfit prepared for Jerald, as well as his own accumulations and the ultimate disposition he was forced to make of them, they proving utterly worthless, first for want of such, and second for the want of means for their transportation. The speakers making the application of the deductions drawn therefrom to the present demands of society, as compared with the actual wants and necessities of man's nature.

As he had himself happily put it by reference to the style of living of the old patriarchs, as compared with that of the race at that day. As it was evident that the patriarchal style gave far more of zest to life than was then enjoyed. For, with the multiplication of wants, comes also the multiplication of cares. And so the pleasure-

able emotions derived from the gratification of increased desires are overbalanced by the weight of care and anxiety, in procuring the means of such gratification.

Thus the evening passed away, and the guests having all departed, Mary and her mother set about putting things to rights before retiring, which being done, they seated themselves as if to collect their thoughts, and quiet their nerves, when after a few moments of thought on Mary's part, she broke forth with :

“And this is but the opening bud to me of womanhood. Henceforth, my life shall be but as the flower, that by expansion of its leaves drinks up the dews and showers of heaven; that but receives the sun's bright rays, and shapes them into such forms of colors as shall suit its purpose in fulfilling nature's laws in so far as that nature has them on it laid, or, of that purpose made decree.”

“Ah, mother, I feel not the change the flower must feel when first the light is thrown upon it. I know no change now in my feelings since the dawning of this day, from what I have felt years before. And what does now the world expect of me? Am I to be so different from what I was before, that all may see that I am now classed as a woman?”

“No, my child, not that: society is reared upon the apparent or, if you please, real laws of nature. The helplessness of childhood and fuller



developments of youth are placed within the hands of those on whom by nature is bestowed the gift of such production. Well, when such childhood and youth have passed, and those their offspring like as you have said the full-blown flower have opened into life, and developed into beings fitted for the duties and responsibilities of life, then they are freed from the restraint of parental rule, and must themselves the gage of battle in life take up. And you, my child, must now all these duties assume for which by nature you are fitted."

"Why, mother, what is there I can do that have not already done? Have I not done my duty at home, within the church, and in society wherever I have been called upon to engage in its duties? What more can I do? What is there yet for me to do?"

"You know, my child, your brother could not vote, could not hold office, could do nothing as a man or a citizen until he was twenty-one years of age. And so with the fixed rules of society, the girls must be a certain age before they can be brought within the circle and demand a place in all the "pomp and circumstance" that now surrounds society; therefore, now you may not only expect to have your rights respected, but to be called upon to assume all those duties, which, as a society individual, you will have devolving upon you."

"And what will those be, pray tell me, mother?"

“ Well, my child, you will be expected to give cast and tone to society in the matter of dress, in the selection of amusements, in the works of charity and necessity ; and, indeed, in all that make up or constitute the essential elements of society. And let me add, by way of duty as a Christian, assist in lopping off all those excrescences which have already attached themselves, and prevent others from attaching which may be hurtful or injurious to it.”

“ Well, I suppose my first duty, mother, is to look about for a suitable one for a husband ? ”

“ Why, my child, what in the world put that into your head ? ”

“ Why, mother, have I not heard all my life that a woman was nothing in this life until she was married ? and have you not always objected to my having the attentions of young gentlemen until I became of age ? and since I am now that, what is the object of having, as girls say, beaux, unless it is to choose a husband from them ? And is not it what all the girls talk about—having beaux and getting married ? Why, mother, I supposed that was my first duty on coming of age, to look about for a husband.”

“ By no means, my daughter. That you should marry at some time of life is in the order of nature, and the organization of society, that is, if you meet with one to whom you can conscientiously give your affections, but it is by no means imperative on you to marry at all. Indeed,

many remain single ; some from choice, that they may do more good in the world. Others for the want of finding suitable companions, and some from other causes. No, my child, do not look upon that as the all important duty of life. Many others there are that equally claim your attention. And now we must retire."

## CHAPTER V.

## THE NEW ENTERPRISE.

HUGH MCGREGOR, (Jerald's mother's only other, and she his only sister), at the age of fourteen years, was apprenticed by his father to the house of Rogers & Son, cutlery manufacturers, of Sheffield, England, where he served with such fidelity that he became a universal favorite with the entire establishment. Indeed, so high did he stand in favor with all, that on the occasion of his severing his connection with the establishment, he was presented with the handsome sum of one hundred pounds; the heads of the establishment giving the one-half and the employes the other. In addition to which sum, he received many very valuable presents from individual members of his large circle of acquaintances, not only among those engaged in the establishment with himself, but also of other manufacturing establishments in that city of industry. With his church relationship, he was equally happily situated, being a like favorite there. The head and front of all charitable and social enterprises connected therewith, in which younger members were expected to take part. And within a few months of the time when his

apprenticeship would expire, a representative of some capitalists in America, wishing to establish a manufactory at Philadelphia, Penn., was on a visit of inspection at Sheffield, and among other things was commissioned to select a suitable man, one in every way competent to take charge of and successfully manage the new business. And it so happened that application was made by him to the house of Rogers & Son, when, without hesitation and with great pleasure, Hugh was recommended by them. As two years previous, he had occupied the position of second superintendent of all that branch of the business relating strictly to the preparation of materials, and manufacture of all articles made by them, and had become so familiar with all their details, and by his strict attention to business, so gained the confidence of his superiors that all joined in ascribing to him the place among those who could be spared from the establishment, and one altogether competent to take charge of and successfully manage that branch of the new business to be established in America.

Thus, with the reputation of the house of Rogers & Son in America, and the strong endorsement given him, the agent decided once, without looking farther, to give him the position. Accordingly, arrangements were made that he should proceed, as soon as his term of service was out, to America, as that would be

soon as his services would be needed, as the necessary buildings were not then completed, and would not be before that time. On completion of which arrangements, it was decided by the heads of the house, to release him from further service to them, since he had so strictly regarded his duties to them under the terms of his apprenticeship, as that he had asked for only two leaves of absence, for the purpose of visiting his parents, during his term of almost seven years of service, which they accordingly did, and joined, as we have said, with the others in the presentation of the munificent gift, as stated. With their benediction and a request for correspondence, and a promise on their part to keep him advised of whatever in their line of business might be beneficial to him, they severed their ties of almost seven years' growth in strength, and Hugh left their office to join a circle of young friends, who had arranged to give him a farewell entertainment, where the time was spent in the real enjoyment of those social pleasures which neither enervate the body, or feed the mind with poison, as is too frequently the case with those which now alone the young will seek.

His preparations having all been made, he departed, and in the due course of time then required by slow stages, and without any accidents or incidents of note—neither the haunts of the Robin Hoods or Dick Turpins lying in his way,

he reached his father's house, to find such a welcome as the Scotch peasantry, and especially those descended directly from those powerful clans that once ruled the country—were proverbial for extending, not only to their own kindred, but to stranger guests.

As related before, he had but one sister, who had been christened Mary, and was his junior by some two years, and upon his arrival at home he found she was engaged to be married to Donald Fitzgerald, his old friend and playmate, and the son of his father's nearest neighbor, their little places joining.

Donald's age was about the same as that of Hugh, and he too had but one sister, who had been christened Helen, and of about the same age as his sister, Mary, and whom he had often met before leaving home, both in their attendance at church, and in the family circle, as they were all Presbyterians, and therefore always attended the same church, which made them also as neighbors, on the best of terms.

As the two boys had been sent away at an early age, leaving the two girls as it were mere children, they naturally sought each other's homes to join in such juvenile amusements, as in that day were indulged in. With rustic dressing and free use of body and limb, they grew up in all the strength, if not the fashionable graces of girlhood, and by attendance on the same school as well as the same church, always going

and returning together, it was natural they should grow up not only as fast friends, but as confidants, neither having anything they were not willing to impart to the other, of a confidential nature.

Mary, therefore, hardly waited for the usual family greetings to be gotten through with, before she hastened over to inform Helen of her brother's arrival. And, as was often her custom, when on errands of haste, she did not stop to knock, but opened the door and rushed into the house, hardly waiting to see whether Helen was there or not, with the exclamation: "Oh, Helen, Hugh's come! Brother Hugh's come! and has come to stay! you know, we did not look for him until his time was up. But his masters have given him the remaining portion of his time. Oh, how good in them; and just to think, Helen, he has come to stay; how glad I am. And you must see him, Helen, he has grown to be such a large, fine looking man. How much he has improved since he was here last. How these boys grow up, when they take a start. Indeed, Helen, you must see him; he is such a splendid looking fellow. I know you'll be falling in love with him, I know you will. But how foolish in me to be talking to you thus about my brother, who is now a man. You know we always wanted that we should marry each the other's brother, and now just to think of it, here I am engaged to be married to Donald, and we have only been waiting till Hugh's time should be up so that he



could be at home, and now he is here. And then, if you should fall in love with him, and we could both be married at the same time, how nice it would be."

"But, what a foolish girl I am to be running on in this style. But then, you know, we never did keep anything from each other. But, Helen, how is it you never told me what you really thought about Hugh, when I was always running on to you about Donald, and telling you I intended to marry him some day, and just to think, how I talked that way, too, long before he had said anything to me about it, or I had thought seriously about it myself. And just to think of it, here we are engaged to be married, and now that Hugh has come home, I will write him right away and tell him he must come home, and then won't we have a good time."

All this time Helen was like one spell bound. The announcement of Hugh's coming had burst upon her like a clap of thunder from a stray cloud, on a clear day. Not that she had any interest in him more than the fact that he was Mary's brother, and she so soon to be her own brother's wife, and as Mary had just said, they had so often talked about exchanging brothers, and now that Mary had really come to have a claim upon her brother, which was soon to deprive her of Mary's society, as Donald would still hold his position in the house in Glasgow, new thoughts seemed to have been awakened in

her mind. But of course she had no time, with Mary's tongue running at such a rapid rate, to analyze them, and she answered: "Of course, Mary, I shall be glad to see him, and you must bring him over at once—well, I mean, this evening, and let me see how my opinion of his splendid appearance will correspond with your's. I am afraid you hardly took time to scan his appearance closely, and only looked through a sister's eyes, as we used to do when we compared our brothers when we were children. But if he has improved as much as Donald had when he was here last, I may join you in your praise."

"But I must tell you that I attribute much of Donald's rapid improvement to the fact of his engagement with you, as his countenance seemed to have a glow upon it—a halo, as it were, surrounding it I had never before noticed. And I wonder if it does not affect all young men that way, to be engaged to be married; it may be it is that makes Hugh look so much better. And you had better find out if he is not already engaged to some fair one in Sheffield, before you talk to me about falling in love with him. For, how wretched it would make me to fall in love with him, and then find him engaged to another."

"Come, Helen, do not think that; you know we have kept up a correspondence all the time, and I know if he had had any such thing as that on hand, he would have written me about it. And

you know I always told you I wrote something to him about you every time I wrote; and just to think, all this time you have never told me whether you loved him or not."


"Why, Mary! how foolish it would have been in me to have fallen in love with him, when he cared nothing for me. And you know he has been at home but twice in nearly seven years and then staid so short a time that we could only see enough of him to know that he was something like other folks. That is, that he wore passably good clothes, walked upright and looked out of his eyes, and talked as others do out of his mouth."

"Why, Helen, Helen! how can you talk so about my brother! my own, only brother! you shall repent of it, you shall; so you shall! and you shall fall in love with him, for he is so nice so genteel, so graceful. Why, Helen, he embraced and kissed us all, just like a gentleman so affectionate — so loving. Indeed, Helen, wish you had been there, so that I could have seen him kiss you, too, as I know he would have done. But never mind, I shall see him do so yet, as I will bring him over this very evening now mind if I don't. And here I am; and see how long I have been away from him? I must hurry home and tell him all about my engagement with Donald. And now, see that you put on your very best dress, the one you wore the other day, that I thought you looked so well in

and be ready this evening. Yes, this very evening I am coming over to have you fall in love with him. Now, you must mind and do as I tell you. And now, good bye until then. But here, I must kiss you for him, and I will tell him you sent one to him."

"Come, Mary, do not be so foolish as that. Why, he will think I am a little dunce to be doing such a thing as that. No, Mary; let him come over if he wishes; I shall be glad to see him. But do not go to him with any of your nonsense about my sending him kisses, or anything that would make me appear silly or unladylike in his eyes. I believe it does unbalance the mind of a young lady to be engaged to be married. They think every lady should be in the same fix as themselves, like the silly fox, that was caught in the trap, you know. Now, take that, and go. But do not tell him anything as coming from me, that would make him set me down as a silly girl. You must remember he is no longer a boy, or a youth, even, but a full grown man, and one, too, who has mingled in good and refined society, and he will expect you and me, Mary, to be like the other young ladies he has met with in that society, having dignity and good manners, and showing ourselves to be something more than mere silly creatures, to be made laughing stocks of."

"Well, no matter, now, Helen; look out for us this evening, and look your very prettiest."



After Mary was gone, Helen tried to collect her thoughts into some certain channel, as they had been completely scattered by Mary's outburst, and rapid running on in conversation. And gradually the facts came to her as they were then confronting her. Donald, her only brother, was soon to be married to her playmate and bosom friend, when she would leave for Glasgow, thus placing many miles between them. Of course, she had known for months that such would be the case. But as we look upon whatever is viewed by us at a distance, and an indefinite one at that, with entirely different feelings from those with which we behold them when they confront us, as it were, face to face, so she had let the thoughts of separation pass lightly through her mind. But now, the case was different. She seemed to feel the force of the circumstances surrounding her, and took in, to a degree at least, what her situation would be. With Mary gone, and Hugh? ah, would he remain, and how long? and would she be called to meet him in the church, and more than all, in the family circle? For though she would not find Mary there, how could she give up the habit of a life time with her so far, of running in whenever she wished to, at their nearest neighbors, and when they, too, were her best friends, and to find Hugh there, and a man, too, how should she act? Would it be necessary to be always suitably dressed to meet him, and he one, too,

who had spent almost seven years, where society was so refined, and what would he expect of her ?

All this and much more passed through her mind, and no conclusion was reached, as none could be, until she had met him in the evening, when she hoped to be able to know something of his style of thought, and what he would expect of her, as he was really the only one in the world now whose wishes she felt called upon to consult, or whose character to study. Not that she owned any interest in him, other than the wish to be so far in accord with his wishes, and conformable to his tastes, as not to be disagreeable, if not pleasing or entertaining.

The evening came, as all evenings do, that time in its onward stride brings, and with it came Mary and Hugh. The greeting between the young people was cordial, not enthusiastic, yet warm, not demonstrative, such as Mary had predicted, perhaps owing largely to her own course towards them in demanding it of them.

The evening passed as such evenings in those days and with the class to which they belonged did, in pleasant conversation, interspersed with music, and they parted well pleased with each other. Indeed, as Helen had said in regard to Donald, a brighter glow than usual was noticeable upon their countenances, or would have been had there been observant observers present ; but as for Mary, she was too happy herself

to be a critical observer of others. Helen had worn the dress, as demanded by Mary, and Hugh's toilet was arranged in excellent taste, so that each appeared to the best possible advantage, and each seemed to be as if called upon to make their very best display, and which they succeeded in doing, and as we have said, not without its effect.

Time passed, and they met in the evening at one or the other of their homes. They rode, walked, and attended church together, and before the time had come for Hugh's departure for America, and Mary and Donald's marriage, they too had come to think the current of their own lives would glide more smoothly if allowed to run together, or in the same channel. And, therefore, it was arranged that the occasion of Mary and Donald's union should be made the one also for their's, and so it was done. And seldom, perhaps, did two happier couples make response to demands for love and obedience than they.

As no bridal tours were demanded then, as now, they spent the few days allowed Hugh before departure, in such a round of pleasureable enjoyments as the neighborhood and times afforded, and when the time came for entering the race of life in earnest, each couple took their respective way, Hugh and Helen for the United States, and Donald and Mary for Glasgow.

## CHAPTER VI.

## SIEGE OF LA BAHIA.

NEARLY five months had passed since the receipt of Jerald's letter written at Nacogdoches, and no additional intelligence had been received by the family from him. Mary had been busy with her new duties growing out of her entrance into society, and in the calls made upon her time in changing the old, and making new dresses to suit her present status, as in those days as well as the present, of fashions, the dress of the miss was not the style for the woman; and then, as now, the distinguishing or distinctive mark between the two was more to be found in the difference of the two styles of dressing, than in the size or physical appearance of the wearers. The miss often being in size, and all the physical characteristics, more of the woman than those who by reason of age had been regularly inducted into that position. And as we have said, Mary found her time occupied so closely in making the necessary changes in her wardrobe, and the attendance upon the other duties devolving upon her in her new position, that she had scarcely noted the flight of time, until one day, being her own mil-



liner and dressmaker, and not having the aids of to-day, in the way of fashion-plates and patterns, she was perplexed over the attempt to construct a dress after the most approved pattern and latest style. In the midst of this perplexity a letter was handed her by the servant, and upon opening it she found it to be from Jerald, and dated some five months after the one previously received, but of course none the less welcome to her on that account. And she began to upbraid herself for having given her only and beloved brother so little of her thoughts. So much for the engrossing of fashion and the world's fascinations. But having by its reception been aroused to her former longings, she hurried to her mother's room, where she not only found her, but her father, also, who had just entered it. And upon making the announcement of its reception, the demand was made that it be at once read, which she proceeded to do, when it ran :

“LA BAHIA, TEXAS, February 10, 1813.

“*My Dear Sister :*

“ My hastily written and desultory, and I fear, therefore, unsatisfactory epistle, addressed to your dear self, but meant for all, as is this, and dated at Nacogdoches, and some five months since, at that, such as it was though, my dears, I hope has reached you ere this, and your anxiety is, and perhaps has been on the stretch for something more from me.

“ But when you consider that my only means of communication with you is through some one dispatched for supplies or on recruiting service, or which is most likely, the abandonment of the cause, as we now draw our supplies of provisions from the surrounding country, in the way of beef, mostly, and as for clothing, we are dependent upon the scanty supply we were enabled to bring with us; and a portion of that very elaborate outfit which I was forced to abandon for the want of means of transportation, would now indeed be most acceptable; as for ammunition, we have been so far supplied with what we brought with us, and what we found on our arrival here. I say, therefore, when you consider the uncertainties of such methods of communication, and the fact that in most of the instances mentioned, the departures would be either unknown to us, or we only be made acquainted with the fact, for so short a time before, as that in the hurry of preparation you would not find their contents as satisfactory as if more time for preparation was allowed. To obviate this somewhat, I have adopted the plan, since leaving Nacogdoches, of keeping memoranda of occurrences such as I thought would be of interest to you. At least such memoranda as I should be able to make up my communications to you from. That thereby they may be more connected and consecutive in detail than I fear the one sent you proved to be.

“And now, as I have another opportunity of sending, or rather starting, this on the way, with the hope of its reaching you, through the determination of him who will be the bearer, I shall abandon the cause, I shall copy and compile from such of my notes as I shall find time and space to give you. And upon writing them up, I have found that in order to save verbiage and indeed, without the use of a whole volume to make my narrative of events intelligible to you, that the better way will be to adopt the Mexican plan, which designates by the term *Americanos*, the people of the United States, and I shall use the English word, *Americans*, that unless it shall become necessary to designate some particular detachment, or somebody composed of our Mexican allies (for this is truly an American expedition), I shall use the term Americans, for the whole of those comprising the expedition. I make these statements that you may not be confused in your reading what I shall write of our expedition.

“I arrived at Nacogdoches on August 26, where I found Bernardo Gutierrez, Magee, Kem Ross, Perry, Slocum and Doctor Forsythe, guests of Colonel Davenport. These comprise the regimental officers and the medical staff of the expedition, Bernardo having the title of general but nominally so, and Magee that of colonel being the real commander of the expedition.

“They had about two hundred men under Captains Luckett, Orr, Gains, Taylor and an old man bearing the mark and brand of North Carolina (as they do those things in that State for some offences), his name I have never learned, who commanded the ‘border ruffians,’ or neutral ground men, as they are called, who infest that ‘insertion’ border, of which I wrote you, and his command was the one also mentioned in my other letter.

“They had entered Texas in July, and encountered a small Spanish force at the Sabine river, putting them to flight at the first onset, they (the Spaniards) retreating to Nacogdoches, which place they abandoned before the arrival of the Americans, taking with them the garrison of the place and a number of the citizens.

“Colonel Davenport organized a company of about thirty Mexicans, and acted as quartermaster for the expedition.

“The expedition marched about the middle of September (on the appointed day referred to in my previous letter, but I write now in full, not knowing that you received the other), for the bluffs, on the Trinity river, where they arrived without any incident of note, and found the village and settlement abandoned. Taking up their quarters in the vacant houses, they were there joined by Captains Scott and McFarland with a small reinforcement. There being some twelve or fifteen men unorganized with the expedition,

they attached themselves to Captain Scot's command.

"The expedition resumed its march for San Antonio about the middle of October with a force, rank and file, of about three hundred men, having ten or twelve beeves, and fifteen mules loaded with flour and military stores, making slow progress until they arrived at the Brazos river, where they were detained two days in procuring means for and in crossing the river.

"They then proceeded with more dispatch, and were met at the Colorado river by a Mexican sent from San Antonio to warn them that Governor Salcedo, who was, no doubt, well advised of their movements, was marching out on that road to meet them with three pieces of artillery and a large cavalry force. A halt was ordered, and after a short consultation, they changed their plans and turned their course for the La Bahia road, being conducted to it by the aforesaid Mexican.

"Making all possible haste, they arrived at La Bahia on November 7, about 10 o'clock at night, and found a garrison of about two hundred men, who surrendered on the first summons, and who with an equal number of citizens, joined the Americans, and manifested great zeal for the Republican cause, vowing eternal hatred to the Gauchipin race.

"The Americans found a supply of ammunition for small arms in the fort, and corn in the

neighborhood, some of the latter of which they collected and stored in the fort. They also took charge of a month's supply of beeves, and a large *caballada* of horses and mules belonging to the Gauchipins, who had abandoned the place on the arrival of the Americans.

“About ten days after they entered the fort, Salcedo arrived with a large force and his three cannon, forming his army into three divisions, with his headquarters at the mission, the second division on the river and the third on a stream of water south of the fort. They also posted a small detachment down the river—the San Antonio—at an old mission, thereby forming a cordon of posts completely around the fort. They had on coming in captured six Americans, who were out hunting, whom they sent to San Antonio.

“They made no attack or demonstration on the town or fort, but set down to a regular siege, intending, no doubt, to starve the Americans out.

“A few days after their arrival, Magee sent fourteen mounted men across the river, towards the mission, to draw them out into an engagement. When they approached near the mission, they were charged on by a troop of cavalry, and on their retreat one of them was thrown from his horse and lassoed by a Spaniard, the others retreating under great alarm to the fort.

“The enemy was so elated at their first exploit that they galloped over the prairie for hours,

dragging their captive by the neck, and yell like savages. Having exhausted their mirth : the wind of their horses, they returned to the quarters and cut off the head of their captive : raised it on a pole in full view of the Americans.

“ This dampened the ardor of the Americans and confined them to their quarters, suffering most intense fear for their future safety (except of course, your humble servant). Exposed to night alarms, and paraded for hours in the mud half-leg deep, produced from rains and the tramping of the stock which was brought within the walls of the fort at night and quartered on the side during the day, their position, as you may know, was not a very enviable one.

“ The enemy made frequent attempts to take the stock, in one of which Captain Scott was ordered out with his company to protect it. The enemy being out in considerable force, made quite a display in horsemanship, discharging their *escopetas*, poised on their left arm, at an elevation of forty degrees, at the distance of two or three hundred yards from the Americans. One of their balls striking the tail of Captain Scott's blanket coat, and another penetrating the hip of one of the men, so alarmed the captain that he resigned his command, and procured a horse as a guide and took French leave at night.

“ A few mornings after this occurrence, a Mexican officer, having charge of the horses, drove them out in the direction of the enemy.

quarters, until they approached near a grove of timber, where they were surrounded by a troop of Spanish horsemen, who fired on the guard, killing the only American and taking the others with the stock.

“When parade was called, the next morning, there was not one Mexican forthcoming. They had all deserted during the night and gone over to the enemy, leaving their women and children to the care of the Americans.

“Having constant communication with these women, they sent frequent messages taunting the Americans with cowardice, and to cap the climax, the Mexican who had sold the horses to the enemy, and who had been Captain Davenport’s lieutenant, sent word to the captain that he intended to take his hide for a drum head. This so alarmed the captain that he paraded the square for two days with his gun under his arm, and then procured a horse and left in the night, and abandoned the expedition.

“The men learned from the women—whom I have said kept up a constant communication with the foe—that Captains Scott and Davenport had escaped the enemy. This induced several of them to desert, which produced great alarm among those remaining. It was then proposed by Colonel Magee to send a flag to the enemy, and ask leave to retire and abandon the expedition. A flag was accordingly sent, which resulted in several interviews between Magee and Salcedo,



terminating in a covenant on Magee's part to surrender the fort.

“When the terms of the surrender, being to give up their arms, were made known to the men, they unanimously refused compliance. It was then proposed to evacuate the fort in the night and make a hasty retreat, and preparations were made to do so. But when the time arrived and the advance guard was sent out, they found the fort surrounded by a troop of cavalry. This intelligence so affected Magee that he was confined to his quarters until he expired, he being at best in very bad health. When he was taken to the grave yard for burial, the enemy contributed their mite in honoring the dead, by discharging their cannon and rolling their ball around the grave yard.

“The Americans, being forced out to procure beef, found the enemy was not so dangerous as they apprehended. And on Christmas morning they organized a party of fifteen men, who marched out before day to attack the guard of some thirty men that was sent out every morning from the mission to relieve the outposts on the river below the fort.

“They took up a position behind a brush fence within twenty yards of the road. Soon after sunrise the guard all mounted, approached, marching in single file; when they arrived opposite their position, the Americans fired, and if their nerves had been composed they should have

killed man for man. Their only achievement, however, was one poor fellow thrown from his horse, the rest of the party fleeing for life. The captured one was greatly excited when brought in, as he expected to be treated as they had treated the captive taken by them, but after tormenting the poor fellow until he was almost paralyzed with fear, they turned him loose, and dubbed him with the name of "Christmas Gift."

"After this, the Americans picked up courage, and commenced a general system of skirmishing. The enemy's forces had formed a chain of pickets from their camp on the river to the quarters of their third division, through a post oak forest, and for their protection had dug pits in the sand, at each of which six or eight men were stationed. The Americans would go out in parties of ten or twelve men in the night, and fire into these pits, killing some, capturing the rest, and marching them into the fort, where they were kept under guard a few days, and then released. Most of them returned to the enemy at the first opportunity.

"The Americans had information from the Mexican women, that the Spanish officers had frequent feasts and night revels, at a mission about three miles above the fort, where they enjoyed the sparkling wine and smiles of the women, which induced Captain McFarland, with his scouts, to visit the mission one night. On his arrival, he placed all the inmates, as he sup-

posed, under guard, finding no one there but the inhabitants of the place, but they had managed to send an express to the enemy's quarters, and had entertained the Americans with good cheer and friendly chat, until nearly daylight, when they mounted their horses and rode off, proceeding in profound silence, when on passing some brush near the road, they were fired on by a file of the enemy's troops, who were there secreted. The only damage sustained by the Americans was the loss of one man, thrown from his horse, and abandoned to his fate, which was no doubt a barbarous one. The rest of the party proceeded under spur and whip, and on approaching the enemy's outposts were fired on from all directions. Captain McFarland, who led the van, halted as soon as he felt secure from the enemy's shot, until his men came up. They then formed in marching order, unscathed by the enemy's balls, and thus entered the fort, where the men bestowed a few execrations upon the sirens of the mission, and then retired to rest.

"The Americans advanced, step by step, from the most abject fear, to the most indomitable courage. They had despaired of relief from without, and their officers leaving them, surrounded without the fort by a vindictive and barbarous foe, of more than ten times their own number, and being annoyed within by millions of vermin, as the earth seemed to be alive under and all around them, and having but little com-

fidence in their remaining officers, or indeed, in each other, and being restricted in their movements, no wonder they were dejected, but they arose above all this after the memorable Christmas morning, when they put to flight double their number of well mounted men, and they felt and acted like men again. They increased their excursions and annoyances, harrassing the enemy in all quarters. Being thus encouraged by their successes, and having their forces augmented by the arrival of Colonel Kemper, with a small force, who was placed in command, they were out on one of these night excursions, when they met the enemy marching into town in force. The Americans retreated and gave the alarm, when the garrison was aroused and preparations made for action. The enemy's forces advanced into town, and placed their cannon so as to rake the gate to the wall of the fort, but the Americans, undaunted, rushed out at the break of day and charged into the thickest ranks of the foe, driving them back to the outskirts of the town, when they in turn were forced to fall back, contesting every inch of the ground, until they concentrated at the walls of the fort. There, rallying with renewed courage, they forced the enemy back, pursuing as before. The battle was thus kept up within the town until one o'clock, when the Americans made a charge on the center of the enemy's line, near the fort, which gave way, and the Americans seeing their

advantage, cut off the enemy's left wing, forcing it into a ravine towards the river, when they killed about one hundred and took about the same number prisoners. The rout then became general, when the Americans returned to the fort, and Salcedo sent a flag asking permission to bury their dead, which occupied them until after night.

"When the Americans arose next morning there was not one of the enemy to be seen; they had abandoned the field and marched for San Antonio during the night, and by noon there were three hundred deserters from the enemy's ranks, who had arrived at the fort and joined the Americans.

"The loss of the Americans during the siege and in this closely contested battle, for some seven or eight hours, was eight men killed and about thirty wounded. Their loss in killed were the previously noted two on picket guard barbarously mutilated, one on horse guard, and three in this last and decisive conflict, in which the enemy's loss must have been very great, and indeed, which was gathered from reliable sources, amounted to some six hundred during the siege and in this last battle.

"Major Ross was dispatched on a mission to the Coochatte Indians, on the Trinity river; another party was sent to the bay, and Captain McFarland went with his scouts to capture a garrison at Refugio, which consisted of sixteen

men under the command of a Castilian officer, all of whom he brought back with him.

“All of the American parties having returned to the fort, and the Castilian officer having with his men joined the Americans, as Salcedo refused to exchange for them, the six Americans captured on their arrival before the town, and H. Gregg having joined the expedition, with a small number of Lipan Indians, preparations are now on foot for a march to San Antonio. And their recent successes have so emboldened the Americans, that they are now ready to face the whole force of the king’s troops, and so, more of them anon.

“And now, my dears, I fear I have not proved a success as a historian. Indeed, I feel my own lack. It is easy enough to run on to you in such a strain as one is used to, but when it comes to the details of history, it requires more of skill and tact, than I fear I have shown, but then, what I have failed to make plain in this, I shall hope to be able to clear up when I see you; but ah! the seeing you is the point; and then, too, the when forms that other point. But I must not trust myself in that strain again. I shall, of course, endeavor to keep you as well posted as I can of my whereabouts and movements, but you must not expect any regularity in my correspondence; indeed, it is so dependent on contingencies, chances, and opportunities, that it will be one of the most uncertain things in the

world. I have, of course, many personal incidents with which I could embellish, and greatly enliven my correspondence, as they doubtless would be highly interesting to you, but I shall reserve them for a future and separate story, or, which is most likely, a fireside or parlor recital.

“And now, as this has grown to a fair, and I might perhaps say, immoderate length, and as the party into whose hands I shall commit it for delivery to you, is about ready to depart, aye, perhaps, I should accompany him, and might possibly do so, but for the Scotch blood in me, which laughs at impossibilities and scorns defeat, or what is worse, the abandonment of a cause, if worthy, when once engaged in, and as I have said with length sufficient, and the time of the departure of the bearer being at hand, I must close, and with how much of love and longing for your presence, let your own hearts judge and make response, as I know they will.

“And now, *adios*.

“JERALD FITZGERALD.”

When Mary had finished reading, she exclaimed: “Why, father, how can Jerald spend his time and waste his energies, and more than all, how can he risk his life in such a cause, and in such a wild country, too?”

“Indeed, Mary, you have forgotten your Scotch history. I fear your new duties in life have driven out of your head all the heroic en-

thusiasm and love of chivalry you had gained by reading of the exploits, daring and hardships of your forefathers, when they, too, were cooped up within the castle walls, or surrounded in some mountain fastness. No, Mary; there is about human ambition something which nothing but scenes of bloodshed and carnage, exhibitions of physical prowess, man contending with man, will satisfy."

"True, father; I can understand how our forefathers in those primitive times, before science and learning had enlightened the world, could engage in, and even enjoy such contests; but now, in this day and age of the world, when there are so many other things with which to engage their time and attention, to think, men educated and enlightened, not to say Christian men, like Jerald, should voluntarily engage in an enterprise, which to be at all successful, must involve the murder of their fellow men. For I can see no difference in the actual heinousness, or rather I should say, I suppose, in the fact of its being a crime, just as much to kill a human being in a battle, as it would be in a civil feud or contest, when but two are engaged. And why is it, father, that the one is legalized, and even considered right in the eyes of Christian people, while the other is condemned by both the law and Christians?"

"It is on the same principle, my child, that people are judicially punished, even to the tak-



ing of life by hanging, or otherwise, the whole people thus doing what an individual would be allowed to do, for the protection of his individual rights, except as to when such protection is to the extent of the preservation of his life, as in self defense. The vicious and the cruel must be restrained, and the weak must be protected as against the strong; and so, in international affairs, the interests of nations must be protected against the ambitious views and efforts of other nations, or even their own citizens and rulers. And as we have not arrived at that point yet, where international law comes in to settle such things, a trial of strength seems to be the only way left."

"But in this case, father, it seems they are a mere fraction, or only a few, who are contending with the great body not going with them. And, indeed, from Jerald's letter, it seems they are Americans, and not Mexicans at all, with whom he is acting, and what business have they in interfering with the affairs of the people over there?"

"Indeed, Mary; I fear you will have to read history a little more, since it is evident you have forgotten, or allowed your new duties in life to cast a shadow over your previous reading, as I have said, and when you do apply yourself to its reading, you will find that the history of the world throughout all ages will show that a few leading spirits alone are to be found in the van in every great undertaking, whilst the rest

mere followers, who are, or may be attached, or diverted from the track, as shown in Jerald's letter, when the Mexicans deserted or attached themselves to the Americans, as they were successful or unsuccessful in their sallies, and efforts against Salcedo's forces, by success or disaster; besides, it has always been so, that such undertakings as the freedom from tyrannical yokes or oppression of any kind has enlisted, not only the sympathy, but also the aid of others besides those directly affected by such tyranny or oppression, as in the case of the American colonies. See how in that case, not only France as a nation, but also individuals from other countries came to their assistance. And see what proportion of the population here at that time were supporters of the king's cause, and justly called Tories."

"True, father; but the mother country was acting towards the colonies, as parents often do towards their children, in such an unjust manner that even ties of blood cannot prevent an eruption. And it is not strange that France should have come to their aid, as she and the mother country were, and had been for ages, rivals and enemies. And, too, it was not strange that individuals from other nations should also come to help, as there were those here from every country almost, and those who came did so to help their kindred, and a natural and proper act, too, on their part. But neither case will

apply in this instance, as no enmity exists between the two governments, and no ties of kindred draw."

"No, Mary; not directly that, but first of all, we are all of the same family; the great family of man. And, as you can not disturb one drop in a body of water without affecting the whole, so you can not bear with injustice against one of Adam's sons without affecting thereby the sympathetic chord in the heart of every other son, at least, of those who are, or might be, subject to like injustice; that is, with whom such an occurrence might take place. Of course, those who occupy a corresponding position in life as the oppressors, will condemn resistance, but those who could, by similar means, be oppressed, will to a man feel the spirit of resistance rising in them, and like your brother and the other young men who went out in the expedition directly with him, indeed, all whose condition in life will warrant, will respond. And so it should be, otherwise there would be no security for any against oppression, as the few left to themselves would be overpowered by the many, and thus by the subjugation of the parts, the whole might be made to bow the neck to tyranny, just as Rome was once mistress of the world."

"I rather think, father, those young men's going was not so much from sympathy, or a desire to vindicate the rights of their fellow men,

as it was from a spirit of adventure, and perhaps, as I fear, was too much the case, for conquest and worldly gains to themselves, as the inducements held out to them of direct gains to themselves, in the way of fine lands, was what they talked the most about."

"As to that, then, Mary, if the country is as fine as it is represented, and in a condition so destitute of population, I am not sure but such a motive would be a sufficient one. Besides, the world has always been more or less aggressive, and, indeed, but for that the human family would to-day be confined to the Garden of Eden, or the land into which the first pair were driven when they forfeited their right to dwell there by their disobedience."

"Why did I leave old Scotia's shores, think you, and, indeed, why was the opportunity given me of coming here, but alone through the same spirit of unrest and adventure, or, if you please, a desire for a change, and the hope, by means of it, of gain in some form."

"There is just the point, father; what need of change would there have been but for this aggressive spirit, this thirst for conquest, which led to the subjugation of Scotland. Suppose England had been satisfied to have kept within her own borders, and left the Scotch people alone in their own land, would not her inhabitants to-day have been as well off as could have been desired? But.

no ; the strong must overcome the weak because they could, and because they coveted what the weak had."

"Just so, Mary ; it has been all along down the history of the world, and so it is all the way through nature. The strong control the weak, and if that control is properly exercised, it is all well enough. Even our earth is held in its place by a body more powerful than itself, and if anything should occur to destroy the influence of that power over it, what would be the result ? why, annihilation or absorption. If not that, only a wandering away into illimitable space, every living thing thereon would die, since the same warmth is necessary to the sustaining as the production of life."

"And as to the proposition, that if the Scottish people had been left to themselves they would have been to-day in as good condition as desired, such is by no means certain. And with me, at least, it is a conviction, that Scotland is to-day in a far better condition than if she had maintained an independent and separate government. And the present union being a forced and not voluntary one by compact, has nothing to do with the result, and it only has to do with the means of obtaining an end."

"Then you think, father, our ancestors were not susceptible of such self advancement in an independent state, as they have been in their confederated character ?"

Yes, Mary ; it is questionable with me whether we would have risen as high in the scale as we have done under the united rule. As it is, we have had the world to draw from. For the British flag finds a resting place in every part of the inhabitable globe. Indeed, it is said, and with reason, too, that the sun never sets upon it, for the subjects of the king have penetrated into unknown and uninhabited places of the earth, and drawn from them their treasures of wealth and knowledge, a great part of which has been shared by our fathers, and much that they did not have fallen to their share under a separate organization."

But, father, most of the acquisitions of the British government came to it through the degradation of others, of what justly belonged to them. For instance, see how they did with the Indians in this country. What right had they to drive the Indians off their lands, or kill them and take them as they did ; the Indians were the natural owners."

True, Mary : and so were all the nations that inhabited the promised land, in like manner, the natural owners, or at least were in possession when the children of Israel went there, but it was the purpose of God, who made all, to have one driven out, and the other placed in position thereof ; and see what was the result to the world at large even ; whereas, before, the country was occupied by tribes, or small nations

of people constantly at war with each other while after its occupancy by the children of Israel, it became the greatest among the nations and to-day its effects upon the world are felt even outside and independent of, the great fact of the inestimable gift of its Christianity, to which there can be no greater.

“And so it was by the consolidation of the British Empire the world has felt its influence for good to its most remote corner. And as in the course pursued toward the Indians, the question is one of the greatest good to the greatest number. And when the Garden of Eden is no longer forbidden to man, and he must struggle through this world for existence, there must necessarily be a conflict of interests, and the greater the mass the greater the harmony, at least when there is a homogeneity of interests.”

“Well, father, it is not expected, I presume that I being a woman, should understand these things as a man would, as it is not expected that I will be called upon to take part in any of the events, which change for the better or the worse the condition of nations. But, I feel this, that with the knowledge I have of the world, there is a great deal of injustice done, under the plea of the greatest good to the greatest number. And so far as I am concerned, I should have been satisfied to have let those people in Texas settle their own matters in their own way, and have had Jerald to stay at home. For surely, there

ample room for the exercise of his prowess and faculties, nearer home, where there is not so much danger. Just think of it, father, for him to be constantly exposed to be shot by the enemy; indeed, that is just their business, to shoot each other. Oh, how wicked it must be! besides being so dangerous."

"Well, Mary, we have discussed the wicked part, and as for the danger, the same providence is over him there as if he was here."

"But, father, the dangers are so much greater, and then his wanton exposure to the dangers."

"You forget, Mary, how we here, in pursuit of business and pleasures, expose ourselves to danger. You know the man was killed by falling down our hatchway, the other day; and remember how that pleasure party on the lake, not long since, were drowned by the capsizing of their boat, all but one; and see how providence protected her, by being caught and carried off the dock as the vessel went over, by the only loose plank on it, and to which, after reaching the water she clung, until assistance came, and she was rescued. No, Mary; while it is our duty not to tempt providence, yet, wherever we may be, in the proper discharge of our duties, we are protected; and my reliance is such, that whatever happens to your brother, and whether he returns or not, I shall submit."

"Your faith, father, may be sufficient for you, but I should feel far greater security for him at



home, even out on the lake in a pleasure boat or opening up the hatchway, than as a target for those Spaniards' bullets."

"I hope, Mary, you will arrive at that point where you will feel perfect trust in the goodness and mercy, as well as protecting power of your Heavenly Father, since the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and since His providence is over all His creatures, and, indeed, is the workmanship of His hands. And now, that your mother has grown weary of our discussion and retired, I will follow her example, and leave you to digest the subjects discussed at your leisure."

When her father had retired, and Mary was left to her own reflections, she recalled her brother's application of the chrysalis state to this life; and she felt, indeed, that she had emerged from one of its states or conditions, and, indeed, such seemed to be her daily experience now, but to have her father approve instead of condemn, as she supposed he would the taking of human life in physical contests for power, and most of all, that he should not only not object to Jerald's taking up arms in a cause in which he had no direct interest, nor in her country, either, but that he should sanction her doing so, as an adventurer, as she looked at it was, indeed, like a new revelation to her, and she wondered what would be the next phase.

It was true, the matter of his engagement in the enterprise was fully discussed before he left, but it never occurred to her then that it was anything but an expedition for settlement, that is, a kind of colony movement, where the dangers were more imaginary than real. At least, the only foes she expected him to encounter were the wilderness and the elements, and when it came to being a target for the bullets of the Spaniards, and then, to have her father think it was all right, she thought she had truly entered a new state, and she still wondered what the next would be.

And could it be as her father's suggestion would imply, that Jerald was as safe in the midst of battles and such scenes as he had described, as he would be at home engaged in the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life. True, she had always been taught that providence was the same protector everywhere, in all conditions and circumstances of life, and that protection was assured, as well in one condition of life as another, but could it not be that there was such a thing as tempting providence, as she had heard it remarked, and she feared such was Jerald's condition. And, notwithstanding her father's sanction, she could but wish him at home and out of those dangers.

True, the man had fallen down the hatchway in her father's store and was killed, and her acquaintances had been drowned in the lake, but

then, how many hundreds daily went on the lake just as they had done, and had not been drowned and about their daily business around hatchways and had not fallen through. Indeed, she felt much more secure in her own room than she would out in the street even, yet she had seen notice that very day in a paper of a young girl of about her own age dropping dead in her own room in the presence of her sister, and while engaged with her in pleasant conversation. So that the conviction forced itself upon her, that there was no absolute exemption from danger to life, or, rather, that there was no condition in which the human family could be placed in this world where death would be unknown. And as for the providence that was over them everywhere, it could much more readily be taken in trust than fully realized, and but for the revelation of the fact of a governing and higher power than man himself, the future would present so much of uncertainty as to lose much of its desirableness.

As to her own surroundings, they were daily opening up new and broader experiences, duties and pleasures mingled together, and as the days passed by, she was brought more and more in contact with those around her, and as life opened thus before her, she felt she needed her brother's guiding hand, and her longing for his presence was only equalled by the anxiety awakened for his safety, and between these feelings she was

kept awake far into the night, and only slept when exhausted nature demanded it; where we will leave her for the present.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE VOYAGE AND ITS RESULTS.

HUGH AND HELEN MCGREGOR, embarked on board an English vessel, bound for New York and found the cabin filled with passengers, most of whom, like themselves, were going to America to find new homes, and among the number were James and Eleanor Davidson, a couple of about their own ages and experience in matrimony. Young Davidson was a newly ordained minister of the Church of England, and was on his way to assume the rectorship of a parish in Richmond, Virginia. Their agreement in age, and recent assumed conditions of life matrimonially, naturally drew the two couples together, and long before the voyage was completed they became avowed friends, and parted in New York with promises of correspondence, which was for many years regularly kept up, but finally, as most such connections terminate, the correspondence was dropped, as the business and cares of life increased, and made daily calls upon all. But when their children grew up to an age to be sent to the higher schools to complete their education, it so happened that they were entered in the same institutions, that is, the girls together

and the boys the same, there being, as it seemed, but two in each family, and they about the same ages. The young men were sent to the University of Cambridge, and the young ladies to a boarding school, the latter having been established by a fellow passenger and his wife, who were then on their way for that purpose, and had been particular since parting in New York to keep up a continual intercourse with both families, to the extent, at least, of sending them yearly catalogues and other advertising mediums. Thus, when it became necessary for the young ladies to be sent away, choice was made in both cases, of the school of the vessel acquaintances, and they were thrown together and, as it happened, became room mates.

And, although not aware at first of the fact, as we have said, the correspondence between the parents having ceased, they soon learned of the voyage to America and the friendships formed, and correspondence kept up for so many years. This naturally drew them much more closely together than, perhaps, they might have otherwise been. At any rate, they soon became friends, and, indeed, confidants, and as a result, their letters to their friends at home and brothers at school were filled with the praises of each other.

The brothers also had been fortunate enough to become room mates, and likewise had been made acquainted with the sea voyage and its

results; thus they, too, were drawn together, and like their sisters, became friends.

Long before the close of the session, it had been arranged that the vacation should be spent by the girls at the home of the Davidsons, and although young McGregor was urged to be a guest also of the family, he declined doing so, choosing rather to spend the time in the hospitals of New York city, as he was preparing himself for the practice of medicine, and had already devoted considerable time to its study.

Young Davidson, who had received the name of Arthur, and his sister that of Eleanor, having had such a glowing description given him by his sister of her young friend, was all anxiety to get off and be away as soon as the session closed, that he might meet her. Therefore, he hardly waited for the closing exercises before setting out, and, in the course of time, reached home, to find Miss McGregor, who had been christened Helen, after her mother, alike anxious for a meeting, having had so favorable a report of the young gentleman, not only from his sister, but also from her own brother, and as the attractive qualities of neither had been much overdrawn, and each found their anticipations pretty well met, they became, as it were, by common consent, at once friends, if nothing more. And as such things usually turn out from pursuing the same course in obtaining amusements, and their necessarily daily intercourse in the family circle,

before the end of the vacation was reached they became more than mere friends, though without going any farther than an admission of the fact by acts and looks, no declaration to that effect having been made or acknowledged by words.

They parted, however, under promise of correspondence, and which was regularly kept up throughout the next session. And when the next vacation came, it was arranged that the girls should spend it with the McGregors, young McGregor going, as before, to New York, and young Davidson taking a trip to Montreal to visit an old friend of the family, himself a rector in the same church. He was led to this course to gain from him what knowledge he could of the operations of the church, as he proposed following the lead of his father, and engaging in the work of the ministry, and was ambitious to take a high position, and as the condition of things were different then from what it is now, knowledge not being so easily obtainable, personal contact and face to face conferences, were needed to get that knowledge.

It was in Arthur's plan to return by the way of the McGregor's, but circumstances prevented, and he returned to the university to meet his room mate and friend, and now dearer than a friend, as he looked forward to the time when he should be a brother. And the girls also returned to take up their school duties.



The next vacation found Helen at the Davidson's, which fact hastened Arthur's movements, and he reached home to find in her the ideal he had cherished; she, too, was equally charmed, as she had been before, and their demonstrations on meeting were in keeping with the sentiments they each entertained, and, we might say not unusual to those who were like themselves, indeed, lovers.

Helen had been exceedingly anxious to have her brother meet her friend, Eleanor, but his mind was so fixed on his profession that he gave all his time in vacations to the pursuit of knowledge in that line. As the result of such a course on his part, she had to content herself with what she could convey to him in her letters, of her qualities and ways. Of course, the young man responded in fitting style, with expressions of pleasure, desires, and all that go to make up the common civilities, as well as courtesies of life, but his mind was too much occupied by his professional studies to allow of lovemaking, or even thoughts of the fair ones, to obtrude farther than those civilities and courtesies made especial demands.

The end of the vacation found Arthur and Helen plighted lovers, and they returned to their studies, or rather their respective schools, with new emotions and somewhat new ideas of life; for, while they had previously hoped, that hope had culminated now in fruition, that is, the

vision had been passed, and the avowal and acceptance had placed them upon a plane not before reached, and their letters were to breathe a different sentiment, a stronger charm would be attached to them.

The terms and vacations came and went, their school days were ended, and their entrance upon life in earnest was before them. They had planned to begin it together, but it was finally decided that a season in society for Helen, and a similar time for travel and observation for Arthur, would, perhaps, fit them better for life's duties, and thus it was arranged. And as the wishes, will or consent of her parents had not interfered into their plans, so far at least, as to any action on the part of Arthur himself, although Helen had kept nothing back from them, it was decided that during the course of the season Arthur should make the family a visit for that purpose, as well as to see how Helen appeared in her new *role* of society life.

Such being their plans and purposes, they separated, going to their own homes, with their hearts filled with new emotions and minds with new and enlarged ideas of life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LOVE AND WAR.

MARY FITZGERALD had been out making and returning calls. The day had been an unusually fine one, even for New Orleans. She had been more than usually successful in finding her young friends at home, and also, like herself, inspired by the day and the occasion. Thus the day had been one of unalloyed pleasure, and she was, whilst returning from her last proposed call, revolving in her own mind how gradually and smoothly she had glided into society ways, and even wondered at her own success in that line. She, of course, like all young girls had at the first looked upon it as the grand event of life. For the fact of being recognized as a young lady, and truly a society young lady at that, such at least as should take her place as a recognized factor in society, is that on which all girls looked forward to with the greatest interest, by girls in all grades, or degrees of what is known as society proper, comprising as it does the events of social life, including parties, gatherings, and associations of all kinds, which the sexes mingle and take part in; society being to the social relations of mankind, what

ganized forms of government are to the political, or strictly speaking, protective part.

She had met with the leading young gentlemen and ladies of the set to which she belonged, and she had reason to congratulate herself upon her success in making herself agreeable, if not highly attractive, to both. To this point alone she had aimed to arrive, and having as she felt, attained that end, she was indeed more than pleased with herself, and she could but view her short run with satisfaction.

While following up this train of thought, she entered her own room with spirits buoyant, and upon reaching the table she noticed there were some letters lying there, but the first to attract her attention, was one she recognized by the handwriting to be from her cousin, Helen, with whom she had kept up a pretty regular correspondence, especially since Helen's entrance into school. And as she was advised of her engagement with Arthur, she hastily took up the letter and opened it to learn of their plans, as she was expecting the announcement of them, at least their plans for the wedding, and she found it to be as follows:

*My Dear Cousin Mary:*

“I intended writing you before leaving the institute, but my time was so occupied with the closing exercises and preparations for leaving, that I failed to do so.

“You know I wrote you that Arthur was to be there to see his sister, and—well, the one they all tell us is so much dearer to them than a sister—pass their examinations and go through their parts generally in the closing exercises of a graduating year, and so he came.

“Well, Mary, while of course I was glad to see him and have him with us, yet, I must own, it was a great trial for me to go through my part of the exercises, with his eye constantly upon me, but I nerved myself up and got through; not, however, without many misgivings, I can assure you, as to how it would seem to him. But you should have seen him, Mary; he almost devoured his sister and myself, declaring we had eclipsed all the rest. I fear, however, he looked through partial eyes, and was not altogether as sincere in bestowing his praises as he should have been; yet, here I am, questioning the very thing I most longed for, as the praise or blame of all the rest of that vast assembly was nothing to me by the side of his; and yet, after I had received that coveted prize of praise, and that, too, in the most enthusiastic manner bestowed, to then question its sincerity; oh, Mary! the human heart is so exacting.

“All this, however, is passed, and I must tell you that we have changed our plans in regard to getting married. You know I wrote you we were to be married as soon as I could get ready, after the session closed, but upon discussing our

ve decided it would be better for me to e season in society, as you know I have ever 'come out;' and Arthur to take a in travel and observation. And here I aring to make my *debut*, and which I o make as brilliant as possible. Not re to captivate any of the gentlemen; course not that; still, one does not ob- e admired by them, even if that one e like myself, engaged. And since I am el that I can enter with more boldness arena, than if I was required to be on out for a suitable one for a husband, as g ladies are expected to do; that is, o are not like myself, supplied with essary article, at least, to the extent of gement. Thanks to my good stars! that y life work is done already; and now, l be expected of me is to get as much nto the ways of the world, and espe- ciety's ways, as I can within the time me, in order that when we settle down n home, I shall know how to entertain ds the better.

I am, running on to you about home ds, settling down, and all that, with the ore me yet, before such can happen, ac- o our plans, to bring its changes. And, ws what may come in between us? per- th, or estrangement. But no; I will let

none of these suggestions disturb me, but go along just as if our fondest hopes shall realized.

“True, Mary; is there not a providence of us, guiding in all things. Just think of it, Mary, how Arthur’s parents and mine came over the ocean together, and thereby became friends, and kept up a correspondence for so many years. And, think of it, too, that our good principles and his lady, were also passengers, and thereby became acquainted with each of our parents, and how they kept up the acquaintanceship sending their circulars yearly to our parents, which led them to send us—his sister and myself—to them, and how we became room mates and friends. But all this I have told you over and over; yet, I could but think of it now in connection with that providence, that so guide us in all our affairs.

“Well, Mary, I have not told you that Arthur expects to return this way, as you know I have told you, that mother and father have not as yet seen him, nor has he made demand of me for them, which of course he will then do, and which we shall arrange all about the wedding. But when he will be here, is uncertain, as he will go as far as Canada in his tour; but it will be some months, at least, and in the meantime I shall be busy with my own duties. I shall although I shall expect to hear from him often, I shall not be able to reach him with many

ters, as he will be so constantly on the move, and his movements will be so uncertain, that I shall not know where he will be with certainty enough to write to him often. However, the loss will be his, and not mine, as I shall expect to hear from him as though I wrote regularly to him.

“Of course, my parents are anxious to see him, but as you know, Brother Allan has seen him, and indeed you know that they were not only room mates, in the university, but bosom friends, and through him they are so favorably impressed, that I can only feel that his coming will be but to confirm the good impressions already entertained of him.

“As for Brother Allan, he is, as you know, so much engaged with his medical studies, that he hardly gives a thought to anything else. And, by the way, he talks seriously of going to your city to engage in the practice of his profession; and if I, yes, poor little I, were not so far along the highway to matrimony, I would accompany him when he goes, in order that I might make you a visit. But, as it is, I must look forward to our—ah, Mary! just think of my saying, our settlement. Well-a-day! this is truly a queer world, with its comings out, engagements and settlements, and what next? indeed, I might well ask, and what next, since truly, I should be thinking seriously of what will come next. To be the head of a family, to have a husband



to please and to do for, and then to be expected to take my place in the world, that is, socially as one of its guardians, for while as yet but one of its votaries, or as it were, like the butterfly that flits from flower to flower, to get the sweets, it is not expected I shall as much as pass judgment upon, much less dictate, rules for its government, but when once installed as one of its guardians, and the wife of a minister at the same time, let me not follow up the thought now, for 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and I shall wait until the day comes to follow it up and act only when action shall be demanded.

"Well, Mary, I fear I shall, if I have not already done so, weary you, with my account of myself and my own affairs, to say nothing of my moralizing. But, then, you know we women give utterance to what is uppermost in our thoughts, and perhaps I am expressing on you what you yourself feel, who knows?

"And by the way, how is it with the young gentleman you have several times referred to? I believe there was some little episode or adventure connected with him. Has he proven to be the one? Please inform me in your next. And if nothing serious has come of it, I warn you that too much intercourse, such as I have intimations you have with the aforesaid young gentleman, is dangerous to peace of mind, as often results in not keeping the heart whole. But, as you seem to think, it may be all well

the end. Ah, this ending; who can tell about that? The getting in love is easy enough; all it needs is a good looking young man, who will flatter you a little, utter a few commonplaces, heave a sigh or two, and away goes your heart after him, like a stray dove in search of a mate. And when you are won, what then? If he proves to be your idéal, all well, but if instead of proving to be a saint, he should be — well, I will not say what, but leave you to fill out the sentence.

“Now, Mary, I must say something sensible to you, as I fear I have bored you terribly with my nonsense; and to do so, I will say that my two years of absence have not in the least alienated my affections from either my parents or my home. And I find that the old duties come as naturally as before leaving. Indeed, I find that my perceptions of duty have been quickened, rather than blunted. And when I look back and see how mother has been left alone, my sympathies go out, and it seems to me I appreciate, and truly feel the claims of the mother upon the child, by far more than I before did. Indeed, I am not sure but the severing of the daily ties is needed, to show us their true strength. And more than all, I see that Allan’s absence wears upon her. Not that she does not willingly submit to his absence, and, indeed, desires it for his own good. But then, his vacant seat at the table, his absence at the evening fireside, around the center table, or at the family

altar, all cast a shadow over the circle, which I can but notice she feels. And what must it have been when we were both away. Truly, Mary, I fear none of us give our parents credit for what is their due. As for myself, I have keenly felt Allan's absence, but the bustle and confusion of getting home, and settling down again into my old habits of home duties have not allowed me much time for thinking of my own wants.

"Father is engaged, of course, with his business all day, and all we see of him is at our meals, and during the evening. And as his mind has more of business than social or family enjoyment in it, he does not show that lack of Allan's society that mother does.

"In regard to Allan's intended settlement in New Orleans, they say but little; still, it is apparent they would prefer to have him remain near them, but will leave the choice of location entirely with him. And as he will at least take a trip there, on the completion of his studies, you will have a chance to judge for yourself as to the correctness of the estimate I have always placed upon him, when writing to you about him, and then you shall tell me whether it was only a sisterly one or not.

"And now, I must close this, lest its length should exceed its interest, which is a fatal error in letter writing; and with love to all, and from all, I am as ever, your cousin,

"HELEN MCGREGOR."

Mary folded the letter and stood musing, revolving in her mind its contents, as it presented questions which filled her own thoughts at times, and she might have attempted a review in detail had not another letter on the table caught her eye, which, from the backing, she discovered to be from her brother, and with half chiding herself for neglecting to examine it before reading Helen's, she broke the seal and read:

“SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

“*My Dear Ones at Home:*

“The goal is at last reached, our original purpose has been accomplished, and we are here. And now to tell you how we came, with all that occurred since I wrote last, I will take up the narrative at the point where I left off, which was where preparations were being made for a march towards San Antonio. The march was taken up on March 16, with a force of about two hundred and seventy Americans, two hundred Mexicans and thirty Coochatte Indians, without cannon or baggage wagons, each man being his own commissary, carrying everything he possessed on his back, provisions, ammunition and live stock. The latter were very numerous and annoying, tormenting the poor tired soldiers during the night, and if they failed to get an ample supply of food then, they would nibble and bite him on the march during the day. Many of the men not having a second shirt, were eaten raw on the

back and shoulders by these Mexican p they could not, by a change, get rid ( even temporarily. The expedition was n the Salado, a small stream of water, on th day, by the entire male Spanish popul Texas, commanded by Governor Salcedo regiment from the adjoining province manded by General Herrera. The ene posted on the upper road, and the An were marching on the lower, or missio which follows the course of the San river. And the latter being without br they intended taking up their quarters at sion, where they expected to find somethi

“The first intimation they had of the troops was the discharge of their cannon. Americans’ right, the Americans’ advance having passed without observing them they marched on and formed in line with the enemy’s position, and laid flat ground at the distance of eighty or one rods from them. Bernardo detailing ha Mexicans as a body guard, taking positio rear.

“The enemy’s forces advanced by slow scattering their cannon balls around the cans and tearing up the ground in their ate vicinity without hitting a single man were permitted to approach within less hundred yards, when the signal was g one tap of the drum, for a charge. The Ar

rose to their feet and rushed to the very muzzles of their guns, and discharged a volley into their ranks, the Indians charging their left wing on horseback at the same time, and the mounted Mexicans, about one hundred in number, taking courage in discovering the confusion of the enemy's forces, charged their right wing, both wings giving way and forming again on the rear of their center, thus crowding them together, while the Americans were pressing upon them in front, thereby causing them to exhibit the appearance of a flock of sheep frightened by the wolves. Their own numbers and crowded position precluding resistance, or escape, numbers of their front rank threw down their arms and surrendered, taking position in the rear of the Americans as the safest place. But finally a passage was forced to their rear, and they broke ranks and ran for dear life, leaving about four hundred on the field, and a large number of prisoners.

"The Americans lost two men killed and two wounded in the charge, and one killed in the action by a Spaniard, who offered him his gun. The American would not take time to receive it, but motioned him to the rear, when he stepped behind him and shot him through, and made his escape. The Indians had not a man killed or wounded.

"In their advance on the American line, a Spanish officer singled out Lieutenant-colonel Ross, and advanced to meet him in single com-

bat, but was shot down by an American soldier before they came in contact. The Americans finding an ample supply of provisions in the enemy's camp, retired to the water, and took quarters for the night.

“On their march the following day, they were met by Governor Salcedo, General Herrera, and twelve others, the principal officers of the army, who surrendered as prisoners of war. Salcedo remarking when he tendered his sword that they could not contend with such beings they were not human — they were all devils incarnate. The Americans marched into the city the next morning, where they found an immense concourse of citizens and soldiers greatly excited, the Comanche Indians having driven off all the settlements on the river, and run off the most of their stock, during the siege of La Bahía. They viewed the Americans as they marched into the city, conducting their governor and chief officers of the army as prisoners of war, with horror and dismay, thinking, no doubt, they were devils indeed.

“The Americans advanced into the main plaza posting their six captured cannon at the entrance of the streets, and taking up their quarters around them. When the first excitement subsided, and friendly intercourse succeeded, they found many warm friends of the republican cause, among those they found there, when they entered the place.

“Salcedo and the other officers continued to be held as prisoners, and were turned over by Gutierrez, who was still nominally the head of the expedition, to the Mexican officers to be guarded by them, and which it seems was a part of a most diabolical plot to murder them, and to cover up which, Bernardo proposed to the Americans, that the prisoners should be sent to La Bahia, where there was a small garrison with ample provisions, and a secure enclosure within which they could have exercise through the day, saying there were neither provisions, nor suitable accommodations for their comfort and safe custody in San Antonio, that place being literally stripped and destitute, the only means of subsistence being beef, or mutton and water.

“The Americans having no suspicion of their design, readily consented to this arrangement, and the prisoners were placed in charge of a set of cut-throats, who marched them down to the scene of their late defeat, and there cut their throats, leaving them naked on the field.

“The Americans were not apprised of this barbarous and inhuman act for some days. When they became aware of the fact, they called on Bernardo for the punishment of the authors of the barbarous deed. He said he could not resist the importunities of his friends, it being an universal custom with both parties in the present struggle, to execute all the principal officers that the fate of war placed in their



hands. And on further investigation, the Americans found so many of the Mexicans justify in the act, they had no alternative but to submit or produce a collision that would break up the expedition, and might prove fatal to themselves the place being full of men under the influence and control of Bernardo and his minions.

“The Americans finding it necessary to organize a government, and being determined to have no connection with Bernardo in the field united with the Mexicans, and invested him with the title of Governor of the State of Texas.

“The Americans devote their time in the forenoon to military exercises, and the afternoon to *fandangoes*. These *fandangoes*, at which the ladies manifest more friendship for the Americans than for their own countrymen, are creating a jealousy which may affect the cause, as the Mexican men are leaving the place in large numbers, and going into the interior, spreading wherever they go, the news of the massacre of the officers, and charging the Americans with it. And, of course, the Americans have no way of counteracting its influence, or correcting their statements now. Had they in the beginning kept away from those *fandangoes*, perhaps it might have been avoided.

“At any rate, here we are, at this old historic place, in full possession, and with no force now confronting us. What the future may bring is hidden from us; and as for myself, I can but

put my trust in that providence, which is over all, as well here, as in New Orleans, or elsewhere.

“And now, as to my purposes and plans: I have settled upon nothing definite, and am just waiting developments of the plans and purposes of the Revolutionary party, of which, it is true, we are the chief effective force, at present; but there seems to be no fixed purpose on the part of our commanders. If appearances should be such that a stable government, such even as we have now, should be maintained, I shall remain and spy out the country; that is, explore most of it, so that I can intelligently determine as to its future. And therefore, for the present, at least, I am a fixture here.

“Just as soon as I have time to become acquainted with the people and place, I will give you my views of them. And I suppose we shall have but little else to do but visit the people, and study the architectural beauty of the old and historic missions of the neighborhood, as there are a number near here. And by the way, there are a number of excellent Castilian families here, with whom I hope to form pleasant acquaintances, and with whom, perhaps, I shall pass many pleasant hours, as I shall wholly ignore the usual pastime of the ordinary Mexican, to which I am sorry to say, so many of the Americans seem to have taken to as kindly as the Mexicans themselves. I mean the cock and

bull fighting, which make up the greater part of the sources of amusement of the average Mexican. And, as I have said, I hope to find such congenial society, refined and cultivated, where I can enjoy intellectual feasts, and not be taken down to mere sensual and grovelling amusements.

“This I will commit to Colonel Kemper, who with several others, have taken leave of absence and will proceed directly to New Orleans, and from there go to visit their several homes. And as I shall have to depend upon some such chance opportunity, the departure of my next is uncertain. But you may be assured I will embrace every favorable opportunity to keep you posted as to my plans and purposes.

“And as the colonel is now ready to start, I must close this, with much love to those, to whom I have in the caption addressed it, and who are none others than my dear father, mother and sister. And now, with a renewal of my assurances of lasting affection for each, I am ever, yours,

“JERALD FITZGERALD.”

As soon as Mary had finished reading, she sought her mother to pour out her feelings to her, as she felt it impossible to reconcile herself the idea of Jerald continuing to be party to such transactions, murders and butcheries, carnage and slaughter. Oh, how could

Christian man engage in the one, and so lightly pass over the others. "Would he continue? no, he must not; she would have her father write to him to come home at once."

But, alas! she found no help in her mother. since she had philosophically made up her mind that the world was no better than it ever had been, at least, that ambitious and adventurous spirits were moved and actuated the same then, they always had been, and as for carnage in battle, and treachery and murder in individual cases, such had been the case always, and would perhaps continue to be so until the millennium set in; and as for Jerald, he was his own man to do as he pleased, as she felt he was competent to decide for himself. As to any personal danger to which he might be exposed, she rested upon the providence which she knew to be over all, and to protect him just as well in San Antonio as in New Orleans; and Mary was driven again to her father, and upon his return in the evening, she carried her burdens to him. But as before, he was disposed to look upon the world as it was, and not as it should be; and he, too, like her mother, offered her the consolations of religion, and the trust in an overruling providence, as the only real solace. And thus accepting the inevitable, she carried her burden to her Maker, and with a fervent prayer for her brother's safety, she placed all in God's hands.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THEIR TWO FAITHS.

AS HELEN had said in her letters to Cousin Mary, her entrance into society was marked with far less restraint than otherwise might have been, but for the fact of her engagement with Arthur, as she was not therefore required to be on the lookout for a suitable match, or as the girls say, for a "good catch." And while she was to some extent awkward, it might perhaps be better said, ill at ease, from want of familiarity with the forms of what are properly the rules of society, yet there was a naturalness in her manners, acquired at home from the fact of her being an only daughter, and therefore dependent on her mother for society and which of itself threw her more or less in the company of her mother's visitors, and gave her such an insight into society's ways that smoothed her own path when she came to tread therein.

Therefore, at the end of the season, she found herself accepted as one of its main factors, and a very important one, too, in the circle in which she moved. And now that she was expecting Arthur, she must make preparations for his coming.

ing, in order not only to introduce him into that circle, but most of all to have her parents favorably impressed by him, which she felt she could do best by allowing a comparison with those of her own set, with whom they were acquainted. To this end she arranged to have a series of entertainments, making her own home the scene of the greater number, in order to bring the comparison more directly home to her parents.

In the due course of time, Arthur came, and was duly presented to her parents, and while, as a matter of course, they were disposed to scan him critically, as their prospective son-in-law, they were in no wise disappointed, notwithstanding Helen's extravagant encomiums as to his *personnel*. Indeed, in all of its make-up, it was to them satisfactory, and the only questions then arising, and to be settled, were in regard to his disposition and attainments. And as to these, they were soon satisfied. And now, there seemed nothing in the way of the consummation of the wishes of the young people.

But the subject of religious faith had never entered into, or been a factor, in all their calculations, nor had it occurred to them to make it a question, or that it could be made one. Helen, when in the Davidson family, had attended the church of which the father was the rector, without making it a matter of thought that there were, or could be, any difference between that and her own, except as to mere matters of form

in the worship, or order of exercises. And when the question was sprung upon her by an accidental reference to it, on the part of Arthur one day, whilst they were discussing their future plans, she was astonished at herself for not having before thought of it. And she set about once making herself familiar with their differences. And as she gained knowledge from his and such books as were at hand, she became uneasy and disturbed, as there arose questions which seemed to point to insuperable barriers between the faith of her fathers and her own and that of his. And to settle, if possible, the differences, or harmonize the faiths, they entered upon their discussion, and the point of the apostolic succession being reached by Arthur, he said:

“We all accept the fact that Christ came in the world to be the Saviour of the race of mankind. That He accomplished His mission by His death upon the cross. That while on earth He chose certain ones to be His apostles. That He organized by, and through them, the church. That is, that He sent them out into all the world to preach His gospel. And that wherever they went, whether by His direction or not, we are not positively told, but we know that they gathered believers into societies, and they ordained those who should be His ministers teachers to expound to them the Scriptures and be the overseers of flocks and thus gathered

gether; and that from time to time, some of the apostles themselves visited them, at least so far as it was possible in that day to do so, in order to keep them thoroughly instructed. For, as they had been instructed directly by the Saviour, except as to Paul, who was one 'born out of due season,' but called directly by the Saviour, and instructed directly by the Holy Spirit, thus putting the proper seal upon his ministry, they of course were the proper teachers of those who had not been so instructed. And when such visitations were not possible or expedient, they instructed them by epistles directed to certain designated churches, but intended as a code for the whole Christian world in all ages.

"And that some organization was intended to be perpetuated is evident, not only from the plan pursued by the apostles, but from the requirements of Christ's teachings themselves. Since without organization, the institution of the supper and other required forms, could not have been perpetuated. And without some head to say when to come together, and how the meetings should be conducted, all would be confusion and distraction.

"Therefore, not only from man's nature of individuality, and his capacity for enjoyment of combined and concentrated effort, in enjoyment, but from the natural wants of the race, as a race, from helpless infancy up, our associations in a



numerical point of view are plainly evident in the design of God in nature. And so, in grace and the organization of the church, as adapted to many wants here, there was some such combination or concentration of effort necessary.

“And, as the family was ordained or instituted, to perpetuate the race by an united effort of supervision over the helpless infant, child and youth, until the period had arrived for self support, so throughout all the ages, the young, and indeed, all classes, must have some organized body by, and through which, instruction and guidance could be systematically afforded.

“From this state of facts, therefore, it becomes evident, that some head must have been established, and some plan devised for the perpetuation of that headship, and preservation of the organizations under it. And now, if we turn to the Scriptures, the only correct guide that we have, we find that certain ones were chosen and ordained as rulers over all the churches established by them. And as the ages yet to come would need just such organizations, the power to perpetuate them by a succession of rulers, ordained by them for the purpose, was an essential part of the plan.

“Then, the question comes up, by whom and through what organization was the succession continued? and we Episcopalians contend that we alone have the direct line; and without authority through such succession, we hold that

One can justly set up the claim of right in the church of Christ."

"Well, Arthur, allowing as you say, that organization was necessary, in order not only for proper instruction, but for perpetuation, we are told there were twelve apostles, with Paul, as you have said, making the thirteenth; and we have the epistles of several, written at different times and to different churches, as well as the report of their oral teachings, as given in the book of Acts, and as we find they vary, not only in their methods, but also in the substance of their teachings, and while they may not be essentially antagonistic, yet they do not in every particular agree. And aside from any express appointment by Christ, or declaration from God himself, who is to say which one of the number is to be recognized as the head, and the one authorized like the hereditary monarchs of the world at the present day, to transmit the succession? I understand that your church, properly the Church of England, does not hold to the Roman Catholic doctrine, that Peter was entrusted with the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and thereby became the absolute head of the church, and from whom the succession must come. But, by the way, how are you going to extricate yourselves from the position the Roman church takes, for are you anything else than a schismatic branch of that church, torn off by a wicked prince, through his kingly and temporal

power, and not by any spiritual influences, subserve his diabolical purposes."

"Can you, by any direct or roundabout way, even, connect yourselves with the true church established by the apostles, allowing for the sake of the argument that only one body of Christians, and comprising but one separate organization, either at Rome, Corinth, or elsewhere was the true church; for without some such pure fountain to start from, and pure stream of direct line down, well established, your claim to be the one and only church, must fall to the ground."

"Ah, you must read our authors on that subject, for you will learn from them that our succession is complete, and I must bring you some for that purpose."

"Suppose, Arthur, you bring me also, some of our Baptist friends' works, who even go a little further back in their demands than you do, claiming John's baptism as being essential, rather the form which you discard."

"Why, Helen, you might as well ask me for the writings of the Rabbis, who go back to Abraham."

"Not so, by any means, Arthur; John the Baptist is recognized in the Scriptures as the forerunner of Christ, cotemporary with him, and made a part of the plan of salvation, in as far, at least, as his birth and office were equal to a matter of prophecy, and announced by the angels. Besides, he was commissioned by God

Himself to be not only a witness of Christ's coming, but the instrument by which he should be consecrated through baptism, or inducted thereby into his high office of priest and king. And, therefore, why not the form used by him, as well as the authority for the administration of the rite to come directly from him. And as Christ commanded all to repent and be baptised, then, if John was the true administrator of the rite, as by appointment for the new Christian dispensation, and direct succession by the laying on of hands, or the practicing specific modes, be an essential requisite, then the claim of our Baptist brethren to legitimate succession rests upon a much broader foundation than it strikes me you can bring forward in support of your Episcopacy. And, if certain specific forms were established, as the standard of admission into the family of believers, why not they, instead you, have that form. And, if your Episcopacy is worthy of credit at all, why do you not keep up also the original mode of baptism, and which John, the one appointed to administer it, always used, and which if mere form is necessary to authenticity, should still be binding; and since you do not hold to that, it does seem to me that your stickling for mere form leaves your system without a proper foundation to stand upon."

"No, Arthur; it is not the form, but the essence that is the essential part of Christianity, as it is with the grain of corn. For without the

perfect and true grain no stalk or ear would come from it; and as to the husk or outside, that may be of any color or shape without affecting its value as a life giving germ."

"But, Helen, God devised a plan by which the human family should be perpetuated upon the earth, and no other plan would do so well as that; indeed, no other known method will do at all. So after the fall, it became necessary to have a Saviour, that man might be restored to favor with God, and God devised the plan of that Saviour and we must suppose that was the only perfect plan that could be devised, as He does nothing but what is perfect, and no two things to serve the same purpose can be equally perfect, as there is but one right way while there may be many wrong ones, or those that may be in some essentials, possibly right, but lacking in some part as a whole."

"Well, after that Saviour came, it was necessary that a plan should be devised for making that salvation effectual, to those who should be born into the world throughout succeeding ages. And not only so, but those particular individuals who were to be the especial beneficiaries, should be brought under its influences; for not all were to receive it, else, no need of an organized ministry or any thing else. And in order that they should be reached, and when reached, separated from those who should not enjoy its benefits, some organized form of union or association was

necessary. And to effect such an organization, it was necessary that certain requisites of distinction should be made in form, so that the recipients might be separated, and known from those not receiving. And to put those in form, and keep them up through all the ages, certain ones were selected. And just what we claim is, that our church holds the succession uninterruptedly, giving the right, and to no other is it given, to ordain the ministry and establish such organizations, prescribing their forms, ceremonies, etc."

"Then, Arthur, I understand you to say, that membership in a certain body or association of individuals, having certain forms of government, is necessary to salvation, and that your church has such an organized form, with the requisite rules and regulations to insure an entrance into heaven; and that no other body or organization in the world has such requisites."

"Certainly, Helen; if some form and organization was necessary, of course no other would or could take its place, just as no other method of perpetuating the human family would avail towards peopling the earth. And, as our writers tell us, we have maintained that line direct down from the apostles; and if such be true, how can it be otherwise than as we claim."

"True, Arthur; if all you say is true, your's is the only and essential organization. But, let us look at the premises. Where do you get the

authority for demanding that all shall belong to the same organization, or indeed to any organization at all. Had the thief upon the cross joined himself to the apostles, or to the company of believers? were all adherents of Paul, Apollos Peter, or John? and did they all agree in every particular? or did the apostles themselves agree? On the contrary, we are told that Peter withstood Paul to his face; and Paul and Barnabas had a contention which caused them to separate. Yes, Arthur, your demand of perfect accord and unity in all things, is like expecting every ray of the sun shall reach us with the same brilliancy despite the intervening mists and clouds."

"But, Helen, you will admit that certain requisites must be binding, for instance, the administration of the Lord's supper, to whom shall that be administered? why, only to such as have the seal upon them, and that seal is conformity to the requirements of whatever may be demanded in the organization of the true church. As Christ said, there would be false prophets and false teachers, and so there must be false organizations, as the prophets and teachers could effect but little in the world without organized effort. And the whole controversy turns upon the one point of the true and false churches, which have been established in the world ever since the time of the apostles; for even then, as now, there were those who through false doctrines carried many away with them."

“Well, Arthur, that brings us to the point of what really constitutes the true church.”

“Yes, Helen, that is just where the difficulty lies in harmonizing the different denominations, or rather, I should say, sects, that now fill the world. Forms and ceremonies are just as requisite now as they were in the administration of affairs in the temple. God abhors chaos and confusion, just as nature does a vacuum or destruction, and therefore there must be some system established by which believers may be known; unless, indeed, you discard the idea of their being two classes, believers and unbelievers, thereby throwing all mankind into one class. And if there is a standard by which they may be unmistakably known, where can such a standard be found in those sects, what have they in common that could be so regarded? Not forms, not ceremonies, not creeds, usages or doctrines, for no two of them are agreed, and exactly alike in respect to them.”

“Suppose there is a certain disease to which the human family is subject, and there is but one remedy in all the scope of pharmacy, which will reach and eradicate it. But, suppose of the doctors of the world, each compounds a medicine which he proposes as a remedy, one takes one, and another another, and so on, through the whole catalogue, including the right one, who among them all, think you, will be cured, and who not? and what shall be the result with all



those who do not take the right one? It follows as a matter of course, if there is but one remedy that will cure, all those who do not take it must fail to find a cure."

"So, God either has or has not an infallible remedy for sin; and if He has such a remedy no other will do, and all others will prove utterly worthless to those who try them."

"True, Arthur; but He has a plan for people on the earth, as you have said, but is every one brought into the world precisely alike in every particular, as to features, form, size, color, and all the other characteristics of the race? so, nature everywhere, and so in grace; there is nothing more clearly taught than that there is a diversity of gifts. Paul said, if eating meat offend a brother, he would eat no more meat. And do the Scriptures anywhere demand specific and absolute forms? Christ said, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. And He told one to go and wash in the pool; another to show himself unto the priest; another to take up his bed and walk; and another to stretch forth his hand, and He did so and was healed, as likewise were all who did as directed. And thus He did not tell all to wash in the pool and be clean, as you would have us do, or be unclean."

"No, Arthur; God has no more prescribed rules for the salvation of the race, than He has to regulate nature's laws; circumstances con-

trol in each, and they are both variable; some are reached in one way and some in another. Christ said of the wind: 'It bloweth where it listeth;' and to it he likened the action of the Holy Spirit. And when there were some of the apostles complained to Him that there were those working miracles who were not of their company, His answer was to let them alone in their work, at the same time endorsing it as genuine."

"Why, Helen, you must admit there is some standard to which all must be brought, in order to determine whether they are, or are not, the children of God. Otherwise, we must plod on in the darkness without knowing whether we are different from the rest of the world, or not. Admit but a standard, then, to which all must come and be judged, and you grant us all we ask."

"Not by any means, Arthur; suppose I want to establish a starch manufactory; you come and tell me I can find starch in corn; another comes along who has found starch in potatoes, in wheat, and in other cereals; what will you do then? claim that the only true starch is found in corn? no, Arthur; you must admit it to be starch wherever you find it, and in whatever combination."

"Yes, Helen; but you forget the point, which is that the only thing you are after is the starch, and not the combination it is found in. Then to

find that, you must have some fixed rules by which to work. You can not go hap-hazard and that is just what we claim, that it is only through our organization that salvation can come, just as the process brings the starch, and not the starch that develops the process."

"You have not touched the point yet, Arthur ; allowing the starch to be obtainable by only one process, whereas it can be obtained by many. But, you make the fact of its production the agent by which it is produced, or to make the application, you make your system forms and ceremonies take the place of the thing itself, in the matter of salvation ; that is, no salvation outside of your system. And all who in form embrace it are thereby made righteous. Is not that your position?"

"You have stated it, in one particular, fairly in another, you have not. We insist upon some form being absolutely necessary, and of course outside of that form none can be saved. But we do not say that the form or ceremony through which or by which they come, is in itself a saving ordinance. That is, the lowering the head or any other physical act of that kind, or even in baptism or confirmation, the two great demands of the church. But, the fact that such things are done, instead of such forms as others adopt, is evidence conclusive of acceptance, and therefore of salvation. As our's are the only legitimate forms, as circumcision defined the

Jew, and consequently all others are false and worthless, as was the case with the remedies before mentioned."

"Well, Arthur, you have come back again in the circle where you began, and insist on finding the starch as it were but in one product of nature, and if driven from this, you fly to some other equally untenable ground, and when driven from that you return again, and so it is needless to follow you."

"Well, pray, Helen, what is your position? Let me know just how you hold the question."

"Certainly, sir; I will do so with pleasure. We believe that God revealed His will to man in the Scriptures. That just as long as we have those, we have a guide to go by. And without that succession of ambassadors, preachers, priests, bishops or what not, that you demand, they are just as potent to save as though hedged about by a host of agencies. Indeed, we believe that if every copy of the Scriptures should be lost, every ordained minister and every professor, or if you please, every one who had ever heard of the Bible, should be swept from the earth, and an hundred years or any number of years should elapse, and then a copy of the Scriptures should be found, and those living should by any manner of means be able to understand their purport, and do as therein commanded, that salvation would come unto them, just the same as if the succession of ordained

agencies had never been broken, and therefore, your succession to us is worthless and without binding force or deserving of consideration."

"How then, Helen, do you discard the operations of the spirit?"

"By no means, Arthur; for if you were as conversant with the Scriptures as you seem to be with your church forms, you would find that to love God with all your heart, mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself, comprise the whole requirements therein. But to do that, you must know God, as you can not love a being you do not know, and you can not know Him unless He reveals Himself unto you. And such revelation can only be made through the operations of the spirit."

"Ah, now you have it, Helen; those all come through obedience, and obedience means complying with the prescribed forms, and those forms we have."

"Indeed, my good sir; and you have found your circle again, and since you will cling to that, I must leave you to its narrow limits, at least for the present; hoping, however, that a little sober reflection bestowed upon the view of the matter, as it seems to me it has been presented to you, and perhaps, it may be for the first time, may enable you to see over the rim a little. If not, and you should continue to go round and round therein, you will indeed be a 'blind leader of the blind.'"

"On the other hand, Helen, I hope you will reflect on the exposition I have given you of the claims of our church; and if you will weigh the arguments well that favor it you must come to think as we do."

"Put, Helen, fully before your mind the proposition of an end to be attained, with an all wise planner; of course there must necessarily follow a perfect plan. And it is impossible to think of such a plan without the means infallible of carrying it out, and when you do this the whole question is solved."

"That is exactly what we do, sir. After man's fall it became necessary to provide some means of redeeming him from the consequences of that fall. The all wise God devised that plan, which consisted in sending His Son as the Saviour. And in due time the Son came; and fulfilled His mission by the death on the cross. But while in the world He by His own declarations, and after His crucifixion and ascension, through the medium of His chosen representatives, the apostles, that is through both agencies, He left us His last will and testament, wherein we not only find full directions for our own government, but the means of perpetuating the executors required therein to be from time to time appointed to carry out its provisions. But no where do we find therein any plan for particular succession by or through any one, or even all the chosen instruments in the persons of the apostles. And

so, we find in our view of the matter, every essential of your demands, without the unbroken chain required by you, and which you can by manner of means establish your right or claim of having."

"And now, that we have exhausted the subject, I would inquire, when you had a letter from Eleanor. She has become quite 'slack' of late in her correspondence with me. And I am inclined to think, from the tone of her last, she has her mind, if not her heart, engaged by the attention of a certain young gentleman. But after all, that is the way of the world, and neither you nor I can blame her, as I fear we have lived the last year too much for ourselves."

"No, no, Helen; the birds leave the flock to mate, and so, if we would fulfill the Scripture we would leave all, even those who gave us our being, father and mother, and be no longer two but one."

"Ah, that is true; but such isolation (and selfishness, if you please) is not demanded; and indeed, I doubt if justifiable, before the time comes when that union shall be made perfect."

"But you forget, Helen, that it is not the mere forms prescribed by the law that constitute the union, after all. The union to be such an one as is contemplated, must be one of the heart and mind; both must harmonize. Without that, the forms of law or usages would amount to nothing."

"How then, Arthur, shall those not live happily?"

pily together who may be joined by the forms of law, unless their sentiments and views exactly coincide?"

"Certainly not, Helen; it would be like attempting to weld together two incongruous metals, the adhesion would be so slight, if effected at all, that the first jar would separate them, and the hope of lasting happiness in such unions is to have them one in heart and mind."

"Well, Arthur, have you ever thought then, how our differences in religious faith may come in between us? But we will not return to that subject to-night?"

"No, Helen; it is late enough to retire, and I will bid you good night."

After Arthur's departure, Helen sought her pillow, but not to find that sleep at once which she coveted. A new revelation had been made to her. And the question was revolved in her mind, until she classed it with Arthur's circle of religious dogmas. And she saw no way of solving the difficulties by continuing to pursue the path she was in, until at last her mind was made up, and she brought herself to that point, that, unless some change was effected in one or the other of their views, no real union could take place between them, for had not Arthur so declared in answer to her question.

Then, with the conclusion reached, and the conviction that nothing but the future develop-



ments could solve the difficulty either for against them, she composed herself and slept being wearied with thought.

## CHAPTER X.

## A TRANSITION STATE OR REVELATION.

SHORTLY after the occupation of San Antonio the Republican forces, as detailed in a former chapter, there came from the city of Zacatecas, Don Ramon Viesca and his daughter, Irene; he having been forced to flee on account of his Republican principles.

And, as the place was filled, as we have seen, with those who had been driven in from the surrounding country by the Indians, during the siege of La Bahia, as well as by those who had come with the Republican forces, and with others like himself, who had come from the interior of Mexico, the only dwelling he could at that time procure, or at least the most eligible one, was that described in our second chapter, and which he fitted up, and where he left his daughter with only an old and tried family servant, whom they had brought with them, as a companion and protector. He, having as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made for their comfort, departed for New Orleans, on business of the Republican cause, as well as to attend to some private matters of his own. He had, before leaving, procured an introduction for his daugh-

ter to the principal families of note in the place, and had obtained a promise of good offices in her behalf from them, in case such should be needed in his absence. And it was at the home of one of these families, Don Pedro Flores, where Jerald first met her.

The occasion was one of a small and select gathering of the most refined and cultured portion of the population. Indeed, those who were assembled there never took part in the *fandangos*, ordinary forms of amusement as bull and cock fighting and the common games at cards, such as made up the sources of pleasure seeking for most of the population of the place, and to which most of the Americans soon became addicted.

And it was only among this better class, that Jerald sought for and obtained his sources of amusement. And he had already, before the arrival of Irene, made their acquaintance, and been hailed as a welcome visitor at most of their homes, especially was it so at the house where he met her on this occasion.

As we have said in the chapter where they were first introduced to the reader, their meeting was like the mingling of the currents of two streams when a junction is formed by their coming together, as a mutual feeling of admiration sprung up at sight, as it were; and before the evening had passed away, they had recognized in each other their ideals.

before they were found almost daily in her's society ; and, indeed, seemingly only for each other. Of course, he very soon became her accepted lover, yea, more, her affianced husband, yet without the form of proposal or acceptance ; such was not needed by them ; no heart responsive beat, and eye to eye revealed their secret workings and revealed the utmost depths of feeling, so that the scene which we introduced them to the reader, was in keeping with many equally endearing scenes which they had passed. And let us see here, such as are more or less common to lovers whether alike susceptible and enthusiastic or not ; therefore, the reader can not say that we have taken an undue liberty in introducing them.

It was natural enough that Jerald should take the very first opportunity to acquaint his folks, and especially his sister, with the fruits of his new found treasure, which he did in the manner as follows :

“ SAN ANTONIO, April 2, 1813.

*Dear Sister :*

I have emerged from another chrysalis state, and myself in a perfect butterfly form, those of the most brilliantly gorgeous surrounding me, aye, did I say surrounding me ? and poised upon my own gorgeous wings, I

soar to the most grand and ecstatic heights, spurning earth and rising to heights far above all earthly things.

“Indeed, my fair sister, the realms to which swift wings carry me, are studded with flowers from which to sip the nectar of sweetness, above the richest of earth’s productions. It is a land out beyond even the borders of dream-land, a celestial country, where dwell only the pure, the unsullied, the ecstatic.

“Well, would you ask me of this land—this butterfly state, of this studding of flowers of this realm of grandeur, of these nectars of sweetness? Would you know when and where they are to be found, and how obtained? My sister, they are the gifts, the outgrowth, the essence of love, pure love.

“Would you ask where and how that is to be found, how obtained, I would answer it is like the soft sighing of the zephyrs, or the fierce rush of the torrent. It comes like the still small voice in the night watches, or the clashing burst of the thunder clap. It is the ocean becalmed or lashed by the fury of the storm. It is in all nature, from the grain of sand on the pebbly beach to the rugged mountain peak. It is the richest treasure of the hidden deep, and the purest, the brightest revelation of light. It is nature perfected; such is true love, and such my new science has revealed to me, and I think I hear you ask how, when and where, and to answer I

say, I met her; yes, her, she, the object of my inspiration of this outburst, this enthusiasm; no matter when or where, but she is all my brightest flight of fancy could have painted her; a being perfect, without fault, faultless. Deemed you, my sister, such could have been found this side of those blissful regions above? nor I, but so it is. And we, yes, we, are affianced, yea, more than that, we are bound by stronger ties than words, promises or oaths; we are linked with the golden chains of pure, unalloyed affection; affection, did I say? nay, I will discard that for the purer, truer appellation of love. The ecstasy of such can not belong to this earth. It is of a higher origin, and leads still to higher and higher spheres.

“But I must tell you, who and what she is: for all my enthusiasm, ecstasy and admiration are, and have been expended about one who is human; aye, and truly, without humanity she would not be what she is.

“To tell you then, she is a Spanish maiden, in feature and form my ideal; in mind and heart my model. To describe her further I would not dare venture. Imagine what you will in human form and features perfect, she is that. Conceive of a model of mind and heart, and you have her's, and therefore to know her you must see her, and to see her is to love her. That is all, and no more can be said.

“My days, my years, my life are her's. I have

consecrated all to her, and I live in and for her. And what of her, you would ask? does she return? My heart is content and that is enough. I ask no more than she gives; the cup is full, more I need. no lack and no waste.

“Yea, my sister, you shall see her; yes, you shall know her for yourself. But when, you would ask me when, I know you would. I can only answer, not now; ‘he turneth his hand to the plow and turneth back, you may add the remainder, and when I have said that Scottish clansman’s blood runs in my veins, that is enough.

“Now, of our plans and purposes I can tell you but little, as I know but little, neither do the head ones know. The future is of the thing uncertain with us. If the foe returns, we will necessarily have to fight, as we do not propose to ignominiously surrender our present advantage. If he stays away we will establish a permanent government, and I shall risk my fortune here, for a time at least.

“Irene! ah, yes; I have not told you her name yet, and it is Irene Viesca. She of course loves her native country; and her father, Don Ramon Viesca, has large mining interests, and other valuable property in the neighborhood of Zacatecas. Whither, if matters get settled, we may go. I know who knows what a day, or a month, or a year may bring. The ages are before us, and the centuries too, have gone behind us; and so, we must

here as for the day, as it is all we have. The past has gone from us, and the future is not within our grasp. To be happy, then, is our duty to-day.

“Now, my sister, it seems to me sacrilegious to come down to common, every day affairs. It would be like mingling levity with our griefs, or dull realities with ecstatic visions; therefore, I shall leave all such for another letter, which I may have a chance to send you soon, as communication is once more open to us, at least from this to other points, if not by return, as there are many who are taking leaves of absence, or abandoning the cause altogether.

“That you may reach that state to which I have arrived, of *Love*, and with much of it, yes, pure love, for now, that the fountain has been opened up to its very depths, it flows out freely for all; and I send to all, father, mother, and your dear self. And I say then, that you may reach that state to which I have arrived, is the wish of your affectionate brother,

“JERALD FITZGERALD.”



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE SQUALL AND THE REVELATION.

MARY FITZGERALD'S young lady friends, who had been in attendance upon the occasion of her coming-out party, of course felt themselves under obligation to have their receptions, at which she should be present, that she might be regularly inducted into society's ways, and make her acquaintance of the entire set, as it would have been impossible for her to have embraced all, her invitations to her own entertainment. Therefore, they one by one were made, and the circle of her acquaintance each time was widened, it brought her in contact with new parties each occasion. And before the season was over she felt herself pretty well acquainted with all who belonged to the circle in which she had been moving. At length, however, there came an invitation from a remote part of the city for that in which she dwelt, and from those with whom as yet she had not mingled. And as she had the reputation of being a very refined and fashionable circle in which she would be introduced, she felt called upon to make an extraordinary display, and to array herself in the most becoming style, which she accordingly did, bring

to her aid all the observation and experience of the few months in which she had been admitted into the world of fashion and display, as every age has its own.

The evening came, and she went attired to her own and her mother's satisfaction; for, the mothers, even in those days, were not devoid of interest in matters of the make-up of their daughters' dressing. Indeed, it is a question in ethics, whether Eve did not particularly scrutinize her own fig leaf, and the subsequent dressing of her daughters in skins. At any rate, the taste for dress in New Orleans, at the time of which we write, was not perhaps less punctilious than it is now, there and elsewhere in this land given over as it is at this day to fashions. But whether the style then in vogue was the Elizabethan, Queen Mary, or Josephine — the latter, most likely — this chronicler sayeth not; but that the fashion of the day, whatever that was, did as absolutely control then, as now, this chronicler doth say. And that Mary was attired in that style that was then the most approved of the day, is equally a part of the declaration.

She went to the party and found, as she had done in all the assemblages of the kind to which she had been invited, new faces and new parties to make the acquaintance of; and, indeed, as we have said, it being in a different part of the city from where she had before been, she found an unusual number of new faces, and to her strange

parties to make the acquaintance of, which, however, she did in the course of the evening, as hostess performed that one of her duties with fidelity in seeing that she was properly introduced. During the course of the evening, she was introduced to a young man, who bore the name of Solomon Abrahams, and found him possessed of extremely pleasing manners and highly entertaining in address and conversation. He had none of the characteristics of the race to which his name bore indications of his belonging as his ancestors had been attracted from England to Philadelphia after its location by Penn, and through intermarriage with the English ladies of the Penn colony, the distinctive features of the Jewish race had been eliminated from the family; therefore, the question of nationality or the distinctive marks of country or race were not so apparent as to cause any comment, or awaken in Mary's mind any queries. The evening passed away, he being very attentive and she pleased with his attentions. And when the time for departure came, he asked and obtained permission to accompany her home; upon the parting at her own door, the request was made and granted for a continued acquaintance, and the privilege of calling upon her at her home.

The privilege thus granted led to frequent calls, and at last they became quite systematic during the day for horseback rides and boat excursions on the lake, and in the evening for attendance

pon parties or places of amusement, or for social enjoyment at home.

Mary was versed in the literature of the day, and conversant with the principal authors in poetry, history and standard works in general. And he was remarkably well posted in all that goes to make up the stock of knowledge of the class of young men to which he belonged; consequently, they never lacked for subjects to converse upon. Besides, they were possessed of musical talent, which had received a good degree of culture, and from these sources they found means of passing the time pleasantly. Thus the current of their lives seemed to be gliding smoothly along, neither apparently noting whither they were drifting, until upon the occasion of an excursion of a small and select party upon the lake, a squall struck their boat and capsized it. Solomon had been trained in a swimming school, and had become so familiar with the art that he was so self-possessed that he felt no apprehension for himself; and, therefore, as his first duty was, he turned his attention to Mary, whom he succeeded in keeping afloat until assistance came through a boat which was near by, but not affected by the squall, and through which means all of the party were rescued, some having held on to the capsized boat until relieved.

Of course, the occasion was one to call forth congratulations and thanksgiving. But with Mary it was the beginning of a new era, embrac-

ing new revelations, for as it is said of persons drowning, that all their past lives seem to pass before them in a moment of time, as it were, so had her thoughts taken in her whole feelings and relations to him who had not only just saved her life, but had been in peril of his own, and that before her own eyes.

Thus was not only revealed to her the real feelings she entertained towards him, but the feeling of gratitude for his having thus preserved her life welled up and gave her intensity, if possible, to those more tender feelings which she found by this sudden revelation she entertained for him.

And the time occupied in making the journey home was passed in almost unbroken silence. Each seemed to have had awakened sentiments that self-communion was best suited to. And when they parted at Mary's home, the looks and the tender pressure of the hands conveyed more than words could have done.

Solomon came and went, and the accident just mentioned did not deter them from further excursions on the lake, as it was a favorite amusement with a large part of the population of the city then, as it is now. Besides these excursions, they took frequent horseback rides up the river; and as before, attended together the parties and other gatherings, such as the young folks of their set engaged in; and as time thus passed, they seemed drawn closer and closer together,

until it was evident it was an attachment of more than mere friendship.

All this time, however, it never occurred to Mary that he never attended her to church, nor had he ever touched upon the subject of religion; indeed, it was one thing that had escaped her observation altogether. Their intercourse had been confined to the days in the week, when no religious duties were especially demanded of her; and, therefore, no antagonism had arisen between her Christian duties and the enjoyment of social pleasures in his society.

But, on the occasion of an unusual spiritual interest having been awakened in the church of which she was a member, the exercises were continued from day to day and night to night, through a period of several weeks. And it happened upon the occasion of a visit made by him, at such time, she suggested that he attend their church with her, which, with evidences of very great embarrassment, he consented to do; and when they arrived at the church, she noticed that he entered with reluctance, and took his place beside her in the pew with some hesitation. But the exercises of the occasion soon drove all thoughts of the occurrence from her mind, and at their close, they returned to her home without thought or reference on her part to it.

Their intercourse continued as before. Their interest in each other seeming to grow and

strengthen with the flight of time. The question never seriously arising in Mary's mind, as to the congeniality or harmony of their religious faith; or indeed, as to what his was, or that he had any, until one day she passed by the Jewish synagogue, it being the occasion of one of their festivals, when she beheld Solomon—he whom she had come to regard as essential to her happiness—as one of the assembled crowd. Then it burst upon her with all its force, that he was of the Israelitish faith, and she was for the moment shocked as if from an electric spark. But recovering herself, she proceeded home, with the effort to determine in her own mind what the revelation would lead to.

She entered her own room and threw herself into a chair, and asked her own heart what its convictions were. Could she, a Scotch Presbyterian, longer entertain such sentiments as she had done for months, for one who was a rejector of the Saviour, to whom she had so long since given her heart? and could she continue longer to receive his attentions, as they had been given to her? For, although no declaration had ever been made by him, yet, that talisman of the heart, which needeth not words to make the revelation, had conveyed to her the knowledge that he loved her; and now, in view of this revelation, of the antagonism between their faiths, what should she do? Oh, the burdens that sometimes fall upon the human heart! When they

seem overflowing with delight and ecstatic joy, the blight of disappointment comes, and the beautiful flowers of hope wither and die.

Mary's strong Scotch character and her strict training in Christian principles, came to her aid, and with the resolution, such as only mark the strong characters, she resolved, that a life spent with the rejector of the claims of her Saviour, would be only fruitful of sorrow unto herself; therefore, she made up her mind to sacrifice her love for him upon the altar of duty to her Maker. That is, if she should find him an Israelite in faith, fixed and permanent, she would banish all thoughts of that union, which for months she had cherished thoughts of, with so much emotion. And upon the occasion of his next visit, she alluded to having seen him in the assembled crowd at the synagogue, and questioned him as to his faith, when he promptly and frankly avowed his Jewish principles, and proceeded to defend them with arguments.

"The question," he said, "of the revelations of God to man, under the Jewish dispensation, have never been brought into account in all the controversies over religious faith, even by those now claiming to be Christians, under what they call the new or Christian dispensation. For instead of discarding the Jewish Scriptures, they rely upon them as the foundation upon which to build up their own system.

"Well, upon what basis would they establish



their own system, and upon what grounds abolish the old? The coming of the man they claim as being the true Messiah, was not in the order in which a Saviour of mankind sent by such a God as that which appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and more particularly, Moses, would have sent him, in order to impress the human family with his power and greatness. And, as we are told in the books of the prophets, that a Messiah should come into the world, having certain characteristics, and under such peculiar circumstances as did not surround him, whom they call Jesus; so we, the descendants of Abraham, to whom the promise was given, are still looking for the coming of that Messiah, in conformity with, and obedience to, the promise of God, in those declarations of His prophets.

“As for this Jesus, whom you call Christ, he came, with no more attestations of his claims, than attached to many other impostors, who, by pretended miracles, and wonder workings, dazzled and bewildered those then living, who were looking and waiting for a Messiah.

“What more credit can be given his displays of power, than those of the magicians in the time of Moses; and was not that same power great in the land at that time? Your pretended Messiah, himself, admits their power, when he sets up his claim of dispelling or driving out evil spirits. And, aside from such demonstrations of power, what evidence is there of his

mission, as the Messiah? His own declarations, say you? Well, were there not others who claimed to be the true Messiah? What do your own Scriptures tell us? They say there were false Christs who went so far as to draw great numbers after them; and it is possible, if we had the true history, we would find they had as many followers as he had.

"The promise of the true Messiah's coming is with demonstration and power. A prince of the House of David, who shall rule over his people Israel and make of them a great people. But as for this man Jesus, he was the son of an humble carpenter, born in a manger and reared without distinction to man's estate, and then, with all his pretensions and boastings, he could only call around him a few illiterate fishermen to be his advocates."

"Well, sir, pray inform me if God did not select your boasted prince, David, himself from the humblest walks of life, and raised him up to power to be a ruler over Israel? And did He not, throughout all His plans, select humble instruments to carry out His great purposes? Pray, who was Noah or Abraham, Moses, or, indeed, any and all of the agents by whom He accomplished His great purposes? The humbler the instrument the more evident His own power appears.

"The mistaken interpretation of the predictions of your own prophets is what has created

the difficulty with you. The great power & demonstration spoken of was spiritual, and temporal. And has not that power been abundantly demonstrated in the world? Witness : followers in almost every part of the habitable globe. See the vast piles or structures reared to His honor and dedicated to His worship, and in which millions meet together to do Him homage. Then look upon your own handful of people scattered over the whole earth, driven out of your promised land, your temple destroyed and your altars torn down and trodden under foot; the whole being a prediction, a desolation of abomination."

"True; but you forget the Egyptian bondage, the Babylonian captivity, and yet the grand restoration attained afterwards. And so, the restoration yet promised us, when the true Messiah shall come. And which were the true descendants of Abraham, to whom the promise was given, have a right to expect, and are justified in looking for

"And in the consummation of which, sir, you will forever be disappointed; the rejection of the true Messiah doomed your nation to destruction as a nation, and the continued rejection of Him will subject you to a far worse banishment and destruction than mere national disintegration and dispersion to the four quarters of the globe.

And she might have added what was in his mind, his own individual rejection if he should do just what she had before the discovery of

religious faith, hoped and expected he would do, make a demand for her hand, but now she had made up her mind never to give him the opportunity of doing so, or if by any means he should do so, she determined to reject him ; since she put her Saviour's claims first regarding all earthly ties as but secondary considerations.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SURPRISE.

JERALD and Irene, as we have said, first met at the house of Pedro Flores, one of the best class of the then inhabitants of San Antonio, which there were quite a number of families, many of the descendants of which still reside there.

And their attachment from the first, as we have also said, was a mutual one, and of that spontaneous, outbursting, overflowing kind that sweeps all before it. A genuine love at first sight, with no need of formalities or conventionalities to make itself known; indeed, they were betrothed from the first without proposal or acceptance. The first utterances to each other were those of trust and confidence, and which carried convictions to the hearts of each that their own outbursts of feeling had met with a ready and full response.

Consequently, from the first, as there was no effort at concealment on their part, it became a matter known to all with whom they mingled that they were thus strongly attached to each other. Therefore, their almost daily association was looked upon as a matter of course. A

the gossips of the place—as there were such there then as there has been in all ages and all countries—had no food with which to appease the craving of their appetites from that source, or foundation upon which to construct a tale fitted for the listening ears of prying neighbors.

And when Jerald was off duty as a soldier, which was most of the time, as there was but little attention paid to discipline, he was found at the side of Irene, either as an escort or horse-back or engaged in examining the old mission buildings, as they never seemed to tire of their inspection and study; or sitting in some quiet retreat pouring out their hearts' treasures, or bringing from their well stored minds the lore to gild or argument to combat some thought expressed or proposition advanced.

Thus the time passed, day by day, with the current of attachment deepening and widening, it scarcely ever occurring to them that separation or disagreement was possible, or indeed that anything could come in between them and perfect happiness. Neither had ever sought particularly a revelation of the history of their former lives, each being content with the present.

Neither had Jerald ever entered the humble dwelling in which Irene was temporarily sojourning; nor did he know anything of, or seem to feel any interest in her domestic surroundings. It had been enough for him to know that she was always accessible to him, as she seemed to

have known of his coming intuitively, and been just at the place, and under the circumstances, which were the most agreeable to him. If he wished a quiet chat by the river's side, she was there, ready waiting for him, or if he wished to have a favorite song accompanied by the harp, with which, as we have seen, she was familiar and somewhat of an adept in using, the inevitable harp was there, and no cold was ever offered as an excuse for not favoring him with the song requested, but even before the wish was half expressed, she would have her harp in hand, and be sending forth those strains, and forming the melody, and he be listening to the very words he just then desired to hear most of all others.

Why, then, should they not be happy, for alike on his part, whatever he suggested or did or desired done, was the very thing she desired done, or wished herself to comply with or to have executed. And so, we find them at the end of some two months, in the midst of just as much ecstasy over their new found love as the first day it burst upon them in all its strength and impetuosity. To say that no disquiet or spirit of unrest had ever crept into their hearts, or crossed their minds would be to make them more than human; and when we speak of their being happy, we do so, in the sense of human happiness, and not that unalloyed kind that is looked for in that blissful abode of the beyond. For we find on our first introduction of them to the reader that

a shadow had fallen, though lightly, still it was a shadow, upon the heart of Irene. A spirit of unrest, or more properly speaking, a foreboding of evil, had crept into her mind, and who is exempt from such? freedom from such does not belong to earth. There is a disquietude and unrest that attaches to, and permeates every earthly thing, and which drives us to look beyond this life; otherwise, this might be to us a home to be desired, as an everlasting home, a paradise still.

It had sometimes been suggested in thought to each, to ask something more than they had incidentally gathered in their short, but happy acquaintance of their former lives; but the present enjoyments rushed in to drive out all other thoughts, than those connected directly with those enjoyments; and so the questions went unasked and unanswered. But, as they were at their usual haunt, on the river bank, where they were first introduced to the reader, and a shower of rain coming up suddenly, they hastily retreated to the dwelling, which as we have said was but a few *varas* distant, and where Jerald for the first time entered.

And he was as much surprised as delighted, to find its humble walls literally covered over with magnificently executed oil paintings, some of them representing landscape views of the interior portion of Mexico. And among a family group of finely executed portraits, what was his astonishment in finding his own occupying a



prominent place, and he exclaimed: "Why Irene, and under what circumstances, did you obtain that picture? That it is your own handiwork, is evident. But how, and when, did you find time and opportunity to execute it? Is it possible that I have been somnambulizing around here, and given you the sittings for it? That I should have nightly been here in my most sound slumbers, I could readily admit, since you have been in my dreaming, as well as waking thought, since the first moment I met you; could you pray explain this mystery."

"Yes, sir; that is one of the easiest things in the world to do. Do you not know that genius overrides all rules, all conventionalities, forms, plans or purpose of everything in the universe, but itself? From the first moment that I beheld you, your image has been so vivid before the eye of my genius, that I could close my natural eyes and paint and accurately represent it upon canvas, through the windows of my soul. Indeed, sir, sometimes I think that we are capable of divesting ourselves of this mortal body and putting on here, even, that immortality which we have the promise in the other life, and in that other land whither we are tending. Think you not, therefore, sir, that you will ever hereafter be able to shun me, or hide yourself from me. Your shadow thrown from your own body, will not be a more constant attendant than I shall be; and it needs but that light which

should ever beam from your heart, in the form of that love that only a true heart can feel, to reveal my peace. Think not, therefore, that you can fly from me. Look at that picture, and then ask yourself if the soul that could imitate your person, through the medium of genius, aided by memory only, can ever be separated from you."

"Indeed, Irene, how small and insignificant you make me feel before this exhibition of your greatness! Great in genius, great in art and its execution, but most of all, great in that essence which is not only God-like, but we are told, is a part and parcel of God Himself; and but for my strict teaching and early instruction, I should now be tempted to fall down and worship you. Ah, thou idol of my heart! would such worship be idolatry? We are commanded to worship God, and Him only, and if you are a part of Him, how can I obey that command without worshiping you? 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;' and are we not each a part of that fullness, and shall the Lord's hands be filled with what is unholy? Oh, mystery of mysteries! and how art thou, oh, revelation, but a mockery unto us, if this life is to be a struggle for existence, with no ray from the beyond to illumine our pathway. But, Irene, you have not told me when you found time and opportunity to execute that picture."

"Well, sir, an imperial command would not be more powerful to bring obedience from the

subject of a worldly potentate than your wish expressed, is to my compliance; and if the night hawks could speak or the mocking birds' nocturnal notes be made to make the revelation, they would tell you. My soul has reveled in your presence almost uninterruptedly during the day, but your absence has banished sleep from my eyelids when the shadows of darkness have taken you from me. And the hope for rest was, to have that representation of you, where, on awaking, the eye could rest upon it, and thus having been satisfied, would yield to balmy sleep, and suffer itself to be closed again. Therefore, the vigils of the night watches found the brush and pencil busy, until its completion. Now, sir, you have a revelation, which, but for the bursting of this cloud upon us, thus necessitating our hasty retreat hither, would not have been made you, at least, until its use would have been no longer necessary, by my being the possessor in form of legal right, of the original."

"If these things now be so, my dear Irene, why need we longer wait for the consummation of what seems the desire, yea, the dearest wish of both our hearts? Why not now the binding cords be tied? A first request is this I make, and but for this door which you have opened unto me, I would not have been thus led on. That such has been my purpose from the first, you well know, and therefore, no need for questions asked, or answers given. Heart to

heart responsive beats, and eye to eye doth tell the tale ; and therefore, it was known full well to each before this revelation. But it has each a door opened that retreat seemed to be impossible, and I have thus been led to make this declaration."

"No, no, Jerald ; not yet. He, that next yourself I hold most dear of all earthly things, is absent, as you know in the interest of the cause which you have so nobly espoused, and I would not take such a step without his sanction, and much less, without his presence. If his sanction can be had, and which I doubt not can be, and he shall on his return favor us with his presence, she, who has been your's in heart since the first moment of meeting, shall, by the bestowal of the hand give you an unreserved right to all."

"It is enough, Irene ; my judgment yields. And now, where and when did you obtain those other pictures, and what scenes do they represent?"

"Well, sir ; do you seek further to test your strength of wish expressed, to act upon my will ? I fear me that was an unfortunate confession of mine. But, nay, I will not now repent me, for if the wishes fly too fast, I will clip their wings by penances imposed. And now, I pray you use your eyes, and you will find within this record which you now take, the answers to what you have asked, and learn therein what you would know."

“A truce now we will make, Irene, and **take** some other rainy day, when more of light I **may** command, since I see by that quaint dial, **it** is even now approaching evening, and with a **feast** such as has not fallen to my lot in life **before**, I will, by placing these walls between my **eyes** and it, now close them upon it.”

“But, come, Irene; a seal put on the **promise**, and may that day, too, hasten when I **shall** make demands for that consent required; **and** with the impress of that seal that I shall **now** take from thy lips, I will tear myself away, **but** only till the coming morrow.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE STRUGGLE.

ARTHUR continued his visits, and Helen received him, with no marked difference from what she had done before the day of the discussion; yet, all the time the struggle was going on in her mind, between the promptings of Christian duty, and the dictates of her own heart, she acknowledged her love for him, and felt all its force. But was it all of life to live and love? Should she sacrifice all for him, cut love from the faith of her fathers, which had been so deeply rooted in her, from her very earliest recollection almost, as she could hardly look back to the time when she did not profess the faith instilled into her mind by her mother's early training, and to give this all up, confessing it to be an error. And then, what of her parents, her brother, and all her old associates in the church in which she had been reared? And, she asked herself, what would all this sacrifice be for, but to secure for herself the love and society of one man? True, he was more to her than all the rest, so far as her own affections were to be put in the scale; but would the sacrifice bring to her an overbalancing amount of happiness here? And

what would be the effect upon the future life? Would she be any the more assured of acceptance hereafter?

To join her lot with his here, meant with him going with him in all his walks in life; and he was preparing for the services of the church she could not as his wife, be anything else but member of his congregation, and of his church. Not only that, but she must be his helper, taking upon herself all those duties that belong to the minister's wife. Could she conscientiously do this? Could she labor to inculcate doctrines that were repugnant to her? such as she could not conscientiously adopt herself? And nothing short of this, she felt, would do, if she followed her own heart's promptings.

But, on the other hand, how could she give him up? Had he not taken such a hold upon her affections that she had come to regard him as essential to her happiness here? Could the tie be severed without blasting her hopes for this life?

Thus the struggle went on from day to day, she fearing to let the subject come up again between them. And yet, with her resolution still the same, that some change was absolute needed in one or the other in order to make the step she had so much desired should be taken by her before these barriers were raised up in her way, at all practicable. With her own faith so firmly established, she could not for a moment look for a change in herself. Could she hope

to find his any the less strong than her own? Indeed, she felt that it would lower him in her own estimation should she find him not well grounded in his faith; for was it not his purpose to become a teacher of the people, and how could he be a successful teacher if he was not himself thoroughly taught? With such an intelligent faith as she would have him possessed of, how could she hope to have it changed? Thus she found herself in as much of a circle as she had accused him of being, only that her's was made up of two sides; indeed, two equal parts antagonistic, and yet inseparably joined. To be his was the wish of her heart; but to be his she must sacrifice principle, faith, and, lastly, self-respect, for what could she think of herself to play the hypocrite, as she would be compelled to do in order to be truly his wife, the wife of a minister holding such views so contrary to her own settled convictions, and as such wife, be called upon to inculcate and advocate them. Possible escape there might be, but the probable appearances were against it, and she let him come and go, not daring to launch out into an unknown sea. With him there were no misgivings; it had never occurred to him but what she would readily sacrifice her own faith and adopt his. He had looked upon the controversy they had had as being all, perhaps, there would ever be to it, other than for him to furnish her with some of their standard works on church history,



and especially as to the apostolic succession claim. He regarded it as a matter of course that he being intended for the ministry, of which she was fully apprised, and she consenting to become his wife, she would take upon herself all those duties which should devolve upon her as such and how could she do so without attaching herself to the church, and accepting its doctrines and teachings.

Matters remained in this form until the time of his departure was near at hand, and the subject of their future plans came under discussion, when she felt herself called upon to make avowal of her own difficulties, and at the same time she did so; hoping, as it were, against hope, that is secretly wishing that he might be able to convince her judgment against reason, or more properly speaking, bring herself in antagonism to herself or in reverse of it.

At first he was disposed to treat the subject lightly, merely saying to her that "all would come around right in due course of time; that when she came to be initiated into the ways of the church, and to understand its doctrines and teachings, there would be no antagonism to them on her part. On the contrary," he urged, "she would see their appropriateness and beauty." He argued, "that as to forms and ceremonies, they were merely non-essentials, similar to those used in the temple service, excepting so far as they served to bring to view the real essence of wor-

ship, that real essence being in the sacrifice laid upon the altar of the heart, just as it was with the meats laid upon the altar in the temple. As it was a matter of notoriety that the forms were changed at will by those having authority in the church, and for the better convenience of the worshippers. The essential part of the claim set up by the church was the regular succession, just as it was with the temple service, the priesthood coming down through one family alone, except that the succession in this case was down directly from the apostles, and by the laying on of hands, which latter took the place of natural descent by birth, as in the old dispensation."

She asked him: "What about the rites of the church, especially the Lord's supper; would her parents be regarded as proper subjects, and would their ministers be recognized?"

He replied: "Of course not; as the authority granted directly from the apostles, and by the laying on of hands, must be uninterruptedly carried down without one single break, else the efficacy would cease; and as his church was the only one possessed of that direct line, all who were not of it were without the pale of the one established by Christ through the agency of the apostles."

"Then," she argued, "her parents and friends with whom she had so long worshipped, and whom she loved so much, must become hence-

forth as the lepers of old, outcasts and aliens, driven out and forever isolated."

"By no means," he said. "Family ties and those of friendship were by no means affected by the exclusiveness of their church. The only prohibition was in regard to church privileges."

"Then," she argued, "your forms have no spiritual significance; they are merely usages without meaning or effect. If so, why make so so much of them?"

"Suppose," he said, "you make a family feast for the family only, who can complain? Or again, one dies and leaves an estate, the law provides it shall be divided among his immediate heirs; can those more remote, much less those in no way connected, complain?"

"But you forget the Scriptures," she said, "where it is said 'as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive.' Then if in Christ we are made alive, are we not of His household? But further, it is said we become heirs and joint heirs with Him."

"Aye, yes," he replied, "there is where we hold the position of the law, wherein forms of adoption are provided for. As in the case of heirs through adoption in civil compact in worldly matters, and so in spiritual and heavenly. Christ laid down the form and prepared the instruments to carry out and perpetuate it."

"Then," she said, "if those with whom I have so long held my faith, and especially those to

whom I owe my being, are to become aliens through the want of mere forms in attaching themselves to your church and obeying its demands, which are changed at will by your rulers and without any direct authority in the Scriptures, or a new revelation from heaven, and if I am required to treat them as such I must decline the honor intended to be conferred upon me by the position you offer me, at least until my views shall change, for I feel that it would be impossible for me to act the part required of me."

He replied: "I fear you mistake entirely in attaching so much importance to Christian associations. Do you not now have associates who are not of your own church; and do you not enjoy their society as much as though they were fellow members with you? It is by no means a requisite to social pleasure that all should be of the same religious faith."

"Then," she replied, "you put your forms and ceremonies on the same footing with social pleasures. If so, why discard any? why not allow all to partake of the Lord's supper and grant to other ministers a place in the family of God with you? As it is, you do not exchange pulpits or allow any to be properly ordained but yourselves."

"Certainly not, just as a king must be crowned, and none can be his equals without being likewise crowned. And to go still farther, the king's family are his subjects, as well as all other citi-

zens of his kingdom. But all subjects are therefore, of his household, but only those are of the blood royal:"

"Pray, then," she answered, "how would you carry out the analogy, who are 'the blood royal' in the church?"

He replied: "Of course those who submit to her requirements, subscribing to her doctrine and following her usages."

"Then," she replied, "those who do not thus have no part or lot in the salvation provided by the Saviour."

"Certainly not," he said; "all being alike through the fall, none can be made heirs except in the form prescribed, and which form we have and it can be nowhere else found. Just as a citizen of a foreign country can only become a citizen of this, by going through with the prescribed forms."

"Then you discard regeneration and the new birth," she said.

"By no means," he answered. "On the contrary we recognize both in our system, but they come through obedience to our requirements."

"That is in compliance with your forms," she said.

"Just so," he replied.

"Then the idiot, if he could follow the form would be just as good a Christian as the wisest of earth," she said. "And if such be your plan," she continued, "it is too shallow for my faith."

and I must once more and finally decline the high honor you seek to confer on me of making me an advocate of it."

"Do not," he said, "decide so hastily; I shall still hope to convince you. But for the present we will drop the subject, and I will bid you good night."

After Arthur's departure, Helen undertook to realize just what the evening's conference had been, and what its results. Had any definite points been reached, or had any real conclusion been arrived at? Were they not in reality just where they were before its commencement? It was true, she had stated conclusions, and in an emphatic manner, made declarations. But did it all amount to any fixedness of purpose? In short, how did the matter stand with them then? Was it in any way different from what it was upon the conclusion of their first conference? Had any new light shown on her path?"

After viewing the whole premises, she came to the conclusion that nothing had been absolutely gained. True, she had reiterated her declarations in regard to her purpose; but did she really feel such a determination actuating, as would force her to carry out that purpose to the full point of refusing to marry him? How could she bring herself to that point? The sacrifice of all that had made life bright to her since her acquaintance with him.

The circle was again found, and she  
around it until weariness brought sleep  
whole matter was left just about where  
the termination of the previous confere

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## CHAPTER XIV.

## MYTHS AND ILLUSIONS.

AFTER the occupation of San Antonio by the Republican forces, most of the Americans gave themselves up to undue indulgences in all the amusements to which the Mexicans were addicted, such as bull and cock fighting, card playing and dancing; the *fandangoes* being nightly in vogue.

But, as we have elsewhere said, Jerald, from principle as well as from want of taste, never took part with them. He sought amusement in riding on horseback, and in the enjoyment of which he usually had the society of Irene, who, like himself, was passionately fond of such pastime, and most generally on such occasions they visited, as we have also elsewhere said, some one or other of the old buildings erected at the mission stations, around which the Indians were collected for Christianizing and civilizing purposes by the Franciscan fathers. And there still remain of those mission buildings four below the city, within a distance of some twelve miles, as well as the one located within the present city limits, and which latter is in the most complete state of preservation, and has been



made famous in history by being the scene of the massacre of the Texas patriots — one hundred and forty-five, not including officers — by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, on Sunday, March 6, A. D., 1836. And among the officers who fell on that occasion were the famous David Crockett and James Bowie. For who has not heard of the exploits of David Crockett, the famous hunter of the wilds of Tennessee, or who is ignorant of that weapon so often used in deadly combat, known as the Bowie knife? Besides these, there were Travis, the commander, Bonham and Dickinson. (The latter's wife and child, two Mexican women and Travis' negro servant being all the survivors of the massacre). Major Evans, who was killed in the act of touching off the powder in the magazine, in compliance with an agreement made should the place be taken by assault and any one be left with the strength and opportunity of doing so; and he was at that time the only one alive except those just mentioned as having been saved. Bowie having been butchered, lying on his cot, as he had a broken limb, received from falling off a scaffold, and, therefore, unable to rise or defend himself.

On the occasion of these excursions of Jerald and Irene to the old buildings, she occupied her time in making sketches from which to prepare paintings, as we have seen she was accomplished in the art, as she was working in obedience to a



ASSAULT ON THE ALAMO.



request from Jerald, to whom they were to be presented on completion, and which he proposed sending to his friends in New Orleans; while he devoted his time in studying their style of architecture and gaining as much as possible of their history from all the accessible records and narratives of the priests and others conversant with them. The store thus acquired, he placed in his diary to be sent to his sister and parents, as also the paintings, as we have said, which Irene was making, the latter to be kept as *souvenirs* until his return, when he proposed taking her, also, whose fair hands had wrought them. On one of these excursions, the one being wearied of her work and other of his investigations and study of the architecture of the grandest of the whole group—the Mission Concepcion, being the one now known as the second mission—they wandered in search of adventure or items of interest, and coming to the river's bank, they seated themselves on a grassy knoll near the water's edge, and both seemed to fall into a musing mood. Irene being the first to break the silence by saying: "Oh, Jerald, did you ever observe how nature, in all her works, retains the dual form? And how, through all, runs that vein of purpose fixed and followed, as in creation, earth and water, liquids and solids, mind and matter, body and spirit, all dual?"

"But in God we find there are three distinct, and yet in one, not as in man, with his soul and

body separable, but having three distinct and yet inseparable forms, if forms can thus be said to belong to Him. And, why not; did not the Father show himself to Moses in the cleft of the rock? and was not the Son manifested in the flesh? and then at his baptism did not the Spirit come down as a dove? Then, again, when the Spirit was manifested on the day of Pentecost and took the form of cloven tongues of fire. And yet these three are but equal and inseparable in essence and being, and in making up the Godhead."

"How shall we finite beings comprehend such a mystery of Godliness and such a God, and if not Him, how shall we fathom the depths of our own natures, for are we not made like Him? And in our every day lives, are we not surrounded with mystery; only mystery?"

"Look at the workings of the human mind; see what aspirations, what ambitions sway it, either for good or evil. Look at the vast accomplishment of man's hands in obedience to its workings. See those old piles reared by the hands of men who were driven by the workings of mind into a wilderness thousands of miles over the waters and hundreds of miles inland, amidst a wild and savage race. Then follow back on the line whence they came, and see that one mind from which this energy all sprung; one brain, that of St. Francis, conceived the plan and set the wheels in motion, and now one mind,



MISSION CONCEPCION.



the head of the order, says go, and they go, stay the hand, and it is staid. And see how the head of the universal church, in that far off city, the apostolic father, rules the flock the broad world over.

“But why need we go outside of our own bodies to find a mystery unsolved and unsolvable? Oh, the mystery of the human heart, with its powers and its passions, its emotions and its functions. The giver of life to the body, sentiment to the soul, and feeling to our human nature, for what was all the world to Adam without his Eve? and yet the consequences of her coming, not only to himself, but to all the race.

“And what are you and I in the great mass of humanity the world over; where are the millions long since gone, and how of the millions now on the earth that must soon follow, who have heart to heart and hand in hand joined, journeyed or journeying, as our fond hearts desire it may be our privilege to do for a few short years, at most, and then cease thus to journey, and what then? Yes, what then? Who can tell?

“Nature fails to enlighten, and revalation is so vented in mystery that death to us is an unknown sea, upon which all must launch, but for what haven destined it is all dark, all dark and hidden from our view, and shall we ever be permitted to fathom its depths or to bound its shores?”

“My dear Irene, how your impassioned words



burned upon my heart, as you thus revealed the depths to which your longing soul for hope of immortality has led you, and how helpless have I felt myself to be before you. As the lamb before the shearers is dumb, so would I not before you open my mouth. As the Lord liveth and sheddeth His light into the dark places, as it seemeth Him best, and as the spirit's teachings are as high above man's teachings, as the heavens are above the earth, so would I not dare to mingle my wisdom with its soft, low utterances, which it now letting fall upon the ear of your understanding, and with which it would reach your heart.

“No, Irene; press me not for mine, which would be but man's opinion. The spirit knoweth whereof it needeth help, and but be yielding and the true light will yet shine into your mind and that ‘love which passeth all understanding’ shall fill thy heart and mind.

“The world in nature, ah, that indeed, is mystery, and yet there is a revelation from day to day, and from age to age of whatever, perhaps, it is best we should know. Without some mystery what would the world be unto us? Witness that flow of water: we know whence comes, as we have in our rambles often visited the fountain, but a few miles away; therefore, it has lost the charm of novelty, and quenched the desire born in us on first beholding the stream, to know whence it came.

Those beautiful lines of an unknown author  
so nearly to the point at which you have  
been aiming, that I must recite them to you:

Let us not rudely shake  
The dew-drop from the brake,  
Fringing the borders of a mystic dell,  
For the delights which are  
The present and the far,  
Lose all their charm by being known too well.

For he mistakes who tries  
To search all mysteries,  
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untrack'd,  
Who seeks to know too much,  
Brushes with eager touch  
The bloom of fancy from the briar of fact.

Leave some fair myth aloof  
From hard and actual proof,  
Preserve some dear illusion as it seems,  
For the reality  
How bright so e'er it be,  
Shows dull and cold beside our marvellous dreams.

“How beautiful! and the author, too, unknown; and that but leads me back again to my reflections as to all this purpose of living, we are like the grass that groweth up and is cut down and withereth. We are here for a few days, and then are gone, and the world moves on just as though we had not been; and if some high aspiration of genius should spring up, and bear fruit, as in the case of this unknown author,

the fruit may live, while the branch dies and is forgotten."

"Then let us adopt the first three lines of the closing stanza. And now we must to horse and away, as the never waiting time hastens on the hour when the vesper bell shall sound, and I must seek my humble home."

"Hasten not away, Irene; but let your gentle step still press this sward, as we shall wander by the stream, perhaps the rippling murmurs may bring you again to look at life as real. There should be a purpose in every life; and so there is; and each one of us has been placed here to fulfill that purpose, and while some myths and mists may hide life's rugged steep, they may, too, observe those valleys that to us would be most brilliant and enchanting.

"To be a sharer of your joys and a bearer of your sorrows, is more in prospect to me than all the youthful dreams I ever had of earthly bliss; for bliss without alloy is not of earth; and these illusions, how bright they be — to alter the application — are but illusions, at the best, and can not give to us one real joy. No; let the joys and sorrows of life, as they shall in the providence of God come to us, be both alike acceptable."

"But why should sorrows come at all? Do you, dear Jerald, court them? Would you not now be far happier, if assured that no sorrow ever could come to you?"

"What know we here, Irene, but by comparison? The rose would not impart to us sweet odors but for mingling odors opposed. If paradise had been maintained, or could now be restored, all odors might be pleasing to us; but with the world as it now is, there can be no sweet without the bitter."

"Why, Jerald, if I thought with every joy there must be equal sorrow borne, I now should look on life as but a race of weariness, as all my life I should with every coming joy so fear the coming sorrow, that all its pleasure would be thus destroyed. No; let me cling to a myth, if it shall bring pleasure to me, and not drive it away to find a sorrow instead. And now, we must away, since the shades of night are falling upon us."

They mounted their ponies and galloped away in the direction of the city, and their ride was mostly by moonlight, as they had unconsciously tarried, until it was even as Irene had said, the shades of night were upon them. But they had become so familiar with the route, and so much accustomed to following bridle paths, that they were at their ease, and, therefore, turned their thoughts to the circumstances surrounding them.

They reviewed their lives as they had lived them, since they had first met, and discussed their probable stay there, and the possibilities of the foe returning, and the consequences in case he did. But, of course, it was all conjec-

her? Nothing but the enjoyment of Arthur's society, and the bestowal of his love here.

True, the adoption of his views and the espousal of his cause, and the engagement in his work, as he had said, would not be a bar to social enjoyment with her friends and relatives, nor could it in the least affect their future prospects, for each must stand or fall upon their own merits. But such adoption and espousal meant more to her than a mere subscribing thereto, by becoming a church member and engaging in the work. Nothing but a hearty co-operation and, indeed, thorough consecration would meet her views, and in only being thus hearty, she felt she could be happy. And to enter thus heartily she felt then to be utterly out of the question, and she made up her mind to so state to him at their very next interview.

And yet the result to follow, what would that be? Would he still adhere to his purpose of church work? Would he not relinquish that? Would he go with her into her own church? or would she have to go with him into his? and how would the latter course change matters? True, she would not be called upon to enter actively into the work, would not become a teacher of the people or an acknowledged leader, as she must do if he was a minister. But was her duty any the less imperative to subscribe fully to the faith and to engage heartily in the work?

"No, he must go with her; and why not? She

admitted salvation to be attainable in his church, and, therefore, his relatives and friends in that church could be the same to him as before; whereas, her's by going with him, would have to become aliens, from his view of the case. But then, would he do it? She reasoned, of course, from her standpoint, that he could not refuse, believing, as she did, that he was in heart devoted to her; and that his convictions of duty to enter the ministry were such as arise more from the necessity of selecting a profession or occupation in life, than from what are known as calls to the ministry, from any strong spiritual impulse or promptings, as he had admitted the greater binding force of forms over the purely spiritual manifestations; and she determined to so place the matter before him, hoping for a favorable result. And she hailed that as a sure way of escape from what before had seemed to her a certain wrecking of her earthly happiness. And the day's duties were entered upon with a lighter heart than she had deemed possible when he took his departure, the evening before. Indeed, she now looked forward to his evening call with pleasurable anticipations, instead of misgivings, as she had done when parting with him. The dinner hour brought her father, with a letter from her Cousin Mary, the first for many weeks, and which, of course she was anxious to learn the contents of, and breaking the seal without delay, she read:

“NEW ORLEANS.

“*My Dear Helen :*

“The even tenor of our ways in this world **a**re rough, at best. So it seems to me, at least; **a**nd lest you should ask why, in your next, I **w**ill now answer.

“Just think of it, Helen: Jerald, my only brother, and I his only sister, and reared up **a**s we have been, hand in hand, as it were, never knowing separation for a day, scarcely, **a**nd now, as soon as I really need him most to guide me as I go out in the wide, wide world, to think he should be away, and on such a wild goose chase, too. Oh, it is too bad!

“But, then, I find the young men of our set very clever and gentlemanly; indeed, I do **n**ot see how they could be more so. Of course, **a**s you know, I have only been ‘out’ a few month**s** — months did I say? well, I declare; it seems **t**o me that my experiences have been those of year**s**. For it has been nothing but party after party since I ‘came out;’ and it is go here and go there, and to entertain this one and that one, **a**nd though they may be ever so agreeable, it is a constant strain upon one. For, to have to **b**e always dressed just so, and then you have **t**o rack the brains for something to say, for **o**ne must avoid being called stupid, you know; **a**nd I do believe they would rather have us **s**ay something silly than to be silent. And, by **t**he way, Helen, I find in my short experience, **t**hat

even as clever a set as we have — I mean in point of intellectual attainments — prefer to be entertained with something nonsensical, than sensible. That is, they would rather talk of parties and amusements, than to discuss some literary work or scientific subject. And you know it must be an up-hill business with one like myself, who has been confined to solid reading, and the better class of light literature, and to useful studies, and never had any experience in parties or frivolous entertainments; to entertain those who have associated almost altogether with such as have attended such entertainments, and have read but little else than sensational stories.

“Well, so it is; I have ‘come out;’ have entered upon the race of life; and whither, think you, it will lead me? What is the sphere, and what the duties of woman? of one, at least, as I am now a woman fully fledged, and regularly inducted into that sphere, which it is said all girls must enter, when they take upon themselves the duties of woman; that is wearing the paraphernalia, and acting and doing like a woman. To find a husband and settle down, I suppose; so the world says. And is this all? Can she have no higher aims? I fear me not. The world has doomed her to her station. And, the dreams that some have, that something higher and grander will be opened up to her, I fear can not become realities in our day.

“ But, then, what so noble as a true wife and



mother? and what would the world be without them? The great men of the world, almost without exception, have given their mothers the credit of their greatness. And then, too, how many husbands owe their success in life to their wives? Indeed, all grand enterprises the world over, have found an efficient helper in woman, and, I might add, owe their success mainly to her; for, either the love of the maiden or the cheer of the wife, has nerved the heart, and given man courage to dare such deeds.

"But, here I am, a poor, weak bird, just out of the nest, trying my wings moralizing, and discoursing of influences and powers that lie only within the reach of fully fledged fowls.

"Well, never mind; you and I must take our places in the world, just as our mothers did, and what then? Will mine be that of a merchant's wife? And what shall our spheres be?

"I have dreamed of a life work in the church, with all its privileges and responsibilities. My highest ambition would be to fill such a station. And, yet, how responsible. Who can contemplate it without a feeling of distrust of themselves, of their capabilities? Who can approach it without awe?

"How well I remember, how I used, when a child, to regard my father and mother, looking upon them as such grand, such noble, such perfect beings; and how I was exercised to do whatever would please, and be most acceptable to

them. How I studied their every wish, feeling that I owed everything to them. And, so, just think of our Heavenly Father, and our duty to Him, and His requirements. And then, too, it is not as it is with our earthly parents, who can daily and hourly impart their wishes, so that we can know just what they require. True, God has given us His revealed word, as our guide; but then, who can understand that perfectly? How many different creeds there are, all of which their adherents claim to be right; and how many different interpretations of the word? and who shall say, which is right, and which is not? Of course, they can not all be right; and oh, Helen, just think of it, if one should teach the wrong doctrine, and lead men astray — what a fearful responsibility! And who shall set up their way as being right, and the rest all wrong? And, indeed, if there is but one right way, who shall save that? and what shall become of the rest?

“But you remember, Helen, the apostles, at least some of them, found those teaching who were not following after Christ as they were, and so they forbade them, and when they made report of it to Christ, you remember how He rebuked them, and gave them to understand there were other true teachers who were not of their company. And so we may conclude that even at this day there are true teachers and true followers of Christ outside of our own, and, indeed, that no one church can set up the claim of

being the church to the exclusion of all other. But for this we should have to look upon the great number of denominations in the world as a very great drawback, if not an absolute bar to the spread of the gospel. And while there are true and false churches, and true and false teachers, it becomes our duty to shun the one and guard against the other. And, too, we must feel that if we set ourselves up as teachers we are thereby taking into our keeping the future weal or woe of those we assume to teach, and fearful, indeed, is the responsibility of such position.

“To all this I have been led, Helen, by the contemplation of the position you and I are just now assuming in the world as women, with all the duties, privileges and responsibilities attendant upon that position, for if we enjoy the one we must also take upon ourselves the other. And our chief object in life should be to so live and act as that the world may be the better for our having lived in it, and we honored thereby.

“And now of our household, I have heretofore apprised you of Jerald’s absence and its objects, both of which to me have been a source of deep regret. First, as to his absence, as I have said in this letter, at a time when I needed him most and then the cause, oh, Helen, to think men would not only imperil their own lives, but really seek to take the lives of others, and for what? And then, too, just think of it, Helen, father and

holds him in it; I can hardly realize that such is the fact, and had he not by his own words convinced me, I should not have believed it. Then, when I went to mother she acquiesced in what father had said, and what could poor little I do with such an array against me?

"You know I told you I thought Jerald was going out as a colonist to settle a new country, just as our parents came here, and I was satisfied to part with him, believing he would not find it suited to his taste and would soon return to us. But when I found he had gone to fight, oh, Helen, you can hardly imagine how shocked I was, and then to think father and mother were not only willing, but defended his course; it was too much, and so here I am, like a poor little desolate and forlorn dove, and so, as I commenced this letter, I find the even tenor of our ways here but rough ones, indeed; of course, we hear from him, getting long accounts of their marchings and fightings, and all that; which interests father and mother, but only distresses me, and I am only interested in knowing that he still lives, and that he still remembers us. But, oh, Helen, I think it is so dreadful that he should do so; go to war, war, war. And will the time never come when they shall make 'ploughshares of swords and pruning hooks of spears,' and wars shall cease? Of course we know such a time will come, for the Bible tells us so. But,

oh, why did it not come before my only beloved brother went on such an errand?

“Well, Helen, I have written all this long letter without touching upon the one subject that usually forms the text for young girls’ letters. I mean the lover, and you may have been led to suppose that from the fact of its not being the first thing touched upon and elaborately discussed about that I have none, but I can assure you that such a supposition would be, indeed, gross — allow me to use a less harsh word and say, a great mistake. Ah, yes, it is indeed true and as such come oft without seeking, so came mine. And, I presume, in the most natural way in the world, too, we met at a party given me by a young friend, whose residence was in a remote part of the city from our home; and, therefore it took me out of the ordinary circle in which I had been previously moving. He was pleasing in manners, entertaining in conversation, and in every way agreeable to me. He asked the privilege, which I granted, of calling. He came, and I encouraged his coming. We rode, drove, and went sailing on the lake together; on one of the latter occasions, a squall struck our boat, and we were thrown into the water, and he being an expert swimmer, kept me afloat until assistance came, thus saving my life, gratitude there adding to what was before akin to love, if it were indeed already the genuine article, and to which abundant signs were given on his part, of recip-

roca-tion. But, to the whole there came a sad *denouement*, a fatal revelation: I saw him at a Jewish gathering, and at our next meeting he avowed his faith, and stoutly defended it by arguments; and so, we parted, shall I say for aye? Oh, my heart! how deeply wilt thou feel the wound! But, so have I decided; my faith I place before affection; for how could I live a life with one, who so denies my Saviour's claims?

"No, Helen; although I have not so said to him, since he has not yet asked me, but which, unless I shun him, I know he will do, I have made up my mind to reject him; for, I can by no manner of means take upon myself the duties of a wife, to one who holds the faith that he does; and if no hope remains for change in him, I have, as I have said, determined to reject him, and feel that henceforth our paths in life must diverge, and each go separate ways. And, now, you will understand more fully how it was I said oh, yes, is too true.

"It is a fearful ordeal, Helen, this deciding between duty and affection, and may you be saved from it, is the sincere wish of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARY."

Helen finished reading and sat for some time as if all perception or consciousness had departed from her like one in a swoon. But gradually recovering herself, she ran over in

thought again and again the contents of Mary's letter, noting how nearly the thoughts therein expressed corresponded with her own, and how their experiences had pursued so nearly the same course. It was true, Allan had not, as Jerald, gone to war, but he was absent at the very time—as had been the case with Jerald to Mary—when she most needed him. But most of all their affairs of the heart had led them through the same difficult ways, and almost, if not altogether, the same decision had been reached, and Helen thought that her own resolution had been strengthened by the strong stand Mary had taken. And now she desired more than ever to meet Arthur, and lay before him her ultimatum, at the same time, however, hoping he would yield, yet firm in her determination to carry out the purpose formed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE DISCOVERY.

WHILST Jerald and Irene were cantering their horses along a beaten path, that led in the direction of the springs, which forms the source of San Pedro creek, a stream which rises to the northwest of the main portion of the present city of San Antonio, and runs to the southeast, through the western portion of the city, and empties into the San Antonio river, they drew up to one of the huts, in which the poorer classes lived, and came alongside of an old man, whom at once Irene recognized, and jumping on her horse, and showing a very marked degree of excitement, she greeted him with hurried exclamations and ejaculations.

After the ceremony of handshaking, and asking and answering questions had been gone through with, Jerald, having caught and held the old man's horse, assisted her to remount, and as they pursued their journey, the question naturally having arisen in Jerald's mind, he proposed it to her asking who and what he was when and where she had known him? which led to the recital of her life's history.

"The thought," she said, "has often come in-



to my mind, why you have never asked to know anything of my former history."

"Let me now give you the reason, then," he said, "which is, that your present self has been so much of a fullness, that I had no room to contain the past, nor, indeed, did the future trouble me, either; but now, since the way seems open, pray give such of your past history as you may desire, allowing me to make this preface to your narrative, which is, to omit nothing, because you think it may not be of interest to me. No; indeed, Irene, if I had the power I should spread out before me the record of your life, even down to the baby prattle with which you regaled the nurse, as from your very first utterances, all the way through, the tread of your trusting feet, and the dew of your confiding love, like the manna in the wilderness, cover the way, then proceed."

"Why, what a tyrant, I fear me, you will get to be. The form of your speech indicates, as well as the frequency of your demands, foreshadow your tendency in that way. Forsooth, you even now say, proceed, without those tender expletives, *if you please*, or *if it suits you*. Pray, sir, where are your manners? Have they all oozed out through the conceit born in you of preferment? or have they rusted out for want of use, as the fruits of our daily intercourse? I shall put you in a straight jacket on the very next exhibition."

"Pardon me, miss; the lax rein you have been pleased to hold over me, has allowed me to trip, but a proper strain upon the curb in future, will, I hope, remedy the fault. And now, if you will permit me, I will mend my manners by saying, proceed, if it please you, or if it suits you; there! you can not demur to that, for want of form in expression, having yourself given it to me."

"Well, sir, your manners reformed, I will proceed. My father was descended (or if you prefer, I will say), is a descendant of one of the original adventurers, who came with Cortez, of course, in the regular order of generation, numbering several. The family, however, being kept pure, as my own complexion indicates, from any admixture of Indian or native blood. My mother was descended from a much more recent arrival, and, like my father, the blood was also kept pure. I mention the fact, not from any seeming stain that may attach to such mixture, since, some of the noblest and most worthy of the nation are, and have been of the pure native blood, and indeed, scientists tell us, that Adam was a red man. Be that, however, as it may, I have made reference to the purity of the blood, in order to bring before your mind, the spirit of adventure, as well as resistance to tyranny or wrong, that is inbred by such purity.

"And now, the sad part of my life is to be the theme, since I have never known the full power

and tenderness of a mother's love, she having died when I was but three years old, and thus losing her at that early age, the most vivid recollections of my past life are those connected with her. The warm hand upon my curly head and the soft touch upon my chubby cheeks, she would playfully press out the dimples, and the oft repeated kiss, all are as vivid as the noonday sun. But alas, the hand that should have guided my erring footsteps, and the heart that should have warmed my own with its love were paralyzed in death.

"But a kind providence watched over me, I was committed to the care of the sisters, the angels of mercy, vouchsafed to us mortals, by our Heavenly Father. I was placed in the convent, in the city of Zacatecas, where my natural qualities of mind and heart were scrupulously guarded, and from which I was hurriedly taken by my father, when he was forced to flee the country, and that old man whom we have just passed was the guide who brought us safely through. So, to those worthy sisters, and to him, do you owe a lifetime of gratitude, if your heart does not deceive you, and cause you to make false declarations of attachment to this humble self."

"Indeed, Irene, how wonderful has been the providence which has so protected and brought to me the one jewel of earth. And to our old friend and certainly should be very dear friend—

must pay due respect. As for the sisters who so long watched over and guarded, as you say, your heart and mind, a due meed of gratitude is due even to them; but the extent of that meed, that is the question. For, like the man who furnishes the bread, and the one the meat for our table, do they not have their reward in the money value given them therefor, and so are not the sisters fed, clothed and housed, for what they do? Besides, is it true, that the training given the heart and mind by them, is the best training, for a life here and hereafter? Look at the women the world over: how many of the great, how many of the noble, how many of the self-sacrificing are, or have there been, who had those qualities imparted, or even heightened by their care and training? That you are noble, that you are pure, that you are possessed of a gifted mind, highly cultivated, are such all the results of their care and training? I trow not. What might you not have been? How much more exalted in those qualities, had you been brought more in contact with the world, and been trained up by different hands, and educated in a different school?

“No, Irene; the diamond is comparatively valueless, until it receives the lapidary’s touch. It must first be cut, in order to bring its real brilliancy out, and make it truly valuable. And so the world is the lapidary to cut and polish the diamonds of the heart and mind.

“What of suffering or misery is alleviated, or

crime condoned, or degradation removed, by the sisters, shut up within the walls of a convent—whose mouths do they fill? whose fevered brow do they cool? whose wounded heart do they bind up by kind words? or broken spirit mend by kind deeds? and, oh, Irene, whose immortal soul do they prepare for a never ending eternity?

“Shall the eagle carry the kid to its nest, to make of it food for its young? and shall the precious lambs of the flock be gathered into the fold of Satan to be devoured as if by hungry wolves?”

“No, Irene, the world is open to you now, and the full blaze of gospel light *shall shine* in your soul. For a mind like yours can not be trammelled with forms, nor such a heart as yours have be made to bow down much longer to an effete superstition.

“See, there are the springs. How wonderful these gifts of nature, bursting as they do out of the bowels of the earth, a fit emblem of life. For ever since that morning, when the stars sang together, and when the waters which were under the earth, were separated from those above, these springs have been flowing out, and will continue to do so, until the archangel announces the end of time, and so with life; for, from the moment we begin to live, like that fountain, the current of life flows on and on, until the angel of death announces the end. But here the analogy stops for the flow of the fountain forever ceases upon the archangel’s announcement; but the end de-



HEAD OF SAN PEDRO SPRINGS.



clared by the angel death, is only the beginning of a new life, having no more an ending, but to flow on and on forever.

“Here, let us follow the windings of the stream and return to the city by that way, as we have never yet taken in all its meanderings. See this trail, others like ourselves have been wandering here, and what of them? what of their aspirations, aims, purposes, ambitions and desires? To what end were all their hopes? what the goal they aimed at? and what their disappointments and successes in life? And shall we, too, be their followers in these or any of them? But enough; these reflections lead where none may follow but the Omnipotent, since the future is alone in His hands, and known only to Him.

“And now, to return to what is comprehensible, and indeed, of most interest, just now, please proceed, if it please you — see, I have remembered the lesson — with your family narrative, and tell me of your father, whom as you now, I have not seen, at least to know him, and am anxious to know his history.”

“Having been so apt a scholar, and recited our part so handsomely, I shall have to repay you, though in doing so, I may perhaps be yielding willingly, indeed, too much so, to keep a proper strain upon the curb, as you have said, to what is becoming to me, an impulse prompted by the least expression of a wish on your part, and, lest I place a curb upon it also, I fear me



there will soon be a regular stampede. But, **for** the present I will obey, and to the recital, **and** but little change of routine will you find with **in** his life.

“He inherited a princely fortune in the **form** of silver mines, and which for years he **only** worked as his necessities pressed him; **for**, if he accumulated a surplus, he was at once visited by the *banditti*, who relieved him of it.

“At length, however, he wearied of such **an** idle and resultless life, and obtained a guard **of** soldiers from the government to protect him, while he proposed to obtain an amount sufficient to enable him to retire to the capital city, **or** elsewhere, as he might select, and enjoy it or engage in some active business. Of course, he was to pay the expense of the guard, besides the usual royalty that all mines have to pay the government. With such an arrangement and supposed security under it, he put a large force to work, and in the course of time he had accumulated a large amount in the form of bars of silver. You remember the room in which you beheld your portrait?”

“Most vivid, indeed, is the recollection of that scene; every incident of it will be as indelibly impressed upon my memory as are the recollections of your dear, departed mother upon your own. Well, proceed.”

“What! will you part with manners again **Adieu**, now bid for aye unto them, and lay n

further claim to such gentility as belongs to them."

"Come, Irene, thou art severe; retract somewhat thy just criticism; for though 'tis just, 'tis yet severe. Say only that I lack a full appreciation of good manners, or more properly, that I am slack in the use of them, and I will seek repentance and may perhaps constitute you my *padre*, and make confession, demanding what penance you will place upon me, that I may obey and regain your favor."

"I will once more then slacken the strain upon the curb, with which I would my own will hold in check. And since you have so deftly put your plea, and placed yourself gently in the way, which, if rightly kept, leads to perfect obedience, I will accept the position offered, and deem that by confession you have brought yourself within the bounds of penance, and I therefore bid you kiss your hand unto me, and lift your hat, and with a bow, now beg my pardon."

"See then, now, how each command I have obeyed. But, I would suggest a change, and make the kiss from lips to lips to go, instead of from the senseless hand into the air. If such a change you will make, I will then repeat the penance given with that change, and will say, if it please your highness, proceed."

"There, now, sir, see what a little wholesome penance does. No wonder the church such power wields."

“No; not that the church does wield the power, Irene, but that such minds and hearts as yours would tamely submit to such ordeal, and, most of all, whisper your confessions in polluted ears. But, please, now do proceed.”

“I do bethink me, I will place you under such penance as shall be life-long, for the slander you have cast upon the holy men, to whom the church delegates such powers. But, never mind, my boy; when one shall come to make you answer his demands, when you and I—but we will not tread that path just now, lest it should lead us over dangerous ground.

“But, to return unto my narrative: The room, as I have said, into which the rain drove us, was about the size of the one he had filled with bars of silver, and which he had determined would be all he would need; and which, as I have said, he intended taking to the capital city, or to some place secure from bandit hands. But, in an evil hour, his purposes became known unto the greedy officers, those who should have been his protectors, and they trumped up some trivial charge, having no foundation in fact, upon which he was arrested and thrown into prison, and his accumulation of silver confiscated.

“He remained in prison without being able to get a hearing, or any attention paid to his repeated demands for it, until released by the revolutionists, who found many others like himself, unjustly imprisoned, whom they also liber-

ated, and who, like my father, have espoused their cause; and to its success alone do they look for protection and security.

"With what he had before placed safe within New Orleans, thanks to the Virgin, we shall have enough for present use; and should the cause—I will now say, our cause—succeed, he will still hold his mine, and may return and work it, or make disposition of it altogether, and settle elsewhere. But, I fear I weary you."

"Oh, no; I am most deeply interested; oh, the ingratitude and perfidy of man's nature. With the government dues all paid, and the payment for that protection, which the government was bound by all the laws that govern nations to give him free of cost, to thus strip him, and not stop then, but to cast him into prison. Such recital nerves my arm to strike with more than power of steel, for he who strikes for right, wields a might akin to omnipotence, and must always feel the support of that power.

"And here we are again, where we have been so often before, in these last few months, and with you only as my companion, I could be content to stay here forever. But, I must away to my quarters, as rumors have been rife of late of an approaching foe, and should he come, may kind heaven protect you."

"Ah, Jerald, my trust is in the Virgin, and she will not that trust betray."

“Oh, Irene; if thy faith hath hold of thee so strong, as that thou dost on human arm rely, though that arm once held the Babe of Bethlehem, thou art, indeed, trusting to a slender support, a broken reed. But, lest as you have said, the path we are entering upon may lead us on to dangerous ground, I will away.”

And entering the house, Irene threw herself into a seat, and with a sigh, half unconsciously exclaimed: “Ah, what will all this lead to? shall my faith prove a barrier, or will he yield? Oh, say, my heart, can I be to another joined, who looks so lightly, yea, with such distrust upon my faith, which is so rooted and grounded in me? Oh, thou Holy Mother, lead me in the path of duty, and be thou ever my guide and protection.”



SAN PEDRO PARK BRIDGE.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING.

HELEN felt that her resolution to have Arthur abandon his purpose of becoming a minister, and also of requiring him to join her own church had been greatly strengthened by the receipt of Mary's letter, and therefore she anxiously awaited the coming evening, when he would be here; and she felt confident of being able to get him to accede to her plan. Why not? could she not as well engage in something else as a life business? And, as for joining her church, that could in no way compromise him with his family and friends; nor, could it affect his status in the family of believers, for had he not already, by conforming to the demands of the church, at least in the two great essentials of baptism and confirmation, become entitled by its teachings, not only to all the benefits to be derived from it in this world, but had thereby secured an entrance into that habitation of rest beyond. And, the mere fact of his connection with another body here, she supposed, could not deprive him of its present privileges, or future benefits; whereas, should he carry out his purpose, and enter the ministry, and she should marry him,



she would necessarily be alienated from **her** relatives and friends, and be compelled to a **life** work repugnant to her faith, as she felt it **im**-possible with the light she had, to give up **her** own, and adopt his.

But the evening passed away, and no **Arthur**, neither any word from him. And so day **after** day and evening after evening, until a **whole** week had come and gone, her anxiety **increasing** and her mind being agitated to know the **cause**.

“Could he have been convinced that **they** would be unequally yoked together, **according** to the Scriptural standard of believers and **un**-believers? Could it be possible she had **shown** herself to him as of so incorrigible a nature **as** that he gave up all hope of being able to lead her by argument into what he deemed the true way? and as a minister, had he come to think she would not be a fit companion for him? What other reason could he have for his absence and silence? For certainly he could not have become offended so seriously at anything she had said as to pursue such a course. And she tried to recall what she had said, and after bringing it up in review, she could see nothing to justify such a conclusion, as that he had become so offended and departed without as much as bidding her good-by, or giving any reason for such a course.”

She had managed to learn of his departure, but the cause of his leaving in such a manner,

in such haste, she did not learn. Of course, she pursued her investigations in a quiet way, for her position was a delicate one. If he had really abandoned her it was to her interest not to have her own feelings known; and therefore, she was left almost wholly to conjecture as to the cause of his departure and his silence.

And while she had about made up her mind to confront him when she felt it in her power to do so, unless, indeed, he would accede to her proposition of abandoning the ministry and going with her into her church; yet, now that he had left her his own free will left her, and that, too, without so much as giving the reason or an intimation even of his purpose to do so, her womanly pride was aroused, as well as the strength of her attachment made manifest to her. She knew she was strongly attached to him, but was wholly unaware of its full strength, or the cost of its severance. For while she was contemplating his dismissal, she had a secret hope of some amicable adjustment, some way of escape, such as she had determined to propose to him had he come as she expected he would. And now, when she felt almost certain that she had lost that way, to find that he had before she had the opportunity of presenting it to him, departed, leaving her without the knowledge of the moving cause, it not only left her in a position she had dreamed of, but more than puzzling, as well as embarrassing.

But at length her father brought her two **L**etters, one of which she at once recognized as **i**n Arthur's handwriting, and upon breaking **t**he seal, she read:

“CENTRAL HOTEL -

“*Miss Helen:*

“I have just received a summons to the bedside of my sick father, and as the only public conveyance that I can avail myself of for the next two days will leave in half an hour, I shall **n**ot be able to see you; and, therefore, write you **t**his note, which I send you by the hands of the **p**orter, that you may be apprised at once of **m**y departure.

“Yours,

“ARTHUR.”

She read it and re-read it, scanning the **s**tyl**e**, so different from his accustomed letters, address**i**ng her simply as Miss Helen, instead of **t**he endearing appellations usually employed. **A**nd the whole note so formal, and nothing said **a**bout writing again, or request to have her **w**rite. Could the whole be a ruse to deceive her, **a**nd had he really abandoned her, and how was it **t**he note had not been delivered for a whole week? Could this delay have been intentional? **A**nd had he really entrusted it to the porter? If **s**o, how did it come through the postoffice? **S**he could but think there was some purpose in **a**ll this formality, this delay, and, indeed, the **w**hole proceedings. And she tried again to recall just

had passed at their last meeting. What she said on that occasion to lead to such a result? Could he have become satisfied, as she before asked herself, that she would not be a suitable companion for him as a minister? Perhaps she had convinced him of that fact in the course of their argument. And after all, did not come to the same conclusion herself? and she blame him if he was so convinced? then, after all that had passed between them, it was as little as he could have done, she thought, to plainly tell her so, and not go off in that manner.

And thus her thoughts ran on until her eyes fell upon the other letter, when she discovered it was from Allan, and hastily opening it, she

“NEW YORK.

*Dear Sister:*

My mind and time have been so much occupied for the last few days in making preparations for my final examination, that I have not been able to answer your last as fully as I have desired to do, as it contained matters demanding more than ordinary attention on the part of a brother towards his sister, and she his only sister; at that.

My dear sister, you well know that I have not yet had any affair — I will not say affairs — of great heart, as few live to my time without having some. But you know that I have been always,

at least ever since I have been old enough to think of such things, so much engaged with my studies that I had no time to devote to such things, especially with my views of life and the proprieties thereof, deeming it the duty of every young man, first, to provide himself with the means of taking care of a wife before hunting one up, or, as is the case now most generally, of allowing one to hunt him up. No allusion, of course, my dear sister, to yourself, on the principle that in conversation all allusions of the kind are to be understood as not applicable to those present.

“To return — as I fear I have made quite a digression — to the point I had arrived at, or was about arriving at, by saying that I have not as yet had any affair of the heart, such as you have been pleased to demand my advice in reference to, and, therefore, devoid of that experience which might, perhaps, better fit me to give you advice. And in consequence of such want of experience, how to approach such a delicate subject is almost beyond my ken. And then, to think, I am asked to come in and make decision where my best friend, and only sister, are the parties in interest. And then, too, to make a decision which may affect their entire lives. No, sister, that is too much to ask of me.

“No, I feel that your hearts and best judgments must be your guides, and, you see, I link the two, and allow me to add most appropriately

, in my judgment. For in all affairs of that kind, at least from my standpoint, the proper exercise and influence of both are essential to attaining happiness; and, indeed, I might say, any happiness at all. This evanescent, effervescing sort that, alas, forms the principal stock in trade of the young of the present day who embark on that sea, can scarcely lay claim to the name, and is indeed far from possessing the true essence, and, therefore, I would again say that your own hearts and judgments must be your guides, for without their perfect accord, and, indeed, their hearty acquiescence you should hesitate; did I say hesitate? nay, I would say at positively, refuse to take the step. Better as you are, or look elsewhere for more congeniality and harmony.

But now, to my task in earnest; true, as you say, the sacrifices demanded of you are such as can only be compensated for by the strongest of earthly ties, and for the most weighty of earthly considerations. That you should give up father and mother, and indeed all for him in one sense, is demanded, but not as you seem to think will be required of you, and which view you say he has no sanctions. How strange, that such thoughts ever occurred to you or him before. Truly, how little do we know of each other's faiths, beliefs, and indeed views on any and all subjects. Just to think of it, he and I were room mates, bosom friends, all through our college course, and the

question of our religious faiths was never broached. He went to his church and I went to mine, never for a moment, on my part, thinking but what each thought the other traveling, if not exactly the same road, yet in the same direction, and destined to the same goal. And now, if your notion and view of his faith is correct, he all the time felt that the path I was treading was leading me from instead of to his destined goal; and yet it is strange he never mentioned such a fact, and he intending, too, to be a minister and teacher of the people. No, Helen, I can hardly think you correct in your view, for surely if he entertained such sentiments he would have attempted to lead me in the same way he himself was pursuing.

“And, strange it is, when I think of it, I have never paid any attention to the doctrines and claims of their church. And this leads me again to say, how little we of the different creeds know of each other’s views and notions; and why is this so?

“Well, so far as we are concerned, that is, you and myself, we have always attended the one church, that of our fathers, and have been instructed in its faith and doctrines, and we have accepted them as correct, and have not sought to know of others. And so it was with him, and so it is with the world. Few go outside of their own circle, and those who have none, that is, whose parents or friends do not lead them in

their own ways, fall into just such a channel as circumstances may chance to lead them into.

“Well, all this does not answer you, as to the course I would advise you to pursue with regard to your engagement with Arthur. As it is a matter of your own happiness in this world, to say nothing of the effect it may have upon that of the next, I feel that it is too delicate a one to dwell with, and therefore can only give you my best judgment in regard thereto.

First, then, as to the strength of affection—love as it is called—you must be the sole judge yourself of that. But as to the position you seem to think you will be required to take in spiritual matters, that is an entirely different thing. And if your faith and religious principles are not only to be given up, but such antagonistic ones adopted, as that all former associates and friends shall not only be ignored, and discredited from fellowship and intercourse—religiously I mean—but absolutely looked upon as outcasts and aliens from the inheritance and favor of God, then indeed it becomes a serious matter. But most of all if as his wife you will be required to teach and strenuously uphold what is in direct opposition to your own firm convictions, then the thing becomes impossible, and as his wife, the wife of a minister, that you would be required to teach and uphold his views, whatever they may be, is beyond question. Such is my decision, and now you must decide as to



the correctness of the premises upon which *con-*clusions are reached, and act yourself upon them. For if the premises are defective, the whole course of reasoning may be fallacious.

“As I have said, I am making all necessary preparations for a final examination preparatory to graduation, the exercises of which will take place in two weeks; after which, I will hasten home, and after spending a very short time there, will proceed to New Orleans, where as you know I have decided to settle.

“And now, I must to my books and my studies, as I would not lack in one item required of me for anything. What I desire most, is to be first in the class; it is what I have aimed at, hoped and worked for.

“So now, my dear sister, good night. Ah, did I say night? I might have said morning, for indeed it is that, and such has found me at my studies ever since we began making preparations for examination. And now, I will close with *adieux* to all, as well as love.

“Your loving brother,

“ALLAN.”

Had her brother given his advice, by word *of* mouth, instead of by letter, Helen would have replied to him, that perhaps his advice had come too late, as from present appearances Arthur had already settled all questions between them, by his withdrawal. At any rate, appearance<sup>s</sup>

be very much in favor of that view. Still, there seemed some mystery surrounding the method of his departure, with the length of time the note was in reaching her, and she still had no hope of a satisfactory explanation. At last, she could not think he had given her up altogether; no, her womanly pride forbade such a conclusion as that, as it discarded the idea that he could so easily tear himself loose from the tender chords with which she had bound him, and therefore she clung to the hope, nay not so much a hope as an assurance, that another opportunity would be given her, and she felt should the discussion be renewed, that she could convince him, that the adoption of her plan would result in the most of happiness to both. .

But should she write or should she wait for him to write again? He had not asked her to write, neither had he proposed doing so himself. And under the circumstances, what would be the prudent course for her to pursue?

Suppose he had intended to abandon her altogether, and had taken that course to do it, what position would it place her in to be writing him and asking? On the other hand, suppose all was as he had said, would it not be her duty to write him a consoling letter? for if all were still right between them, what so calculated to cheer and support him at a sick father's bedside, as a letter from her.

But, on the other hand, would not this be a

good time and opportunity for settling all matters between them, as their way to happiness seemed very much hedged up by their conflicting faith, and the consequences that might result therefrom in case of their union. She was so sure that her brother would advise that he, and she, should make the advances; and so she settled in her mind that the proper thing for her to do was to wait.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CROSS AND SCARF.

WE WILL carry the narrative of the events of the war forward from this to the end, instead of leaving it for Jerald to do, as we have thus far done, and the reader will see the reasons for doing so as our story progresses.

After the Americans entered San Antonio—up to which time the narrative has been brought by Jerald—they organized a State government for Texas, by the election of Bernardo as governor, filling the other offices with others, whose names it is not necessary here to mention.

As all the hostile forces had retired into the interior of Mexico, the Americans and all other classes remaining in the city gave themselves up to idleness and lounging about or plunged into the round of amusements, such as then found their votaries, sipping the sweets of them both day and night.

And although some rumors had reached the city of an effort to reorganize the Spanish army, and to return and give the Republicans battle, yet it was not until June 7 that they were confirmed by the capture of three Americans, who were out on horse-guard duty, and a long com-

munication sent by them from Elisondo, the commander of the Spanish forces, in which he represented to the Americans that his countrymen could not be relied upon, either for truth or courage; that he was one of the first to raise the standard of liberty, and was betrayed and deserted by his pretended friends, and had been pardoned through the clemency of his sovereign, and if the Americans would abandon the expedition and deliver to him seventeen of the Mexicans, naming them, he would guarantee them pay according to their agreement with Bernardo, and they should be furnished with the necessary supplies for their return home, and be allowed to do so unmolested.

The Americans made no reply but were ordered to parade on the plaza. When they had formed, Colonel Ross, who was then in command, proposed they should march out in the night and make the best of their way home, saying that from the friendly tone of Elisondo's letter, he would probably not pursue. The men unanimously refused to retreat. He then proposed they should retire to the Alamo, an old mission church, with high stone walls around it. The men again refused to abandon the town. It was then nearly dark, when Colonel Ross rode off, under pretense of placing out the picket guard, and abandoned his men and left the country.

The command was then conferred upon Maj **or** Perry, and preparations were made for attacking

emy, who were encamped about one and a half miles west of the town.

It will be remembered that Captain Scott had stationed his men at La Bahia, as Ross had done here, and Captain Kennedy was appointed to fill Scott's place.

Jerald, being possessed of a good horse and being expert in managing him, as well as other qualities, he was selected by Major Perry to act as scout in the coming contest, and as the time was now fixed for the early morning of the day following the one above mentioned, Jerald returned to his old haunt, there to find his idol and to prepare her of the coming contest, and to make arrangements for her safety, in case of disaster should best present themselves. And when he was asking and obtaining admission to her dwelling, where he was greeted with :

"Jerald, I hear the enemy is upon us, what shall we do? his forces number many hundreds, while we have but a handful of men without order or discipline, they having abandoned themselves to idleness and dissipation, which always leads to insubordination. What say the officers? and what say the men? Is there any hope if it comes to a collision?"

"Your mind be at rest on that score, Irene. It has been decided to make the attack at dawn tomorrow, and I have been assigned the important, and I might say dangerous position of Major Perry. I say dangerous, since the

transmission of orders necessitates exposure to danger. But I go to my duty neither fearing nor dreading the result, and but for you my mind would be at rest, at least as much as it can be when such probable dangers are to be met. And now that you know our plans, what disposition can be made of you, is the question for us to settle."

"The chord that has so sweetly bound us together for the few short days — for now in the face of danger and its possible results, they seem as a span of time — may be rudely severed and the 'hard and actual proof' dispel those myths, if myths, indeed, they are, from which you fain would have kept it 'aloof.' Woman's will often outruns man's suggestion, and, therefore, pray you speak your mind."

"Oh, Jerald, how shall I, a poor, weak fledgling, not yet out of the downy nest wherein I pipped the shell, as the world is but a few days old to me, I say, how shall I thus put my will against your wisdom, a full-grown bird as you are, skilled in warding off the eagle's beak, and with a cunning his grip of talons to elude, and therefore you, your own plan now make known."

"It is, in case of our defeat, and my life being spared, to hasten here, and with our ponies at fleetest speed be away, and to that end you your pony keep in hand, as the noise of battle should disturb your ears. And if I am slain, do you be away. Your trusty guide, he whom we saw, ha

him in waiting, either to be left in charge here or to fly with you."

"Oh, Jerald, and has it come to this? Is death now staring us in the face? What monsters men are! What! shall greed of power the life blood spill, and make of mortals those immortal? For shame ye boastful order high of work of nature's hand. To contemplate death yonder; to snuff the battle from afar; makes us all grow valiant; but only let the monster show his teeth within the face, and utter growl within the ear, and we become cowards all, not that from duty we would shrink, or shun responsibility when our country calls, but what is duty? and what is country to a carcass, to a lifeless body? and where is the honor or profit to it? and for what is the sacrifice made? Ah, to meet or resist the cravings of man's — yea, poor, weak man's — ambition."

"Ah, Jerald; now, I see, in this my extremity, the vanity of life; for beast life has its beginning and end; human life, neither, for that which is immortal can have neither beginning nor end. And what were we before this present state? and what shall we be when the end comes unto us here? Oh, mystery of mysteries! But to our purpose of defense, or flight; and let it be then, if defeated, we must fly; or if you are slain, then I must go. But if spared defeat, and the foe be vanquished, then shall our rippling stream flow on as before, or shall these scenes a dam erect? And now, a charm I would give



you: this chain I would place around your neck with the cross tucked in your bosom. It is potent to ward off the shafts of death. Wear it for my sake, at least, if not in obedience to your own faith."

"No, Irene; your faith can not attach to it any power for me; it would only drag me down by the weight of superstition, and I should be like Samson shorn. No; if a solace it proves to you, wear it, but for me it would be an evil omen, and not a charm, and would act like a millstone about the neck of the drowning man, only serving to sink him the faster and deeper for having it there."

"Nay, love,—allow me thus once more to convince you—my faith has linked to it a charm for you which will preserve your life to me, whatever you yourself may think. And now, your manners please put on, and yield to me, if for nothing else, for manners' sake."

"No, Irene; press me not thus with your superstitious notions. What can there be with the cross, or the chain to which it is attached, string of beads, or what else of real form and substance, you may choose to think, may virtue have, to make it so?

"The blessing mumbled by a priest, or prayer to some saint, who, like ourselves, once lived and then died, and like ourselves, too, a sinful creature; or yet, the emblem of the instrument to which the power of death, that once also

was given, what aids can these be in the shielding from such form of death, or any other to which we may be subject?

"If the sword be raised above the head, and a beam of wood be interposed, of strength sufficient to resist the blow, then it would have merit; but, with a tiny piece of ivory, gold, or what not, in the form, without the substance — away with such folly!"

"Nay, Jerald; do not mock me so; the hour is too much fraught with dangers to trifle thus. At least submit, since it can bring no harm to you. What! shall you fear a bit of 'ivory, gold, or what not,' attached to a chain and suspended around your neck? for shame on such a coward! And oh, Jerald, my faith shall farther go, and I will beseech the Virgin to spare you to me, and my faith shall secure it, for she will hear my prayer, and answer it, and bring you back unto me from the battle. And you, when you come to the battle, may know that your Irene does the Virgin thus implore for your safety, and be brave and fear not.

"See here, what I have for you: look at this scarf; examine well its texture; it is of the very finest silk; and yet, with thread so often doubled to impart strength unto it, and woven, too, by hand, the workmanship of my mother's great, great grandmother, and handed down until it has found its way into my hands. But, most of all, see, here is my life's history wrought

thereon, with my own needle. See, there, as I have told you, is my mother, with her warlike hand upon my curly head; and here, she presses out the dimples from my cheeks. But see here, as death has claimed her, and I stand alone, an orphan. And here, I enter into the asylum where I was so tenderly cared for, and reared to womanhood. See, here, where I was taught my duty to the Virgin; and see her here as she beholds her Son suspended on the cross. Aye, here you find me in the care of that teacher who opened up his store of knowledge, and poured into my willing ears nature's history, and the rise and progress of nations, the erection and overthrow of empires, the struggles of men for place and power, and the aspiration of the human mind, and the longing of men for fame and glory; then, turning to the humble and the meek and the lowly, he directed my mind to the long list of martyrs, to the lives of the saints, to the heroic and daring heralds of the cross, and the more humble priest; and last of all, to the noble and self-sacrificing women who give their lives to the church, and in the care of some of which I then was, and whom he was then aiding in imparting instruction, and guiding the many hundreds within the convent into the straight and narrow way, and in fitting them for usefulness here, and for a seat beside the Virgin, at the enjoyment of her smiles and approbation in the world beyond. See, this landscape scene

where he is seated by my side, and we are studying nature in her grandest works. See, the mountains, how they tower, reaching the very clouds, having a glittering cap of snow upon their heads; and see, that valley spread out before us, with that gorgeous sunset, and the flowing river at our feet. But, see here, how I take my departure (like the Virgin mother, when she fled with her babe), having no companion, save my father and my attendant, she of our present household, and conducted by our guide, he of the recent adventure, on our way to the springs. And here now comes the point of most interest—shall I say to both you and me?—it is the scene when first we met: see how closely I have given shade and coloring to all around us. Would you recognize the picture?"

"Ah, truly; and well do I remember every movement you made, every glance you cast toward me, every word you uttered; and how then your very self, and all you said and all you did, charmed me."

"And, think you, sir, I was any the less wrapped up in you? But, here is almost every step we have taken together since: our rambles by the river side, our cantering away upon our ponies, and here we met our old friend, and see how I have depicted the scene that so amazed you, as I almost embraced him in the ecstasy of my joy in having found him. And here we are, at this grand old mission: see, how it rises and

stands out against the distant sky ; and then we sit beside it, and I have my drawing materials in hand ; and you sit there, as a statue with your brow overcast with thought, as you contemplate the past, the years gone by since the hands that reared this pile were paralyzed in death. And here is now the last scene, when you urged me to become your wife, and I consented ; and since but one more scene is needed to make it complete, that of the wedding, I will now present it to you, and if it be well kept before you until that time, I will add that scene then. Here, I will teach you how to wear it, as the young men of my nation do. It goes thus around your waist, with each end tucked beneath its various windings, so that the whole is kept securely wound, and that this fringe will show. There now, you have it on, and if you will gain skill to put it thus, it will remain secure."

"What, Irene, has not genius, with effort and experience to supplement, taught you? That such perfect forms and scenes should be made with thread and needle ; and how shall I ever repay you for the gift."

"Ah, that is easily done ; if you have but the will to learn to put it on, as I have taught you and to wear it for my sake, that is enough, I ask no more ; indeed, it is enough to know you accept it as a gift from me ; the rest I know will come."

"If that is all, it shall be done. But nay; this is too small a compensation for so great a gift; my grateful heart shall yet devise some better pay."

"Nay, seek not for aught else; to see you wear it, and to know that it is for the sake of her who gave it, is far more than gifts of diamonds in return; and so, it is fixed; so must it be settled."

"But pray, Irene, when did you get the time to do this work — that is, to thus portray our daily lives?"

"Ah, go ask the owls and bats, or rather counsel with the mocking bird, which sat upon the mesquite bough, and cheered me with its song, as you know those birds keep up their carols through all the watches of the night."

"And see here, now I have this chain around your neck, with cross securely tucked beneath your vest, and you will not be so ungallant as not to wear it for my sake, if not as a matter of your own strong faith, and it shall be a shield unto you when you come upon the battle field."

"A kiss, then, from you, darling, and I must away, as my high duty calls, and I must obey. And though with shame to have it seen, or even to know myself, that it is so, I will yet wear it, for your sake, thus disregarding my duty to myself, and to you, to myself, in that we are commanded to put away the very appearance of evil; and to you, that I should so far foster a superstition, instead of striving by every means in my

power to eradicate all such roots of evil from your mind and heart; and every such yielding will weaken the power I have for doing so, as it will necessarily weaken your confidence in the sincerity of my opposition, and will dull the edge of the 'Damascus blade' of my own conscience, with which all such threads of superstition are severed from my own heart and mind. And that you may know that it is the old Adam in me that prompts to the deed, the love of the fleshly heart going out to you, as did his to Eve in obedience to human nature, and in opposition to the Divine command, I will again impress upon your lips, that seal which commands more power in the earth, than all the privy seals of the universe, for all the combined potentates of the world, can not bind two hearts like that single impress of lips to lips. There now, I fear me the forbidden apple, was nothing but this lip touching, for when once indulged in, it leads to such desire for continuance that I fear me the end of life would be reached, though it should extend to the limits of that of Methusalah, and yet the desire be unsatisfied. But I must away and to my duties."

She accompanied him to the door, and saw him mount his pony and ride off, watching his retreating figure until it had passed out of sight, then, offering a fervent prayer to the Virgin for his protection, she proceeded to make the arrangements agreed upon, by having her pony

brought up, and sending a message to the old man, which being completed, she brought herself to a serious contemplation of the situation.

Her father, she knew, had gone to New Orleans; but whether still there, on his way back, or elsewhere, she knew not, having heard nothing from him since he had left her. If still there, she would know how to find him; but if, on his return, might they not pass without meeting? and then, being in charge of Jerald—for she had no doubt of his safety, had she not prayed the Virgin to spare him? and would she not answer the prayer of one so faithful and devoted as herself?—would she not be in good hands? for to whom of all the world would she rather trust herself than him, unless it would be her own father?

But, then, what should she do? would it be necessary for them to be married before starting? had he not urged her to become his wife, even when there was no necessity for it, as now? But, would time be given them for the performance of the ceremony? Should she not send a message at once to the priest to have him there ready? But, what would Jerald say to such a course? would he consent to be married by a priest? would he not demand some other form? but such would have to be, if they were ever married; no other form would suit her; and after all, would he approve of the taking such a step on her part? But could she not have the



priest there, in case of necessity? and did she not need his advice and counsel?

Thus her thoughts ran on until night set in, and no conclusion had been reached in regard to the matter. Her pony was there, and the old man had promised her messenger, sent for him, to be there and with the making the necessary arrangements for leaving him in charge, and the packing the necessary articles for the journey, she busied herself until a very late hour of the night, and then attempted to find rest and solace in sleep, but without success.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## EARLY MISSIONS IN AMERICA.

She had chosen rather to avoid her lover, not to be brought in contact with him and be obliged to reject him, as she felt she must do, if he was pressed upon her then, and having had him met at the door several times by the servant, with the announcement *at home*, and feeling unwilling to submit longer to such an ordeal, in her present feeling, she decided to accept an invitation which had been repeatedly extended to her compliance urged upon her, to visit the home of one of her father's oldest customers, a planter, having a plantation near Baton Rouge, whose family, like her own, was Scotch Presbyterian. Accordingly, she at once sent a letter to that effect, and which she followed very soon. This course she took, in order to give herself time and opportunity to examine the ground upon which she was treading. Could she be the means of converting him to her own faith? Was there a reasonable prospect of so doing? Was not all in the hands of the Heavenly Father? and did He not govern all things according to His own laws, and in accordance with His

own purposes? and was it in accordance with His will to have him so brought in? At least, should she not wait until such was done?

On the other hand, was she not the very instrument selected for the accomplishment of such a purpose? and had he not been thrown in her way to secure that very end, and should she shun her duty?

But, on the other hand, was there not an express command against being unequally yoked together with unbelievers? Had not Solomon been led away by his idolatrous wives? and were not many instances given of departures from the true faith through such unholy alliances? Yet, how could she, a believer in decrees, foreknowledge, and all that go to make up the faith of her fathers, think that all would not be well should she marry him, since he had been providentially thrown in her way, and the bond of attachment had become so strong without the knowledge of any barrier to its consummation; and, indeed, might this not be only a seeming barrier, and one in which the breaking down would bring glory to her Heavenly Father by the conversion of her lover, even if such an event should not occur until he became her husband? But, suppose his conversion did not take place, either before or after marriage? How should she then interpret the providence which had brought them together? As simply a trial of her own faith? and as such she would look

upon it and bow to the will of Him that sent it. But, in the very best light she then had, what was her duty in the premises? How should she know which to do — accept or reject him, in the light of Christian duty? or, was there in reality such a duty devolving upon her, in that light, as to require his rejection? Had not there been many happy marriages among those who were of different religious faiths? and had not many been brought to see alike after marriage who had different views before? But was not the experiment a very dangerous one, at least in a case like hers? and while it would do for others, would it do for her? As for her own preferences and feelings, so far as her own heart and its promptings were concerned, they were all in his favor. Indeed, she felt that aside from Christian faith they were eminently fitted for each other; and yet, with that between them, the gulf seemed too wide to be spanned by any worldly or selfish considerations. And she reasoned herself into the conviction that a change alone in his views could make their union possible.

But, could such a change be hoped for by her? How could it be brought about? God alone was the arbiter in such matters, and to Him only could she go.

Accordingly, she sought retirement and communion with Him, away from the influences of the presence and companionship of the object of her strictly human attachment. She received a

heartily welcome, and found a pleasant retreat, with many things connected with plantation life to interest her. And as there was a young lady in the family there of about her own age, they together made excursions to the neighboring plantations and to the village of Baton Rouge. The days glided pleasantly and rapidly away; she had many letters from home, and with them came one also from her brother, which had been received and read by her parents and then forwarded to her; it ran thus:

“SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

*“My Dear Ones at Home :*

“To live is for a purpose, if, indeed, you have a purpose for which to live. But since our arrival here one might judge from the course pursued by our forces that the real end for useful existence had ceased to exist. Since the departure of the foe into the interior after his defeat, and our occupancy here, our whole force has abandoned itself to the pleasures and pastimes of the natives. The men composing it seem to have no thought but that the world was made expressly for their pleasure, and that no foe would ever again appear; whereas, we now have rumors of the reorganization of his forces, with the view of returning, but whether he will or not, seems to be a matter of indifference to them.

“Such is the effect of contagion, like as we often see it in those fearful epidemic diseases that carry everything before them. Truly, the

people are purposeless in general, the men being confined almost exclusively to pure Castilian blood. With the pressing of the stomachs and the half covering their persons, they are content. And to completely the Americans have fallen their habits is, indeed, wonderful. And had my humble servant found something more agreeable than the cock pit or bull ring and the gambling table he, too, might have fallen in their hands. But, as you have been informed of what his chief attractions have been, and he would say, still is, it is not to refer to it further than to say now that the paintings herewith sent you — at least by the way — and that this letter will be — are the work of my hands, made expressly by request to be sent you.

While I had intended giving a description of the style of architecture of the buildings they represent, I have, upon the examination of the paintings, concluded they will convey you quite as well, if not better, than I could by words, and, therefore, I shall at least on my return, when I can study them with more leisure, rather explain them to you, as I have them here, and now I will give their history. I have gathered it from the records, and the narratives of those here conversant with it. America, as a missionary field, was not, in its early settlement, a place to be desired. In some

parts, where the precious metals abounded, and where fortunes were readily made, the worldly-minded herald of the cross could find somewhat to tempt him; but with this exception, it was a vast unexplored region, thinly populated by a strange and degraded race, which was utterly ignorant, not only of the moral code of elevated society, but even of the rights of property. As Christianity and civilization must necessarily flourish together, the Indians had to be civilized as well as Christianized. They were to be taught to love God more than their hunting grounds; to forgive instead of scalp their enemies. And these teachings could only be the result of infinite patience. Who, then, was sufficient for these things? A new country had been occupied. Her vast prairies and woodlands, beautifully blended, lay smiling before the stranger. At that age the missionary operations in America, with the exception of the English colonies, were carried on by the Jesuits, the Dominicans and Franciscans, the three principal orders of preachers of the Roman Catholic church. These orders, though deriving authority alike from the papal see, were essentially different. The Jesuits were polished, cheerful and courtly. The Dominicans, as preachers against heretics, were gloomy and fanatical. From the time of St. Dominic, they found dangerous rivals in the Franciscans, with whom they divided the honor of ruling the church and state, until 1640, when the shrewd

learned followers of De Loyola superceded in directing the education and political affairs in the old world.

The Franciscans are a religious order founded St. Francis d'Assisi in 1208, at Naples. The order was distinguished by absolute poverty and renunciation of worldly pleasures. Its original object was the care of the spiritual interest of the people, so much neglected by the secular clergy of that age. The founder prohibited his followers from possessing any property whatever; nor were they to make learning and the other accomplishments their study. The rule of the order, sanctioned by the Pope in 1210, and confirmed in 1223, destined them to beg and to preach. Being responsible to no one but the Pope, they enjoyed many privileges, and their numbers were rapidly increased, and they filled thousands of monasteries. The rules of poverty became relaxed, and their convents produced many learned men. The Popes, Nicholas IV, Alexander V, Martin IV and V, and Charles Clement XIV, were members of this order.

The Franciscans became divided into different sects, yet had a common general. The Observantines, or those who followed the reforms introduced by Peter, of Alcantara, flourished in Spain, and with the conquerors of Mexico, many of them came over to America and founded missions and convents. Among others, the convents of Quaretaró and Zacatecas, established early in



the seventeenth century, furnished the missionaries destined to introduce to the savages of Texas the knowledge of the true God. These fathers observed strictly the rules laid down by the founder; they went with their feet entirely bare, in a coarse woollen frock, with a cord around the waist, to which a rope with a knotted scour was suspended, formed their common dress. Their monastic vows prohibited them from holding either real or personal property, and abstained from familiar intercourse with the other sexes, and required an entire compliance with the rules of the order and the commands of the superior.

“In Texas, in 1715, such men could well keep their vows of poverty and self-denial. But they had before them a work to be performed without hope of future reward and a strong faith in heaven, none could have the heart to undertake.

“As beggars, the Indians had nothing to give them, and, indeed, in this avocation, outstripped their ghostly instructors. As preachers, they had almost insuperable difficulties to meet and overcome. They had to learn the language of the natives; to domesticate and civilize them; to teach them the nature of property, its value and the mode of acquiring it. But what was most important, the Indian was necessitated to unlearn all that he had previously acquired. His wandering life must cease; he must henceforth have a local habitation and a place of

. His *manitous*, as numerous as the objects and him, must all give place to the idea of great *manitou* — the Creator. His passions must be subdued; his habits, manners and his very nature changed.

Nothing is more difficult,' says one of these men, 'than the conversion of these Indians; a miracle of the Lord's mercy. It is necessary first to transform them into men, and afterwards to labor to make them Christians.'

This work was undertaken in Texas by the devoted followers of St. Francis. They had not the liberty of the Jesuits, in not being restrained by the formalities of a tedious recitation of prayers, but under all circumstances to repeat the same. It was an important object to keep the Indians together long enough to make an impression on their minds. But the Indians must be fed. His only means of support in his native country was by fishing and the chase; he knew no other. To maintain him by agriculture he must be in the field. But as he was unwilling to labor, it had to be compulsory, for laziness is a leading feature in the character of an Indian. On such a basis then were laid down the rules for the government and instruction of the red man.

The establishments thus formed in Texas were known as *presidios* or missions. There was a mission at each *presidio*; but many missions were without soldiers, or at least in any consid-

erable numbers. Each *presidio* was entitled a commandant, and the necessary officers for a command of 250 men; though from circumstances the number constantly varied, and was generally less. The buildings were erected around a square or *plaza de armas*, and consisted of the church, dwellings for officers, friars and soldiers, with storehouses, prisons, etc. The size of the square depended on the population, the strength of the force intended to be stationed there, and also upon the extent of the district dependent on the *presidio*. Huts were erected at a short distance from the principal edifice for the converted Indians. The unmarried of either sex were placed in separate huts, and at night locked up by the friars, who carried keys. They encouraged chastity among the Indians, and punished its violation by public or private whipping, as the offender was a male or female.

“Forts were erected near the *presidios*, and sometimes the church was fortified. The civil and military authorities were united in the commandant, which in some matters was subordinate, and in others superior to the ecclesiastical power. The principal duty of the military was to repel the invasion of the wild Indians, and to suppress the rebellious spirits of the converted. The Indians were well fed, clothed and cared for; their labors were not heavy; and in these particulars they could not complain. But the

were compelled to perform certain religious ceremonies before they could understand anything of their meaning. Sundry rules were laid down for their every motion, a departure from which was severely punished. It was this tyranny over the minds and bodies of the Indians, that enfeebled and wasted them. They were willing to forego the food and raiment of the missions for the sublime scenery of the vast prairies, the liberty of roaming unmolested over them, and chasing the buffalo and the deer. Freedom, dear to all, is the idol of the Indian. He worships the liberty of nature. When restrained from his loved haunts, he pines, sickens and dies. Had the Franciscans, like the Jesuits on the lakes, gone with their flocks on their hunting excursions, joined them in their feasts, and praised them for their skill in the chase, they would have met with greater success. But the Jesuits possessed a two-fold advantage: they had the power of dispensing with the tedious and uninteresting prayers and ceremonies; and they also enjoyed the aid of the cheerful, talkative, open-hearted French; while the Franciscans, without such dispensing power, were likewise bound to co-operate with the gloomy, suspicious and despotic Spaniards. The daily round of spiritual and temporal duties performed by the converted Indians, as described by one of the fathers, were: 'Early in the morning,' said he, 'we assemble the *catechumens* at the church, where they have

prayers; they receive instruction and chant some *canticles*; when they have retired, mass is said, at which all the Christians assist, the men placed on one side, and the women on the other; then they have prayers, which is followed by giving them a homily, after which each goes to his labor. We then spend our time in visiting the sick, to give them the necessary remedies, to instruct them, and to console those who are laboring under any affliction. In the afternoon catechizing is held, at which all are present. Christians and *catechumens*, men and children, young and old, and where each without distinction of rank or age answers the questions put by the missionary. As these people have no books, and are naturally indolent, they would shortly forget the principles of religion, if the remembrance of them was not recalled by these almost continual instructions. Our visits to the wigwams occupy the rest of the day. In the evening all assemble again at the church, to listen to the instructions which are given; to have prayers, and sing some hymns. On Sundays and festivals they add to the ordinary exercises instructions which are given after vespers. \* \* \* \* They generally end the day by private meetings, which they hold at their own residences, the men separately from the women; and they recite the *chapelet*, with alternate choirs, and chant the hymns until the night is far advanced.

“If to these duties we add the sacraments

confessions, we need not be surprised that apophytes sometimes fled from the missions resumed the war-whoop and the chase. At French missions among the Indians, the whites were won back by persuasion. Not so with the Spaniards; the troops at hand pursued them, and if taken, they were compelled to do so, when, in addition to a severe whipping, they were obliged to do penance.

The Franciscan fathers made regular reports of the success of their missions to the superior, and the latter to the general of the order. On these reports depended to a great extent the success shown the missionaries; hence, they were stimulated to zeal in their efforts to make converts. Content with the fruits of persuasion and treatment, they made forays upon the surrounding tribes. The soldiers performed this duty. The prisoners taken, especially the young, were trained alike in the mysteries of the Christian faith, and of agriculture. To effect their training, they were divided among the older and deserving Indians of the missions, who kept them in servitude, until they were of an age fitable to marry. At the proper time this was faithfully performed, and thus there grew up a race of domestic Indians around the missions.

To add to the strength of the missions, and the number of the converts, reliable Indians of the establishments were sent out among their

wild brethren to bring them in. This was sometimes done by persuasion, and sometimes by ception and force. However, they were brou to the missions and incorporated among learners and workmen of the fold.

“When we call to mind the fanaticism : ignorance of that age, and the fact that the dians who remained long in the missions beca greatly attached to their spiritual guides, : form of their worship, we must admit that th pioneers of religion deserve some praise, at le for their patience, toils and privations.

“Until the present century, Catholics did m for the cause of missions than the Protesta: and if a century and a half ago they commit errors, it is no more than has since been dc This, I do not say by way of endorsement of Catholic system of religion, for as a Protesta: I shall, indeed, be very far from doing that, we ourselves as Protestants, owe much to t church, and it is a principle which we sho never forget, of giving credit where credit is c And while the errors of the Romish church m it abominable in the eyes, at least, of Prot ants, there is a leaven of good, which, if fi and thoroughly eliminated from the bad, wo commend the system to the careful considerat of lost man. And may we not, as I have s: consider their efforts in the missionary field this country, a benefit on the whole. For country is mainly indebted to them for the deg

of civilization it enjoys, and the knowledge of the true God it now has. However rude the first, and imperfect the last may be, they are something in advance of the savage and heathenish state that existed before they came.

“As much of the ill success of the missions resulted from the regulations of the Spanish government in regard to the Indians; it may be that I should refer to them. These regulations for the government and instruction of the natives of Spanish-America, emanated from the council of the Indies, and were sent out for observance as laws sanctioned by the king. They were based on the conclusion of the council that all the people of the new world were marked out by the inferiority of their minds for servitude, whom it would be impossible to instruct or improve, except continually under the eye of a master. Yet, as experience suggested the modification of these regulations, they were so altered from time to time, until 1542, when, by a decree of Charles V, the Indians were restored to a nominal freedom. A tax, however, of one dollar each was levied upon all males between eighteen and fifty years of age, three-fourths of which went into the royal treasury, and the other fourth was applied to the payment of the salaries of local officers and parish expenses. They were also subject to a certain vassalage, similar to a former tenure by service in England. This vassalage consisted in the liability of the Indians to labor a certain



number of days for his patron or his king in the fields or in the mines, and although the time was limited in Mexico to six days in the year, such was the distance of this degraded people from the head of the government, such the disregard of the laws, and such the cupidity and inhumanity of the patrons and agents of the crown, that the term of service was generally evaded and the Indians treated with great cruelty. This labor was gratuitous; yet, in the meantime, the Indians became debtors to their patrons, and were compelled to continued service under pretense of payment; hence originated a species of servitude called *peonage*. The *peonage* increased to such an extent that the patrons made no objection to the abolition of the system of *encomiendas*; for labor was so cheap that it cost little or nothing.

“In addition to the capitation tax levied from the Indians, they were subject to tithes, marriage fees, and other payments drawn from them for the church. Still further, the Indians paid large sums for the bull *Cruzado*. This papal bull was published every two years, and grants to the purchasers an absolution for past offenses, besides the privilege of eating certain prohibited articles of food during religious fasts. The eloquence and zeal of the monks were employed in the sale of these pardons, and such was the credulity of the people of Mexico that few failed to purchase. The price varied from ten dollars to twenty-f

cents, according to the condition of the purchaser and the privileges granted.

“At the period of which I write, the clergy of New Spain were inferior to that class in Europe in morality and intelligence. With the exception of the Jesuits and higher functionaries of the church, the entire clergy of Mexico were not only destitute of the virtues necessary to their station, but were in every respect profligate. Some of them disregarding their vows of poverty, turned merchants; others, forgetting their oaths of chastity, indulged in the grossest licentiousness. It was in vain that the civil authorities attempted to correct these abuses. The clergy held an ignorant and credulous people under their control, and charged the governors with hostility to religion. The church triumphed; and these corruptions continued to increase until the inhabitants of Mexico ceased to venerate the monastic orders. It was then only that King Ferdinand VI promulgated his decree prohibiting the regular or monastic clergy from taking charge of the parishes, and limited this right to the secular clergy.

“Pope Alexander VI, in 1501, granted to the crown of Spain all newly discovered countries in America, on condition that provision should be made for the religious instruction of the natives; and Pope Julius II, three years afterwards, conferred on Ferdinand and his successors, the right of patronage and the disposal of all church

benefices. These grants of the popes, made at an early day, constituted the king of Spain the head of the church, and gave him absolute control of its vast revenues. This fact is referred to here to show the influence it had, and still has, in the revolutions of Mexico.

“Such were the rules and regulations for the government of the Indians; and such their condition, as also that of their spiritual instructors in 1715. Of course these regulations could not apply to the wild Indians, but only to the converted ones, and hence the great desire for their conversion. The three classes of the inferior or working clergy, consisted of curates, or parish priests, in the Spanish settlements; teachers of the Christian doctrines having charge of those districts occupied by the converted Indians; and missionaries, whose duty it was to go to the countries of the wild Indians, and by persuasion and other means to bring them under the protection of the government. The church of New Spain, in other respects, was organized as that of the mother country, having its archbishops, bishops, deans, etc.

“The ceremonies, the solemnities and pomp of the Roman Catholic worship were fascinating. To the natives, who never reflected or conceived of an abstract idea, the sublime spiritual truths of the gospel could only with difficulty be taught.

“The missionaries, while engaged in converting the wild Indians, were not unmindful of their

ort and that of the missions. The labor  
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by the resident priest at the San Jose  
that it appeared to him the Indians  
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ives who formed the San Antonio mis-  
been nurtured and taken all the care of  
possible, and put on the same footing  
aniards; yet, notwithstanding they had  
away until the other two missions (San  
pestrana and La Purisima Conception)  
me entirely depopulated, and the one  
resided had not enough, or hardly more  
cient, to perform his household labors.  
s he had formed an idea that God never  
them to form one people; but that they  
always remain distinct and separate.  
r the good father did not look deep

enough to find the root of the difficulty, as it is evident no such system of duties and burdens imposed could elevate any race, much less that of the savage kind, with which they were temping to deal.

“And so from the corruptions of the friars : the failure of the missions to bear the fruit intended, we find that on April 10, 1794, Don Pedro de Nava, commandant general of the northern internal provinces, of which Texas was part, published a decree, by which all the missions within his jurisdiction were secularized, that the government of the temporalities of the missions was taken from the hands of the friars and parish priests, of those missions, in whose charge they had previously been, and entrusted to civil officers of Spain, called *sub delgados*.

“The inhabitants of the missions received, according to that decree, each one a certain amount of land in fee simple, but to guard against waste and to pay the necessary expences of the community, they were still obliged, under the directions of the *sub delgados*, to cultivate a certain amount of land in common. The spiritual direction or government of the people was taken from the friars as a body or community, and put under the care or supervision of the ordinary chief of the diocese in which they were situated ; that is, the bishops technically called the ordinary, because the missionary government was called extraordinary, and adopted only for the time the Indians

were being reduced to a state of civilization. After such civilization, they came under the spiritual jurisdiction of the ordinary ecclesiastical superior of all other Catholics in the place. The Franciscans, in many instances—indeed, most of them—remained as pastors of their old flocks; but they received their jurisdictions from the bishop, as well as all other parish priests. This was the case with the priest at the San Jose mission, to whom I have referred.

“The mission of most interest to us, and which may serve us for protection and defense in case the foe should return, is that known as the Alamo (see painting), and it is situated on the opposite side of the San Antonio river from that where our present quarters are; and its history may become of more interest to you in case we should be forced to occupy it; and I will therefore send you extracts and translations, to show the changes in its fortunes which it underwent before it obtained its present position, as well as its fortunes since it was located there.

“From the heading of the register of baptisms, delivered over by Fra Jose Francisco Lopez, who was the last of the Franciscans remaining at the Alamo, and entitled *parroco* or parish priest of the *pueblo* or village de San Antonio de Valero, to Gavino Valdez, curate of the *Villa de San Fernando y presidio de San Antonio de Bexar*, which delivery was made by an order of the Bishop of Monterey, dated January 2, 1793, we

learn that the mission located finally where the Alamo now stands, was several times removed before it was settled on the San Antonio river. The following is the translation of the heading referred to: 'Book in which are set down the baptisms of the Indians of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, situated on the River San Antonio, in the government of the Province of Texas and New Philippines, belonging to the Apostolic College of *Propoganda Fide* of the most Holy Cross of the City of Santiago de Querataro.'

"The translation of the next extract is as follows: 'Baptisms of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, from its foundation.'

"NOTE—This mission was founded in the year 1703 in the *cienega* of the Rio Grande, under the invocation of *San Francisco Solano*. From this place it was removed to the neighborhood called *San Ildephonso*, having that invocation; thence it was moved once more to the Rio Grande, where it had the name of San Jose. Finally, it was transplanted to the River San Antonio, where it now is, under the name of San Antonio de Valero.

"The mission seems to have remained at the Rio Grande up to about 1708, the last burial performed at that place being dated July 28, 1708. It can not have remained at San Ildephonso more than a year or two, since the first interment made at the Mission San Jose, is dated November 18, 1710.



THE ALAMO.





In a note inserted in the record of baptisms we cited, we learn that on May 1, 1718, the mission was removed from the post of San Jose, because of the scarcity of water, to that of San Antonio de Valero, by order of the Marquis of Valero, Viceroy of New Spain, in honor of whom, seems, the mission was partly named.

The first stone of the present Alamo church was laid and blessed May 8, 1744, and the baptismal records continue to call San Antonio de Valero a mission until the year 1783.

The next book of records contains the baptisms of the children of the soldiers of the company of San Carlos de Parras, which at the first had been stationed outside of and adjoining the Alamo, but which being much troubled, it is said, by the Indians, erected barracks within the enclosure of the mission on the south side. The first record of baptisms in it, is dated March 1785. The baptisms and other rites in this book, are said to have been performed in the parish of the Pueblo of San Jose de Alamo.

‘The company of San Carlos de Parras continued to occupy the houses around the plaza of the Mission of the Alamo, the church serving as parish until we came here, and if the foe could return, and we be required to occupy for the sake of protecting ourselves by its walls, we shall avail ourselves of the benefits of the place. But while we have had rumors of his coming, and of his being now on his return, we

have as yet no positive information of the fact. I have been thus particular in my history of these missions to you, as they have been to me, one of the greatest sources of interest: first, to give you an account of their architectural designs, and to show what men will do and dare, urged by fanatical zeal; but most of all does my interest attach to them as having afforded a place of retreat from the frivolities and utter abandonment of those around me; and where, too, I could enjoy in the most agreeable manner—since the admiration and appreciation of them coincided with the society of the only one among all that assemblage that can truly furnish me companionship, and where, while I studied the material forms, she transferred the images to canvas. And, as I alternate between the very few duties demanded of me now, as a soldier, and my attendance upon her—of course, the latter occupying by far the larger part of the time—and I have somewhat encroached upon the time usually devoted to her, to pen this, and find it already, perhaps grown to such a length as to be a source of weariness to you in the perusal. I shall close by saying, that health and a very good degree of happiness are mine; and without intimating when, I will say, that I hope to see you all, and to find you, as I have said of myself now, in the enjoyment of health and happiness, and will subscribe myself as ever,

“Yours, JERALD.”

NOTE—Most of the history of the missions as detailed above, was taken from a popular history of Texas, and our apology to the reader—if any is needed—is, that it covered the ground we wished ourselves to cover, and in perhaps better form than we would have put it. And it may be necessary to make an apology to some who may read these pages for its insertion at all, and which we do by saying, that hundreds yearly visit the old buildings as objects of interest, and as a natural desire arises on beholding them to know something of their history—with all those at least who have never learned it—and as some may have already visited them and not been gratified, and others may yet visit them under whose eyes this work may come, we have deemed it a fitting part of our effort; and we hope that many will find that pleasure in its perusal, which it would have afforded us when we first visited these buildings. Such is our apology, if any be needed.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE WOUNDED HERO.

IT SEEMS the moving cause of Colonel Ros acts, as detailed in a former chapter, arose from the men who had been captured and sent in Elisondo having magnified his forces to more than double their number, which was in reality about three thousand beside some three or four hundred packmen, and which seems to have completely unnerved him; and when his flight became known to the Americans, they expressed not only astonishment, but indignation, as they had before had unlimited confidence in his courage and bravery, and a committee was at once appointed to wait on Major Perry, and solicit him to assume command. He replied that he would give them a definite answer in the morning. The men formed on the square and took their quarters for the night, around their cannons with their arms by their side, and were aroused at dawn by Major Perry, who assumed command and ordered a general parade at 8 o'clock.

When parade was called there was not a Mexican forthcoming; they were congregated in groups on the streets and corners discussing the means of their own safety, on the sale and

livery of the Americans, as the latter believed. The Americans sent word to Manchaca if he was not on parade at 10 o'clock with all his men, they would proceed to hand over to Elisondo the proscribed Mexicans, he being one of them. When parade was again called the Mexicans were the first on the ground, and manifested great anxiety to be led out against the enemy. The day was spent in making preparations, and the men ordered to report on the plaza, with their arms and accoutrements, ready for marching at a moment's warning. They were aroused an hour before day and formed in marching order, with their cannon drawn by hand, in advance of their line, having a force of about two hundred and fifty Americans, and four hundred Mexicans.

They proceeded in profound silence; not a word or tap of the drum was heard to cheer them on their march. They arrived on an eminence in view of the enemy's position, just as day appeared, and formed in line of battle, the Americans in the center, and the Mexicans on each wing. Bernardo, with his satellites, followed them out, and took up a position at a safe distance in their rear, where he could view the field. The enemy's forces had formed their encampment on the west side of a deep ravine, near a pond of water; building a line of log pens in their rear; mounting their cannon on their left, to guard against the approach of the

Americans around the head of the ravine. They were surprised by the discharge of the Americans' cannon, while some were in the act of cooking their breakfast, and others performing their matins, as it was Sunday morning. Their infantry were immediately formed and posted in the ravine, and their cavalry being few in number were stationed behind their cannon. The Americans advanced, playing their cannon on their cavalry and artillery, the infantry being protected by the ravine, dismounting one of their guns and driving their cavalry back to a safer position. Elisondo sent a detachment to flank the Americans on their left, where the Mexican infantry were formed, and Captain Kennedy, who succeeded Captain Scott, was ordered from the center to repel them, which he did; and as he did so, the whole American line advanced, leaving their cannon and charging on the enemy's infantry, driving them out of the ravine; and when the Americans advanced into the ravine the enemy's packmen and supernumerary force, being without arms, commenced pelting them with stones they had piled on the bank. But the Americans mounted the bank, and charged on them, driving them back into the ranks and attacking the whole line, which was defended with a great deal of skill and courage; but the Americans continued to press on them at all points, until finally they gave way, but contested every foot of the ground,

until they came to their log pens, when, availing themselves of such protection as they afforded, they made a last effort to repulse their pursuers. But the Americans, undaunted, charged upon them and shot them down until they begged for quarter, the rest of their force, with Elisondo at their head, having abandoned the field some time previously. The Americans lost in this closely contested battle of about four hours' duration, five men killed and about twenty wounded, one, mortally. Two of the Americans were killed by the premature discharge of their own cannon. The enemy's loss was over three hundred killed and about the same number wounded, and four hundred prisoners, making in all about one-third of their available force, with their cannon, baggage, tents, and one thousand stand of arms.

- The Americans might have cut up their whole army, but they felt grateful to providence for the victory, and were not disposed to pursue so brave a foe. The Americans returned to town with their killed and wounded, leaving the spoils and wounded Spaniards to the care of the Mexicans, and a number of wounded Spaniards died for want of proper care and medical aid.

We must now turn our attention to Jerald, who, as we have seen, was appointed aid to Major Perry, and we find that when he had delivered the order to Captain Kennedy to make the advance and repel the flanking party of



Mexicans, as previously mentioned, and was the act of wheeling his horse to return, he was struck by a ball, which threw him forward, and the sash which Irene had presented him with the evening before, and which remained as she had placed it upon him—as we have seen that the whole command remained ready to march on a moment's warning, all night, and therefore he had not taken it off in order to undress himself—catching over the horn of his saddle, he had him securely fastened to it, and his horse being freed from his control, from his unconscious state, made all haste and in the most direct way to Irene's humble dwelling, as that was not on the direction usually given him by his master when mounting, but he had become so much attached to Irene's pony, that he sought it out whenever free from rein or halter; and as Irene had not closed her eyes during the night, and had heard the first sounds of the battle, and was ready watching to learn the result, she of course caught the first sound of approaching hoofs and as they came to her very door—she having her pony tied there, as agreed upon—she ran out and there beheld Jerald as we have described him, and her loud shriek on beholding him soon brought the old man to her side, who seeing Jerald yet securely attached to the horse, turned his attention to Irene, to calm her, and said:

“Calm thyself, fair one; he needs thy calm much more than this thy wailing. If life still

in him, our duty bids us look now to him. See! he moves; prepare a bed whilst I remove him from the horse, then we shall see what we can do to revive him."

"Oh! take him down, sir, at once; a bed is ready in my own room. Oh! Jerald, my own Jerald; be quick, my good sir, and have him on the bed that we may give him something to revive him, that I may know that he is conscious that I am here."

The old man seemed to be endowed with superhuman power, as he lifted Jerald from his horse as if he were a mere child, and strode with giant steps into the house and placed him on the couch, from which Irene had taken those rich coverings which she had adorned with her own hands, and which none knew better how to do than the women of Mexico, and had placed thereon the old man's blanket — as directed by him — an article which forms the only couch the greater portion of the lower classes use, being placed either on the floor or on the ground, most usually the latter, as they generally prefer the open air, and as the old man had been sent for the evening before, as proposed in the interview as narrated between Jerald and Irene, to be near in case assistance should be needed, he brought his bed and had spread it before the door of the dwelling, and occupied it during the night.

As soon as he had placed Jerald upon the couch and Irene's eyes fell upon the blood, which

had saturated somewhat his clothing, which she seemed not before to have noticed, she exclaimed

“Oh! sir; mount his horse and fly for your life and bring a surgeon, that he may bring him back to life and me. Oh, man! why do you delay?”—the old man seeming not about doing what she had demanded—“fly for very life. The old man moved not, but replied:

“Nay, fair one; I need not leave his bedside to find one who has a surgeon’s skill. But not having time, I will not extol my skill, but will make the examination and see what he needs.

All this time he had been removing Jerald’s clothing so as to find out really what injury he had sustained, and when he unwound the scarf he found therein the ball, by the force of which a rib had been broken and quite a wound made as it had forced a portion of the scarf into it, but both of which—the bullet and the scarf—had been drawn out again when the pressure came upon it, as Jerald’s weight came against it when it caught, as we have seen, over the horn of the saddle, and though the blood flowed freely, the old man soon discovered the extent of the wound, and with joy in his countenance, he said to Irene:

“Be of good cheer, Miss; his wound, though severe, is not dangerous. See that you get me a cordial that I may revive him.”

“Oh, sir! I have nothing here; fly to the nearest place where such can be had, and bring it at once, and I will watch in your absence.”

“Ah! have you none of that *mescal* with which your father so regaled me on the eve of his departure?”

“Ha! yes; there is a portion left.” So saying she left and soon returned, adding, “here it is, and now be quick, and what of skill you have, use in haste and quick revive him. Oh! Jerald, Jerald; what shall I do to bring you back to consciousness? to have you know that I am here beside you? what can I do? what can I do? Oh, sir, revive him!”

“Be calm, fair one; he moves; see how the cordial works; he opens his eyes, his pulse comes back again, and soon he will recognize you, and since the wound can not prove fatal save through strength of fever which must follow, I feel that he is safe with your nursing and my skill to aid his naturally good constitution in tiding him over such danger as that. See! his lips are moving; he speaks your name, but yet be calm and let him fully revive before he knows that you are with him, and to that end stand somewhat aloof.”

“Oh, sir, do not drive me away. I must see his every movement. I thank thee now, most Holy Virgin, that thou didst hear my prayers and didst keep and send him to me, even though stricken as he is.”

“There now, his frame is relaxed; the shock has passed, and from this opiate, which I always keep, and but a short and quiet sleep, he will

arouse to full consciousness, and then your wish for recognition shall be gratified ; and now, since I know that you have your nightly vigils kept you, too, must take your needed rest and sleep, and so away and take them."

"Nay ; I will not seek repose for myself. I need not sleep or aught else but to know that he lives, and that I will see him rouse, and so I must here watch his first return to consciousness ; and while he sleeps, I pray you to impart your own history to me, as I am all anxiety to know how the stream of time has borne you on through your eventful life, as eventful I can but think it must have been, since now I perceive you are not what I have deemed you, a man of low degree. but that you have attainments high, and how well you guarded every word and act upon our journey, that I should not have known it then. Is such not known to my father ? Does he possess the secret of your life ? I pray you keep me no longer ignorant of your life's history. I shall listen with great interest and marked attention while you recite it to me."

"Nay, Miss ; your father knows only as you have known, except that to his mine I went to seek employment, that within the bowels of the earth I might obtain my bread, shut out from sights of wrongs and deeds which make of this fair earth a fit abode for spirits damned, which should have been a paradise.

"But no ; I will not into your pure mind suc

stream now turn, as shall pollute the purity now there; for as does one ray of light from its power some colors dim, and others deeper dye, and one drop of poison from the serpent's deadly fang its way, so trace throughout when once it is injected in the blood, as that the system shall be destroyed, so but one ray from light of wrongs which I have seen, and but one drop from dire oppression's cup, which I have witnessed filled, yea, and fully to the brim. I say if such light of wrongs should in your mind be cast, and one drop from such cup upon your heart be thrown, they might, too, your stream of life direct, and send it headlong over misery's cliff to sink in the slough of dark despondency.

“But to tell you of myself: I was born, no matter when or where; we all must first be born, then reared, then live our allotted lives and then die. These things form what is called existence, but whence the germ from which it springs? To be born is but to have the bud so open as that the flower may be brought to view. But is that opened flower thus brought forth life's first beginning? Where is your bud, your stem, your branch, roots, and all that form your plant, and where the soil in which it grows, the moisture which it drinks up, the light which all must have? Shut your eyes and commune with thought and tell me all this, and then I will understand what the life of the plant is. But of our own life, our living, acting, being, and yet unable to

control that being, coming whence and destined whither, who can tell? The way is dark, mysterious and nothing but mystery surrounds us from the cradle to the grave. But to my narrative: having been born into the world, to be reared and serve the purpose of my being, those who did assume, whether by right or might—no matter—control over me, gave me such education as they deemed best, not asking my consent of will, if such thing I did possess; for what is will? To do. Yes, we may; but what we do and how we do, who shall say? Who controls our actions? We ourselves, or does another, or yet others? This is a mystery, too, which it is not well that you should seek to fathom. For, like the quicksand's power, each struggle for release will sink you but the deeper. Well, I was fitted with the surgeon's skill, and sought and obtained a place within the royal favor, and was assigned to duty in the army, with full command of those around me. The day of battle came, the foe overwhelmed us, and I, amongst many more, was wounded, and like him now before us, was unconscious; from which state, when first aroused and vision came, I then beheld—as he will do when sight to him shall have returned—a maiden fair, ah, me, so fair I thought an angel had come down, and so I said, but she, with softest hand my aching brow caressed, and with kind and gentle words bade me keep still, and with persuasive power of opiates I slept a quiet sleep

dreamed of far off lands, where sorrow never  
 es and angels' hands do minister. But life,  
 such a life as this we have and must endure  
 st here we stay, came back again and she  
 gone, and then I tried to recall the vision,  
 urely I thought a vision it must have been,  
 in my effort, gave vent to my thoughts in  
 ls, which must have reached her ears, for

I heard her gentle step, and she came  
 er, and then, oh, earth! oh, heaven! Oh!  
 t can aught of pleasure bring, do not thy  
 ms so place as would make comparison? A  
 : shone on my soul of seven-fold brightness,  
 I was overwhelmed with ecstasy. Ah! what  
 this? The world calls it love. The angel  
 ls may name it, but mortals never.

Well, time passed, those gentle hands minis-  
 l and I became convalescent and life's cares  
 e again demand, and then—oh! save me  
 the recital?"

Nay, I have been wrought up into a state of  
 ng, which nothing but the sequel can allay."  
 Well, then, the betrothal followed; but oh,  
 s! oh, ceremonies! oh, dictums! oh, de-  
 s! who shall dare to speak for God. Our  
 is had not been brought into account in the  
 s of joy, of bliss, of happiness; but now the  
 al came, and she a Huguenot and I a Catho-  
 and what then? The father does the bans  
 id and she obeys"—then after a pause—  
 I departed.



"Ah, Miss; then reason asserted its sway, and I, even I, weak as I am, discarded popes, priests, catechisms, rules, dogmas and all, and to God only have I since, and only will I continue to go for faiths and beliefs, and their consequences to myself.

"I came to the western wilds that lay from the haunts of designing men; I might bury myself, and such a place I found within your father's mine; and when he was imprisoned I wandered hither and thither, without purpose or intent only to carry my weary burden of life with me until permitted by the Beneficent Heavenly Father to lay it down and find rest. Yes, rest but where? In the silence of the tomb? Can be that the life promised us beyond shall be place of rest? Shall it be that no more weariness shall come unto us? Shall there be nothing but unalloyed pleasure there? Nothing but joy and peace? Another unsolvable problem; an unfathomable mystery; an unbounded sea upon which we dare not launch our uncharted and rudderless barks. For should we do so, shipwreck would surely come unto them. No; let us keep close into shore and keep our cable to well secured to that only root of Jesse which can hold us, and allow us at least to cast our anchor within the veil. But to my narrative: I wandered as I have said, until your father's release from prison when, by the providence of God, I was thrown in his way, and the rest you know."

"Oh, sir, say not as you have of the Pope; you can not, nay, you must not dare to do thus. Did not God speak to Adam face to face? Did He not show Himself in various forms to the patriarchs and prophets? Did He not show Himself to Moses in the cleft of the rock? and in the burning bush? and did He not speak to the people from the cloud on the occasion of the Saviour's baptism? And why should He not in some tangible form be made manifest unto us in these latter days? and what so appropriate as the legitimate representative of St. Peter, to whom the Son of the Blessed Virgin entrusted the keys of the kingdom?"

"True; all you have said is true, fair one, except the last; but does He not also speak to us through the voice of nature, in the storm cloud; and the surging ocean; the volcano's smoke and eruption; in the crash of the thunder, and the flash of the lightning, which ignites and destroys? and let your legitimate representative of St. Peter fulminate his bulls against them, and with what effect?"

"But, you forget, sir, that he has nothing to do with the elements, and these things that directly affect them."

"Then as he does not, allow me to say, Miss, neither should he interfere or attempt to do so, with the will of God in His operations through other forms of nature's laws and dealings. What! shall that passion that so completely took pos-

session of my entire being, and that too, now strongly sways thee, and binds thee to I who now lies before you — what! I say, these strong passions thus inborn in us, any less the effect of that same cause — God's will than the storm, the surging sea, the volcano, lightning? and are they not implanted within us to be aroused and brought into action like the volcano's fires, through the providence of God?"

"But, see, now he opens his eyes; hear, calls; your name is on his lips; speak not, now you may advance and see what he says.

"Then it was so, Irene; I dreamed we crossed the turbid stream of death together, hand in hand were traversing the golden streets of the New Jerusalem; and though our bodies still to earth do cling, it must be that our spirits winged their flights beyond the bounds which hold us here, unto that blessed abode. But, me, what means these my surroundings? I came I here upon your couch, with you now by my side?" — and as his eyes fell upon the man — "and who is this we have here?"

"Ah, Jerald, now compose yourself, and recollect the morning's ride, the shock of battle, and then I will tell you of your horse's coming, with me securely held upon him by the scarf I gave you as it caught around the horn and held you in the saddle, as from your wound you were disabled and unconscious; and but for that sc

you would have lain upon the battle field; and this is our old friend, he whom we met; and it is well that he was here, as he has proven a surgeon skilled; and now he will use his skill in dressing your wound, as he has already done to quiet and relieve your system from the shock. Come, kind sir, your skill display in dressing now his wound."

"Fear not, fair one; but I shall do my part, and with my lint and salves shall soon his wounds have dressed; your part is now to furnish such of means as you may have at hand; some linen cloths, with suet or other unctuous substance, as shall serve to make my salve; and we had better send over to his quarters and get unsoiled clothing, as I find these badly clotted with his blood."

"Well, sir, I will send the servant there at once for the clothing, and see what I can find here with which to make your salve.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE SICK CHAMBERS.

WHEN Arthur reached home he found his father had been stricken down with one of those malignant, lingering types of fevers, such as are now named typhoid, and which often keep the patient hanging, as it were, between life and death for weeks together; and seldom do those who are thus attacked fully recover from its effects, they remaining with them through life. Arthur was very tenderly attached to his father; had grown up in full sympathy with him, and possessed not only his full confidence, but that of his mother, also. In short, it was one of those happy families, where the parents and children are ever seemingly on an equality. With such freedom in their social intercourse, and with such liberty in interchange of ideas as belongs more generally to those of the same age, than to those of parents and children; and with such harmony and tender feelings as always follow such training, Arthur was necessarily deeply moved at finding him in so critical a condition, and he at once took his position at his bedside; and from which he scarcely moved except to take his meals, as he insisted on taking such

snatches of sleep as he could catch occupying an easy chair. This he insisted on doing, as he found his mother and sister already to a great extent exhausted from their incessant watching, and the length of time they had kept it up, as some time had elapsed after the attack, before his father would consent to have him summoned home; and indeed, the message was finally sent against his protest, as he knew Arthur was with Helen — being as we have said in his confidence — and not wishing to deprive him of the pleasure of such intercourse.

Arthur, being thus occupied, time slipped rapidly away, and while he often thought of Helen, yet two weeks had passed and he had not felt in that mood which would fit him to write her such a letter as he had contemplated doing; that is, such an one as he had made up his mind to write her, as he pursued his way home, as he intended to present the matter of religious faith to her in such a way as should forever set matters at rest between them, as he had no doubt of being able to place before her, his side, so that she would see it in the light he did himself. And with such a purpose, and having as he supposed, through a note placed in the hands of a porter at the hotel, to be delivered to her, advised her of the cause of his departure on the very day of its occurrence, he felt that as another hastily written note would not be demanded, that he must take such time for placing his arguments together as

would fully insure his intended success in setting his own cause right in her eyes. Such time had so far not been given him, and two weeks had already slipped away, when he was attacked by the same disease, and was at once prostrated and like his father, was soon brought to the very brink of the grave, in which state he remained some weeks longer, before any perceptible change for the better was manifested; and when the change came, his recovery was so gradual that it was weeks longer before health was so far restored as to admit of mental or physical exertion.

In the meantime Allan had passed his examination, had graduated with the highest honors of his class, and had reached home to find Helen with mind greatly exercised over her relations with Arthur; and while no satisfactory explanation could be given her for the formality of the note sent her, as well as the delay in reaching her, the fact of so long a time having elapsed since his departure without the receipt of anything further, was indeed puzzling to her, on any other hypothesis than that he had determined in this way to settle the matters between them. And while Allan could give her no light on the subject, his counsel was to await further developments, and he set about making his preparations for his departure for New Orleans. And when he had completed them and was on the eve of starting, Helen conceived the idea of

accompanying him. This she did, partly as a means of paying her relations, the Fitzgeralds, a visit, never as yet having seen them; but most of all, she wished to get out of herself, as it were, or at least, to make some change, which would give some relief to her mind, and leave time for the solving of the problem of her relations with Arthur. If he still proposed to pursue further their matrimonial matters, the correspondence could be as well carried on there as at home; and then, too, she would have her Cousin Mary's advice, as well as sympathy. And it was at once arranged that she should accompany him, and as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, they took their departure; and in due course of time required, with the then methods of travel, they reached their destination, and received such a welcome as was then accorded, and which we might say was far more cordial than is usual at the present day. The reasons are obvious, also, for the difference. Then communications were far less frequent by means of letters, as well as the difficulties in the way of making visits which made those received much more highly appreciated. Now, the going across the state or the traversing the continent, is not so much of an undertaking as it was then in crossing a single county; and so human hearts were more drawn together, and the hands of welcome extended were by far warmer, from the less frequency of such being called into play.



Mary had been at home some weeks from her visit to her friends on the plantation, when her cousins arrived; and of course some days were spent in settling them in their quarters, they having come unannounced, and in talking over family and other matters, which usually formed the subjects of conversation on such occasions. And while each was aware of the other's "matters of the heart," they had not felt at liberty either to mention their own, or to seek knowledge in regard to the others.

Mary had purposely avoided meeting her own lover since her return, as we have seen she had done for some time before making the visit, and while she had seen him a few times while passing along the street, they had either from purpose or by accident not been brought together so near as to make a recognition necessary.

She learned that he had called once during her absence and ascertained she was away; and thus matters stood between them on her cousin's arrival. At length an opportunity was presented, which called up the subject of their attachment, which was the result of a chance sight of Mary's lover as he was crossing the street in front of herself and Helen on one of their shopping excursions in the city, when he was pointed out by Mary to Helen, and this led to the introduction of the subject, which resulted in a full recital on the part of each after their return home and retirement to their room; and, as a matter of

course, the great similarity in the conditions of their attachments, and the barriers in the way resulting from the same cause — want of harmony in religious beliefs — naturally drew forth expressions of sympathy, and neither was able to give the other any positive assurances of a brighter day in the future coming, yet hope of some revelation of a way out of their difficulties was indulged in. Yet what could Mary hope for? If anything but a Jew; even an avowed infidel would give her more of promise. For with the convictions imbibed and strictly nurtured by the Jewish faith, what but the power of the Divine Spirit could eradicate it? But did she not believe in its power? and did she not believe firmly in decrees? Then, if he was to be converted, would it not be done? But suppose he was to be left out, what then? Could she, until that question was fully settled, entertain the idea of allying herself to him in so close a bond as that of matrimony? No; the change must come first, and so Helen approved. And what of Helen's position? Was it any better than Mary's? Could she turn her back on all she held as her faith, and look upon her relatives as aliens and follow him? No; he must come to her, and so Mary approved, but would either or both of their lovers do so? Time alone could solve the problem, and they could only live on, giving each other such consolation as they might draw from their own reflections, or from thoughts arising therefrom.

Allan very soon settled down to business, opening an office near his uncle's place of business, and with his uncle's influence and his own address, soon made a large circle of acquaintance and obtained a fair share of practice.

The subject of Jerald's "wild goose chase," Mary termed it, was often up for discussion, and all his letters were read and re-read by Mary and Helen. Especially was his love for Irene made the theme, and when her paintings of the old mission buildings were scanned by them their interest in her was greatly heightened. True, Jerald's extravagant encomiums of her personal attractions, if credence should be given them, were enough to make his sister and cousin envious, if not jealous of her; but when these specimens of her handiwork, the fruits of her genius, were viewed by them, they felt, indeed, that she must be more than an ordinary specimen of their own sex, and they longed to see her, and to know more of her, and hoped for Jerald's return soon with her. But had he not said they should, in case of success, remain there? But then, would he not first make them a visit to show her to them? Yes; they would write at once and urge him to do so; but then would their letter reach him? They would make the effort. And accordingly they did, both writing in one, Mary doing the writing, and it ran:

“NEW ORLEANS, LA.

“*My Own Dear Jerald:*

“Though you have never, from the day of your departure from Nacogdoches, given me any encouragement to write you, by announcing the receipt of letters already written, yet, as our cousins, Allan and Helen, are here, and have been so much interested in reading your letters, and especially Helen in reading your account of Irene, and which interest in her has been greatly heightened by the receipt of those superb paintings, the work of her own hands, of those old buildings, I have deemed it best, and which resolution has been heartily seconded by Helen, to try to have this reach you. And the special purpose in writing is to have you gratify that desire, which has been so strongly awakened in us, first, by your description of her, and secondly, by beholding those pictures, of seeing her who could draw from you such encomiums, and whose genius could prompt and hands perform such wonderful works of art as those paintings are. And now, we—yes, Helen and myself, for she heartily joins me—demand that you do at once bring her to us, that we may behold such loveliness—if, indeed, she possess it—as you describe and sit within the shadow of such a genius as she must have. And now, my dear brother, if the desire to see her has overshadowed all feelings of the sort in your behalf, do not blame us, for you yourself have awakened it by your ex-

travagant encomiums, and have now intensified by sending the paintings. But lest you should feel aggrieved, we will say that our longing not made the less strong to see your dear self, the strength and fervor of the desire awakened to see her. No, my brother, you know that we have at all times desired to be in close communication with you. Indeed, I think it is too bad as I have before written you and now repeat, that you are so far away from us, and on such an errand, too. But then, you know how I opposed your going, and how much I regretted it, and that, and how useless it proved for me to say anything against it. And so I made up my mind to let you have your own way without fretting myself over it; especially when father and mother, too—just think of it—stood out in opposition to me in condemning your going. I thought when I found your business was to fight, and that too, with your fellow-men, and not with the wild beasts, as I supposed those were all you had to contend with; oh, it was dreadful to think that you approved of that also. But why need I tell you this, and thus the more confirm you in your course.

“ Well, what Helen and I are trying to arrange at—for you must know that Helen approves what I am saying—indeed, it is she and I that are writing, only I am using the pen. Well, as I was trying to say, what we wish, indeed, what we jointly command, is that you proceed at once

home with Irene and let us see her. We are moved to this, first, to see what sort of an angelic creature she must be, to have so completely turned your head, and next, to see what sort of a genius she is to get up such grand pictures. And now you must not disobey this second command we give you to this same effect. And, by the way, we have concluded that we, too, might be inspired by some such genius, if we could be surrounded with such grand scenes and stand before such majestic piles with one so gifted as yourself to recount their history, as you have given it to us, and which doubtless you gave to her. But after all, is such a work as the establishment of such missions a noble, or even a praiseworthy one? Where is the lasting benefit? for have you not said that their efforts were almost wholly abortive? There being so very few now left under their influence, of all the vast tribes they attempted to civilize and Christianize. And that idea of the old priest that contact with the white race was detrimental to the red man, truly, God's plans are far above our comprehension.

“ Well, what we started out to do — we girls — was to write you a joint letter demanding your presence; for weak as I am when left alone — mother and father abandoning me — yet when I have the support of one who sympathizes with me, I grow valiant, and we now say, for the third and last time — as the auctioneers say when knocking off their wares — come home and bring

her with you, that we may see her, and see n  
that you obey this command.

“ We won’t tell you what we are doing, neith  
will we give you any information about matte  
here, so that if you want to know you must co  
home to find out; just think, brother, that y  
should stay there and fight when you might  
here following some peaceful avocation, a  
then, too, if you must leave us for another,  
she even your Irene, you could, at any rate, bri  
us — such nice girls as your sister and cousin  
your pet, and let us enjoy her some, too. An  
by the way, speaking of your cousin being  
nice girl — I put this in myself, and against h  
protest — she is just splendid. But you m  
see her, that you must. Oh! Jerald, do con  
and that right away; we all do so long to s  
you. Mother and father don’t say much abo  
it, but I know they feel very anxious; and the  
I had almost forgotten to say anything abo  
Allan. But then I forgot. I had ‘promised yo  
that is I had told you before in this letter, tha  
would not tell you anything about home matte  
but it is so hard, brother, to write you and  
to tell you what we know would interest yo  
though you are such a naughty brother as  
stay away from us so, and although it is with  
effort I do so, I will stick to my original purpos  
and let you find out about Cousin Allan and, i  
deed, all home matters when you come hom  
which, now, please do, as soon as you get th

and which we hope will be very soon. And now, if you have any room to contain the love along with that of your Irene, of your own, only sister, and your cousin, you may accept it as from

“HELEN AND MARY.”



## CHAPTER XXII.

## PAINTINGS AND GEWGAWES.

THE servant dispatched by Irene soon returned with Jerald's clothing, and the old man having dressed his wound, and attired him in them, he was properly adjusted on the couch for giving him an easy position, and the old man withdrew leaving Irene by his side. After a hasty review of the scenes of the day, the morning's march, the fierce battle, as comprehended then by Jerald, and his coming to her door securely held to his horse by the scarf given him, and the part played by the old man in removing him there from and placing him on her own bed, and his skill in reviving him, as related by Irene, there was expressed by each a thanksgiving for his delivery, he returning his to the Father, and she hers to the Mother and Son, such being their divided trusts. But was he free from all danger? Had not the old man and he, the skilled surgeon he had shown himself to be, said, that a fever would follow which might prove fatal. But had he not also said, that with Irene for nurse, and with his skill, such a contingency might be avoided? And would she not do her part as nurse? If incentive ever prompted to grand

achievement, did she not have that? For what so powerful as woman's love? Yes, she would see that nothing was lacking on that score; but should she prove equal to the task? and she too, with no experience in that way. But then, would not the old man be there to direct and show her how and what to do? Aye, all should be well; she would see to that.

These assurances for his comfort and recovery falling from Irene's lips upon Jerald's ears, and he being in them content and with them pleased, his eyes wandered to the pictures he had before beheld, adorning the walls, and among which his own portrait hung, and as before, he asked her to relate their history, as she had informed him there was a history connected with them. And after adjusting a pillow under his head, to make him a little more comfortable in position, she proceeded, as follows:

"He was in Seville born, of Moorish blood, with princely fortune to inherit; and no pains were spared in his pursuit of knowledge. But in the realm of all he was so charmed with that high art, that throws upon the canvas the image of the mind, that he forsook all else and wandered on, from place to place, in search of the great master's works, and as one by one he came upon them, he transferred them to the canvas, in such form as you here see.

"Well, so he wandered on, and so he sought until he had gone the old world over, and with

his prizes came unto the new world, to see what he could find by way of nature, or of art, on which to feed desire. He had heard such glowing descriptions given and praises sung of the new world, in mountains, valleys, streams and dells, that it had fired his ambition to excel in art by their portrayal.

“He came, and to our convent made his way, as he expected there to find (as too he did) that grand display of nature’s hand, such as he had often heard described in mountain scenery, that is, in the surroundings of the convent. As his custom always was when near such places, to give instructions to the pupils, he such time gave unto us as we could take, that is, all those who chose to do so; and as he found in me a kindred spirit, with high aspirations like his own, he especial care bestowed upon me; and from such assistance and my own good skill, I then made these; and as you will see these in this group are all copies of those brought there by him, and taken from ancient masters’ works. These are sketches made of scenes around our convent; and those are made from forms such as by fancy they are brought before the mind. All this and much more, too, you might have found, by doing well that penance, which I gave you when first you made demand to know, and if you are weary of my voice, and like not my recital, you can take the record and learn the balance now from it.”

"No, Irene; one half told me from thy lips would far outweigh the whole, twice told by others, or a volume's lengthy tale, if by myself to perused? and now, pray proceed with the narrative, for still there must be more of interest tell."

"Ah! he had too, his tale of love to tell: 'twas warm, gushing, impetuous, carrying all before like the rushing torrent down the rocky steep. A lady fair, young, beautiful, and winning; possessed like himself with a soul aglow with adoration of nature and art; with genius nigh in unto his own, in the production of living images upon canvas, a worshipper, indeed, of art; aye, and that was the rock on which his bark of love, with sails all set, and skimming the sea of hope, was dashed to pieces. They met in Florence, and from day to day pursued their studies, side by side, and went from there to other points, where works of the great masters were. Their skill kept pace each with the other, and in form their minds seemed made as one mould. Like thoughts seemed to stir in both alike; they seemed as one, the image the other.

From day to day they worked, and he worshipped the being by his side, as they each formed their pictures upon the canvas. But she, absorbed alone by power of her high art, perceived not how he was absorbed in her, as he was in his own art. Days and months went

on; when they arrived in Rome and went to the Vatican, and there before those grand displays of art, as there they are kept, the works of genius, high, immortal genius, his soul broke forth in admiration of the masters, and in its overflow, the secret of his own heart's love was revealed to her by natural drift. When she had touched its chords by the revelations of the grandeur of those paintings, still, above his own conceptions, then came the avowal, as the bursting bands could no longer hold his pent up love, and he told her all. But alas! the sequel she had, like the cowed and vow-bound priests to their high office, her seal too firmly set, that art should be her life work — her daily food and nightly rest. Ambition swayed and all else gave place to it. He plead his princely fortune. He placed before her what they might together do, in study, as they had so far done, of all great works together; they each thus being the other's helper. He spread in glowing brightness full before her eyes, the splendors of a home adorned in after life, when they should become weary of such, their hot pursuits, of grand designs and works of high and noble merit, with what they thus together had collected, and when age should come upon them, and their eyes be dimmed, and their hands lose power of that soft touch needed to give a finish to a perfect copy, or the mind's own picture.

“But a patient listener, a warm admirer of his

genius and his splendid person — and scarcely any more highly favored than he — was all that he could from her draw. A devotee of art, with mind and energies all to it full brought; she would not on another altar lay even one gift, lest it might from her idol's altar something take, and leave the gift incomplete; together still they went, from place to place; he with a secret hope to win her by his devotion, silent, constant, though so marked that she could but feel its force. But yet, no change was made in her; the same determined purpose swayed her soul; the same grand goal her high ambition held before her mind, and on she went, in line of duty fixed, until he, no longer able to keep back despair, in desperation burst the tie and from her presence fled.

“Oh, mystery of mysteries! the human heart, with all its powers, loves, hates, ambitions, desperations, the prompter of deeds grand and noble, of those low and groveling; a Pandora's box filled with all imaginable things. And oh, is there in it one secure spot, one hallowed place where naught can come but what is pure and sacred?

“Oh, Jerald! is not there such within our hearts? Shall we from these our dreams wake up and find, that ours like all the world's beside, are — what shall I say? rotten! rotten! rotten! — nay, but deceptive, fickle, stoical, stern, unfeeling, except as to what shall drive to madness?

Oh, Virgin Mother! forever shield us from truth, if such it be; and oh, let the fair be kept aloof from such hard and actual pain if only myth it should be, that now doth so absorb us, and fill us and our hearts so much one with the other."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE LETTER AND ANSWER.

WITH returning strength to Arthur, came thoughts of Helen, and he longed to carry out his purpose of sending her in detail, a written argument fully setting forth his side of the controversy; but to do so, it would be necessary for him to consult some of their standard authors, he wished to proceed in an authoritative manner, fortifying his own statements by the acknowledged lights of his church, as he had no doubt of their possessing the same weight with him as with himself. For, it is one of the peculiarities of the human mind, to look upon what is to itself convincing, as being alike so to other minds. And as he was not only prohibited by his attending physician from making any extended mental exertion but felt his own want of strength for such a task, and feeling that the announcement should be made to her of his present condition, as well as what it had meant, as he now realized that she would naturally expect to hear from him, and not only from himself, but also learn of the condition of his father, whom, of course, as his affianced, she would feel some interest; and he wondered how he had



so far forgotten her, and would she be grieved at such neglect? But, then he thought that he could make it all right with her, and he should be strong enough to take up the pen again and write her in the same straightforward manner he had been accustomed to do. But why had he not written him? had he not advised her at the very hour of his leaving, of the reason for his departure, and of course, his destination. Would it have been out of place for him to have written him at once, at least, if for nothing more than to acknowledge the receipt of her letter, and now, after this long time had elapsed, what excuse could he offer for her? Well, at least he must let her know of his own condition, and how should he do that? Was there any other way than to have his sister write? Yes, he would do that, and wait until he could do so with composure, before attempting to write him.

Following out the plan thus for the first time, his sister wrote her, which she did in the following manner:

*“My Dear Friend Helen :*

“Brother Arthur has asked me to write you, which I now proceed to do; and I will also ask why he does not write himself before being asked.

“As you were advised, by his sister, at the eve of his departure from you, he was summoned to the bedside of our

who was so very low on his arrival that he had to take his position at once beside him, and from which he scarcely absented himself, except to take his meals, until he was himself stricken down, and they both lay in a very critical condition for several weeks; but now we think both out of danger, and while Arthur is not strong enough to trust himself—indeed his physician has forbidden him doing so—to write, he is anxious you should be advised of his condition, and it is to meet this desire that I now write you.

“You can hardly know what a tax it has been upon my mother and myself, and nothing but the sustaining power of our Heavenly Father, I am sure, could have carried us through. But, thanks to Him, the worst is now over; and Arthur wishes me to say, that as soon as he is able he will write you himself.

“I should be glad, indeed, to write you a long letter myself on my own account, but the weariness of watching and daily attendance on the sick room has unfitted me for such a task, and I shall close and direct that it may reach you and carry to you the news of the condition of my brother, in whose behalf, as I have said, it is written.

“From your friend,

“ELEANOR DAVIDSON.”

This letter reached Helen's home after her departure for New Orleans, and being forwarded,

did not reach her for weeks after being written, as the mail facilities then were far less efficient than now; indeed, it was nothing uncommon for letters to be months in passing between points far less remote than those comprising the starting and ending of the one in question. Indeed, as recently as within the last thirty years the writer has known it to take as much as six weeks for a letter to get across the Ohio river from Louisville to New Albany, and with the then improved modes, over what they were in the times of which we write, if such things were then done in the "Green Tree," what might not in the earlier days, have been done in "the dry."

But the letter finally did reach New Orleans, and came into Helen's hands, and under the scrutinizing gaze of her own eyes, and the reflections which followed its perusal, were none of the most favorable to her lover. True, the letter had been written at his own suggestion and request, and was it not said therein that he was anxious to have her know of his condition? But why had he not written before being stricken down himself? Sufficient time had elapsed for him to have written many letters, and if not able to write, why had he not had his sister write, as he had now done?

It is ever so that when distrust once enters the mind, there is always food enough on which to feed it, to not only keep it in its present healthy condition, but to make it grow. And Helen could

not forget the many days which had elapsed after his departure before receiving the note announcing it; and then, its tone, too; and what of the days and weeks since, with nothing from him? And now an apology—for it could be nothing else—penned by his sister, and had they not been schoolmates and bosom friends, and she Arthur's sister, too; and to write such a business-like and formal letter. There was at least something mysterious about it, and she would wait for further developments. If his purpose was to cut or abandon her, she would at least get the start of him there; indeed, had she not given him to understand that he did not suit her? and now she would keep silent—if she answered Eleanor's letter at all, she would do so without showing any very decided interest in her brother. But how could she refrain from answering it? Could she let them think that she had not received it? That would not do. Her conscience would not let her do that. No, she must answer it, which she did, as follows:

“NEW ORLEANS.

“*My Dear Friend Eleanor:*

“Yours reached me at this place, having been forwarded, as it reached my home after my departure. Your brother is very kind and considerate to wish to have me advised of his condition, and for his efforts in that line, you will please convey to him my thanks. You may also thank him for the note announcing his departure, and

which I received about one week after being written. He certainly deserves my gratitude for both favors, as well as my sympathy and condolence, which I tender him in his sufferings. And I am also laid under obligations for his promised letter, all of which you will please make known to him. As to your own desires, I can heartily reciprocate them, and should, indeed, be pleased to address you a long letter, but my present engagements so occupy my time and mind that my effort would not prove to be an acceptable one I fear, at least in your present condition of weariness; and, therefore, I shall close this, and direct that it may carry to your brother the expressions of thanks and gratitude as therein contained.

“From your friend,

“HELEN MCGREGOR.”

It was Helen's purpose to submit the letter and reply to Mary, to get her advice, or rather approval or disapproval, but as she was absent (having gone to a remote part of the city), and feeling as she did, that her first impulses were to her the best guide, she sealed and sent it to be mailed, and she felt that if she had not taken the best course, she had acted with promptness and dispatch.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE GEWGAWES.

THE history given by Irene to Jerald of the paintings before him, with the recital of the devotion of her instructor, and the worthiness of the object, yet its hopelessness, with the result to him of such hopelessness, and the reflections she drew therefrom, to which being added her fervent prayers to the Virgin Mother, in which she joined him with herself, stirred to the very depths his own feelings, and produced conflicting emotions in his breast.

True, there was no new revelation of the depths of her feelings for him. No, from the very first meeting such evidence was not wanting. Neither had the seeming dread of the future, as a source of revelation of what should prove to them a means of disquiet, from want of that perfect confidence they then had in each other, aroused any new thoughts in his own mind of such a possible contingency. But that the being before him, thus bound to him, and he to her, should, with all her intelligence and strength of mind, be the subject of such superstitions, should he say, nay, but such creature worship, and, too, drag him into it with her. And how could he separate

himself from it? Would she not be a part of himself, and could he exist outside of or away from her, as such part of himself? and yet what could he do? He felt wholly inadequate to the task of then struggling with the subject, and to divert his mind, he ran over in it, the subjects from which to choose something, when he remembered his purpose had been to ask how she came to have those pictures and other things which had so interested him, then with her, as her flight had been so precipitous and their bulk would not accord with the circumstances as detailed by her, and so he put the question to her, and which she answered by saying:

“True, we brought them not with us; they were entrusted to one that followed us, as he could do so securely, being, while in sympathy with us, at the same time in favor with the foe; being a wearer of the sacred vestments and a dispenser of the gifts of the church, he had a liberty which he used to our advantage, as well as for his own pleasure; for it pleased him to serve us thus; and now he remains here that he may be near us in case we should need him to again serve us.”

“Ah! Irene; why is it you have not told me of him before? and why have I not met him; pray tell me who and what he is, that I may pay my respects to him. I fear you have been very remiss in your duty to him, that is, if you deem me of any consequence in the matter of the little

world that surrounds us here, as I certainly should have contributed my mite in grateful acknowledgments, at least, for such a favor. And please enlighten me, and let me begin now, as soon as strength and opportunities shall warrant, to do my part."

"Well, sir; since you will, aye, will, yes, you will, and then, so nicely prefaced, too, how else could I do but obey, which now I will do. He took the father's vows and came to Zacatecas so that in the new world he might miss the seeing all those things that would bring her image to his soul; where the dead love should not rise up within the heart. Where naught should be enthroned but duties, duty to God and duty to man. The consecration which the fathers make do these embody.

"Well, he became confessor to our school; had foresight over us as his own flock, and it was task enough, some hundreds of us there together. And how, or why, I know not; but to me he seemed most tender, most careful, ever seeking to be near me with some lesson to impart. He wandered with us in our rambles through the fields, over the hills and across the valleys, as was often our custom, as the sisters would go out with us for air and exercise.

"At such times he kept close by my side with his great store of knowledge opened up to teach some good lesson or to make some new revelation of God in nature, as some plant, or shrub,



or stone or other form of God's great gifts earth to man were brought to view. Daily **th** we grew more closely joined by ties of intimacy until I came to look upon him as a necessary part of my own daily life; and he seemed to regard me as his child, and acted as if such I **wa**

"Days and months, nay, years, went on thus often, as if buried in thought, he sat beside **m** in the glen or on the mountain side whilst those around were making merry, or there enchained me with a recital of the great world's history; **c** the clash of arms; the rise and fall of empires; the struggles of the minds of those who had risen to greatness in their search for knowledge, and the rapid strides made by them in the realms **t** thought.

"He, too, discoursed of passion's forces, swaying often the world with pendulum motion, as if wholly hung upon one pivot. How Rome became the mistress of the world, and Alexander **w** because there were no more empires to conquer and how, now, Napoleon sways the rod so as **t** rule almost all of Europe.

"Ah, me; how I drank in all his words, and how I longed to know all that he knew, and with such feelings I clung the closer to him daily, and it was this, perhaps, that led him once without himself into the buried past, and brought before him those bright far off scenes, which once his soul had stirred unto its very depths, and he his history told me, and thus it ran:

“He was a prince, high born, of house next to the throne, and had, of course, the world’s broad range in which to roam for knowledge. And he good use had made, too, of it, and in the family but removed just one degree, there, too, was born a few years later than himself a female heir, a child of rarest beauty. They grew up together in sports, in books, in all that make up life, as they had the same instructors and lived under the same roof, and thus they went on day by day, hand in hand, along life’s flower strewn way, until youth had passed, and then still on until fully matured manhood, with the higher duties of its state those duties claimed, as he must be fitted to take his place within the forum, or in the field, as either should make call; and they must needs be parted. But not until vows were made and sealed with nature’s seal—those kisses born of love.

“He took departure and was gone, but still the stream of love flowed on through all the years by means of their impassioned letters, and when he came again into her presence his soul was wrapped in more than a supreme delight. Her form had into full perfection grown, and from her features went a glow of beauty, half divine. Ah, such does love forever see within its object.

“Days glided on; the gilded hues of life, sweet dreaming life, without alloy, without a thought upon the past or looking to the future, but only

now, filled with all the odors of an incense **cen-**sor, and illumed with more than that **same** brightness which around a Paul once shone; in themselves, and for themselves, but living; **who** shall say that such is not a foretaste of heaven?

“But then, alas; if such a foretaste, it is **just** a taste, and not a feast, for soon may spring **up** powers that shall rudely dash to earth the **cup** so sweetly held unto the lips.

“She sickened and hung days and weeks **upon** life’s very brink, still clinging, yet still strongly drawn away. He waited by her bedside **watch-**ing there the ebb and flow of that one tide of life, which carried back and forth her **spirit’s** bark; and there he watched and there he **prayed**; but no, the end had come, and she was **snatched** from out his arms.

“Then reason lost its hold, and he became **a** maniac; the power of death, with strain from **his** long watching, was too much to be borne, and **in** his ravings he uttered curses on his God, **and** raved to be allowed to destroy Him at the **can-**non’s mouth or sabre’s point; but he **remained** securely watched and with restraint until **nature** yielded and he swooned, in which condition **he** remained until strength of body gained the **vic-**tory, and he aroused to conscious weakness, **and** lay thus for days, himself but hanging just **as** she had done, ’twixt life and death, but his **strong** powers gained the victory and he arose.

“But aye, the void the heart then found **within**

the world; his high position and coming power in places high, all were then of no avail. He pined for that trusting heart, then lost forever to him; and place, position, prospects, all were then abandoned, and he took the father's vows, that in the duties they demand he might find balm to be applied unto his wounded spirit."

"Yes, Irene; such is but the tale of thousands; some blasted hopes of worldly honors; some severing of those earthly ties which bind with so much power the creature to the creature, does make them turn to God. Ah, not to God, but what man has made to take His place, that longle of ceremonies, with image worship, the heathens have sent down to us. And burdens on them laid of vows against nature, and only imposed to keep them in vile servitude."

"Oh, Jerald; how can you say so? You know they are not imposed upon them; they voluntarily assume those duties and take those vows; none are forced to do it: all do it of their own free will and accord. Then how can you say they are imposed upon them?"

"Why, Irene, do those women who rule the fashions impose forms of dress upon their fellows, which to them are heavy burdens to be borne, and why do those so burdened such their burdens bear? The wise, the good, the great, the learned and lowly, all alike these burdens bear, and no crusade of common sense, nor yet common decency, can change them from

that one purpose of being thus enslaved. If you will tell me how this is, then I will solve the other problem.

“And speaking thus of fashions and of dress brings up that other point, and now please — there, see, my manners have resumed their sway again — I say, now, please proceed and tell me all about those grand displays of gaudy trappings and fine things of ladies wear and household goods I once beheld, but which have now been put aside, perhaps you thought they did not well become the fit surroundings of a sick room, or it may be that to women’s eyes alone they should be shown. Think you we men do not such trappings, too, admire? and you may in response to what I have said of fashions retort, perhaps, and say, ‘why, but for the demands of men the women would not care for dress;’ but you forget, if such you would say, that it is only when we come to admire the style you make the change and force us to endure another siege of strong protest, and subject us to another defeat — but please proceed.”

“Ah, sir; each piece has its own peculiar history, and would you have me give them to you in detail or in a general way, to tell you of what composed and who their makers only?”

“Yes, Irene; I would listen to each minor point connected with them, as I know from what I saw of their appearance, that no common hands their beauties wrought, nor do they belong

this age, as there were patterns of the olden time, and their richness of texture and designs speak of a wealth not classed as ordinary, since none but those having princely fortunes could such outlay bear, as large sums would alone be compensation for them, and therefore, now again, I will say please proceed, and do not aught abridge or leave out aught, but make recital of the whole in every detail."

"Well, sir; the task is easy if you will use your eyes and peruse this manuscript, as in there each one has its number, and is full in the description, so here it is, and you may read."

"No, no, Irene; those pictures would have been now to me far less beautiful, if I had read of their creation in the book you gave me once in which to find their history; besides that story of the life and love of him who was your master would have been all lost. And likewise, I know that these have histories, and those who wrought them, too, had their own loves and lives of disappointments, and of pleasures, and I would hear them all from thy sweet lips — come now, darling, but proceed."

"Nay, sir; you press me now, and I will make you do penance for that tirade you did inflict on me against those holy men; and therefore, you shall wait to take such meager fare of tales of love connected with those things as you may glean from your own fancy from the story as within this manuscript told. And now I must

look to our repast, as I fear me your appetite has been sadly neglected in the feast we have attempted of the mind ; so now you can read, or else be still and commune with yourself."

"Indeed, Irene ; it strikes me that would now be poor business ; but if you will turn tyrant and make me obey you by thus deferring the narrative, and will away to prepare the food, I will my mind employ in the study of those paintings which more than ever now have charm for me.

"As for the story of the gewgaws — ah, excuse me — I should say those gems of art, as they are but the product of that art, which ranks but little lower than that the painter worships, as to design, and then to have the skill to produce such is, indeed, an art, and that, too, high ; I say then, as to those fair gems of art, I will wait the full recital of their history from your own sweet lips."

"Well, sir ; I fear me your ambitious thirst for knowledge will such meager field there find in which its furrows deep to run that it will sterile grow and become barren and unfruitful, without such books as knowledge give of what the world has been, is now, or yet may be, in the minds of men, at least, and with no will power left to bring your laggard mind to them peruse. what would you tell of those old masters and their times, whose genius did those forms create by brush to canvas, of which these are meager copies ? I say, with will — and yet, perhaps, it is but the wish that is lacking — to bring you to

sal when light of growth of ages in high  
ld burst upon your mind, with lack of  
wish or will to it peruse, what a laggard  
st be, indeed, and since you need to go  
l and find a master who will make you  
w will tell you that until you scan its  
learn from them that history, I will not  
the tale you wish to hear of these gew-  
such you are pleased to call them; so  
e this book and go to work, whilst I  
d prepare.”



## CHAPTER XXV.

## LANGUAGE AND LOVE.

ALLAN had been regularly installed as a member of his uncle's family, at least to the extent of having a room fitted up for his use and being taken as a boarder therein, and he was thoroughly devoted to his profession; and although he had so far found that his success had been up to, and even beyond his most sanguine expectations when he entered upon the practice, yet he found that a knowledge of the French language would be necessary to give him that scope he so much desired, as he had found that it was difficult without it to get along in such families as used that tongue, and which at that time constituted a much larger proportion of the residents than is now the case, although there are still many families there in which no other tongue is used. He therefore set about accomplishing this design, and found in his Cousin Mary not only an able assistant, but an efficient teacher, as she had not only been instructed during her school days by native teachers, but had, through intercourse with those of the scholars attending the school who were from the many French families of the city, as well as from her social relations outside

of the school room, become a very fluent speaker. Indeed, it would have been difficult to detect any inaccuracies in her use of the language.

Certain evenings in each week were set apart to be devoted to the study, as well as it being arranged that all their conversations when they should alone be engaged therein, should be carried on in that language. This necessarily threw them much together, and indeed concentrated their thoughts on one another, as it was the constant effort of one to impart, and the other to acquire the desired knowledge. With this effort came the study of the minds and dispositions, and soon it was very perceptible that the fixed times and set occasions for being together for such exercises, were not enough to satisfy their desires, and the rule was so broken over, that business professionally on his part, and home duties urgent and pressing, or callers only, on her part would find them apart during any and all evenings of the week. And to give occasion other than the study of the language for their constant intercourse, whether from design or accident, it is not necessary to say, they engaged in contests over the chess board, as it was a favorite game with both; Mary having been instructed by her father, who was an expert player — though not by any means a Paul Morphy — until she was his equal, quite as often vanquishing as being vanquished; and Allan having made use of it during his college and medical

course, not only as a means of recreation, but also as a method of disciplining his mind; and thus they were so well instructed that their contests were marked with great skill, and the victories so evenly balanced as to keep to the highest point the interest of both. While thus engaged their conversations were kept up in the French language, so that profit was not lost in the pursuit after pleasure at their evening sittings.

Helen had, too, set about the study of the language under Mary's instruction; and while not so expert a chess player as either of the others, yet she was so fond of the game that she enjoyed watching the others play, at the same time taking part in the conversation. She was also called on frequently by her uncle to take part with him in the game, and though not fully able to cope with him, yet he managed to let her get the better of him often enough to keep her courage up. She also, when playing with him, required his aid in the acquisition of the language; for, although he was not so good a scholar, nor so fluent of speech, or so accurate in pronunciation as Mary, yet was sufficiently so that Helen progressed; and thus paired, or mingling all together, were the evenings usually spent, and time passed pleasantly as well as profitably to all.

Of course, Jerald and his "wild goose chase" were often the subjects of conversation, and

at anxiety was felt to have him return; and it was especially the case with the cousins, after having seen him. Most of all did they desire to see the lady of his choice, as, from his description, they all anticipated much pleasure in his meeting and in the enjoyment of her society, they considered it as a matter of course that she would be one of them; for, as his wife, could she not be a daughter, sister and cousin to them? Indeed, the father and mother were feeling quite as anxious to see her as the young couple, and had there been telegraphs in those days the wires would have been burdened with messages, demanding their immediate presence. As it was, all they could do was to await the effect of the joint letter dispatched by Mary and Helen, containing not only their joint wishes, but also their joint commands.

But would he obey? would she not on the success of the cause, drag him off into the interior? in case of defeat, what then? would he survive? and if so, would she be left to him? and could they get away together? or would either of them be taken prisoners? and if so, what then? It was conjecture, and nothing but conjecture comforted them; and the consolation they had was in the thought that all was in the hands of an all-ruling providence "who doeth all things well." The letters received by Allan and Helen from their parents, were filled with regrets at his absence, but encouraging to Allan to be-

come a worthy representative of his class and profession; and to Helen to gain as much of the knowledge of the world and its ways as her situation and circumstances would allow; and while they looked forward to her return to them at some future day, they regarded Allan as a tree transplanted into new ground, or as a sheep no longer of their fold; and their anxiety for him was only that he might acquit himself with honor in his new field.

Helen had felt that her duty had been performed in the dispatch of her note to Eleanor, in answer to her's, and in review of the past had not regretted the course taken, and could only await future developments, leaving it to time and providence to solve the problem of her heart's doing. As for her attachment to Arthur, that not only lingered, but still held a strong place in her heart, from which it would not be easy to drive it, and but for the barrier of faith all would be well; and should it not yet be well. But how? Yes, that was the question, and that all absorbing question; but no answer came which could satisfy the longings, and time alone must tell.

Mary's Jewish lover, either from design, through the force of circumstances, had not been called since the arrival of her cousins; neither had she seen him but the one time, as mentioned, when in company with Helen they saw him cross the street in front of them. And s

began now to secretly wish that he would not again cross her path. At any rate, that she would not be called upon to do as she had determined she would: give him a denial should he ever press her for an answer to the all important question. But could she hope to avoid him altogether when the season came around again for parties and entertainments, such as they were in the habit of attending together? and how should she act towards him in case they did thus meet? Suppose he should seek her presence and make advances in conversation, would she cut him altogether, or would she by her coldness give him to understand that his attentions were no longer acceptable? While she had been free to talk to Helen about him at first, she had come now to desire to avoid the subject, and instead of seeking advice, she would rely on her own best judgment, or upon the surrounding circumstances to give direction to her action, when the time came, should it ever do so, for action. To say that she had begun to feel an attachment for her cousin, might perhaps be a little premature; but that his presence was highly pleasing, and his conversations and attentions very agreeable to her, was quite evident, although she would not have owned it to herself, yet it was quite apparent that a little more than a cousinly feeling had taken possession of her; and to this may in some measure be attributed her desire to shun her Jewish

friend. True, she had about made up her mind to discard him before, but now it had almost become a matter of positive fixedness of purpose in her mind; and while she preferred not to be called upon to do so, yet she felt she could without regret now deny him in case he should ask her.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE TWO WIVES.

IRENE having performed her task of the preparation of Jerald's food, a task assumed of deferment, that she might with her own hands minister to his physical wants, as the one servant she had was accustomed to supplying her's and he having partaken with evident relish, and now could he do otherwise than partake with a relish, since her hands had prepared, and her smiling smile supplemented the tender pathos of the words by which she urged him to partake, and after, as we have said, partaking with a relish, and she had removed the dishes upon which the repast was served, and had seated herself again by his side, he begged her to proceed again with the narrative, which he assured her was so anxious to hear from her own lips. But she protested he had not performed the penance given him, by the perusal of the history contained in the book given him when she left to prepare the meal, of the pictures before him, rather the original ones, of which these were but copies, and she insisted that he should do so before she would proceed. But he pleaded sickness, and promised to comply at some



future time, and was so urgent with his request, that she proceeded, as follows :

“Theresa Zavalla was born in Madrid. Her parents were of the most opulent, as well as the most noble of the families of the kingdom, and they had each amassed large fortunes, having been engaged in mining operations in the new world.

“Her father had, for so young a man, become a great favorite at court, and when Theresa was but three years old, he was, upon the urgent request of those in authority, induced to accept a foreign embassy.

“Her mother, being naturally of a feeble constitution, and feeling the severities of the trip, as the means of travel were of the ruder kind, did not accompany her father, to whom she was more than devoted, and which feeling was reciprocated by him, and but for the urgent solicitation of those at court, almost amounting to a command—he would not have undertaken the mission.

“The separation preyed upon the mind of her mother, and from the natural frailty of her body she would have sunken hopelessly under it, but for the interest she had in her child, to which she was bound by all a mother’s devotion; and when the news of her father’s death, from accidental drowning, came—having been knocked off shipboard in a storm—her mother was so shocked that she never recovered from it, but

d in a few days, leaving Theresa in the  
e of a favorite brother, who had a son, an  
y child, some three years Theresa's senior.

Her brother's family accepted the gift with  
the enthusiasm of those who have found a  
y valuable treasure, as they felt it would  
plete their household, giving them, as it  
e, a son and a daughter; and the devotion  
ich they had before shown the son, they  
v extended to the niece; and soon they did  
seem to know that she was not their own  
ld. Of course such devotion would naturally  
duce care and anxiety, and it soon became  
wish of their hearts to rear the two with the  
st scrupulous care and exactness. To that  
they employed all the attendants demanded  
the times, and their own circumstances, and  
nce began planning for their education at  
e, by means of private instructors.

Thus the children grew up from day to day,  
from year to year, loving and being loved,  
er scarcely being separated, pursuing their  
lies, and engaging in all their pleasurable  
suits together. The family looked upon their  
ving attachment with very great pleasure,  
it became a settled purpose to have the pair  
ded at the proper time, thus securing not  
v in itself what would have been the desire  
heir hearts in the union of the two to whom  
y had already given their hearts' best feel-  
s, but at the same time to thus unite their

fortunes, besides retaining them in the family; as their union would secure them both to them, and leave no possibility of either departing, or being estranged from them.

“In the furtherance, or rather in the accomplishment of this purpose, they were at the ages of sixteen and nineteen respectively, united in marriage and, of course, made no change in their mode of living, continuing, as before, a part of the household.

“Some three years rolled round, when events in the new world attracted the attention of Ignacio Montes — Theresa’s husband — and the fire of ancient chivalry began to burn in his bosom, and when amid the stir of military parade he made up his mind to accompany an expedition just fitting out for Mexico, and having so determined without even consulting his own feelings as to the effect of separation from his parents, from whom he had never been away for the space of a day scarcely, but more especially from Theresa, who had been his constant companion from childhood, and became pledged to the enterprise he was not to be changed from his purpose. Though upon serious and sober thought, he felt the power of the ordeal, not only upon himself, but upon the others, yet would not retract, and, therefore, it was made a necessity of by all; and his father determined to turn it into account, as he had large mining interests in the section near to which he was destined, and he commissioned

him to look to them while there. He and Theresa having never been separated, this being their first experience, when the time came their's was something like the bidding *adieu* of two playmates who expect soon to see each other again, and therefore the parting was marked by none of those expressions of sorrow which follow the parting of those who have before experienced the bitterness of hearts sundered by time and distance, that beat as their's did — as one — but was, as it were, a parting of pleasure instead of sorrow.

“Ignacio's hopes ran high for a good time, and as he knew nothing of the perils or hardships of the trip, so he feared nothing, and was all anxiety and anticipation, looking to adventure and the seeing new sights and new scenes, instead of enduring perils or hardships.

“The voyage proved to be one of mild weather, and they reached the shores of the new world in safety, and entered upon the land travel with high spirits, their destination being Zacatecas.

“Ignacio being vigorous in body and full of exuberant spirits, kept them up pretty well during the journey. But the restraints of camp life and the drudgery of military operations in camp soon wearied and chafed him, and he acting under their influence, resigned his position and set about looking after the mining interests of which I have spoken. These led him into the mountain wilds, with the wilderness to be traversed, with the scenery of which he was more than charmed.

He accomplished his purpose and was returning to the city of Zacatecas, when his party was set upon by a band of freebooters, and after a severe contest the robbers fled, but not without having stricken Ignacio down and slain most of his party, a large part of their own number having also been slain. Those of his party that were left prepared a litter, and placing Ignacio thereon took him to the nearest *hacienda*, which proved to be that of my mother's father.

"His wounds proved to be much more severe than at first apprehended, and he lay for some days hanging between life and death, but finally rallied, and when he came to full consciousness he beheld a maiden in all the bloom of youth and as his eyes fell upon her he seemed to drink in an ecstasy of delight.

"The watcher was none other than my mother's only sister, who was sitting beside his couch and when aroused he threw his hand to his forehead, and she followed it with her's, pressing upon it, as it were, involuntarily, and the pressure seemed to thrill him like an electric spark of pleasure. Neither spoke for the moment, and he was the first to break the silence by asking where he was, and how he came there? She recounted to him the circumstances of the attack of the robbers, his being wounded and brought there for shelter and relief.

"Soon his mind recalled the circumstances of his trip and the attack, and after inquiry as to

the rest of the party, he, at her urgent solicitation, composed himself and slept a short and restless nap, she maintaining her position as watcher by his side, and upon awakening, he seemed as much struck by her appearance as before he had been when first beholding her.

“My aunt had, upon his being brought to the house, been struck with his beauty of person and features, and, indeed, her feelings were very much such as he had manifested at seeing her. And when she saw the effect her own appearance had upon him, she was more than ever drawn to him.

“Thus from the very first there was an evident reciprocal feeling, which bordered strongly on what is called love at first sight. So with an evident recognition of the fact on the part of each, no allusion was made to whys and wherefores, but day after day she came to his bedside, and day after day he received her with all the demonstrations of that tenderest of passions.

“He convalesced, and when able to go about they rode, walked, talked, read and, indeed, did all that lovers would do, knowing of nothing and thinking of nothing but themselves and the little circle of the world in which they then moved, and with health restored, he showed no disposition to depart, and never referred to his previous life, relationship, nor, indeed, to anything connected with himself; and she never pressed him to do so, or, indeed, made any allusion to the

subject; it was enough for her to have him there and with her, and to know, as she did, that he loved her; and it never occurred to her that he could be anything to any one else, as she felt that he was all in all to her. Thus they lived in themselves, at least so far as she knew. He went into the city and returned, bringing with him presents and pleasurable surprises in the way of just what she most prized; and they thus lived on from day to day. But still no proposition of change of situation was ever referred to by him; and when such thoughts had passed through her mind, she had banished them with the contemplation of the ecstasy of the present enjoyment, and thus kept them off as intruders. But like the end of all earthly things, the end to this state of things came at last. He had, after a long struggle, made up his mind that happiness in this world could only come to him by and through her. And with his child wife, as it were — she with whom he had grown up with a brother's feelings, never knowing the power of the passion which now swayed him, and burned with so much of heat within his bosom, and she; could she feel any more than a sister's attachment for him? He asked himself what were the evidences of feeling on her part, and actual feelings on his, when separation took place between them? and then compared my aunt's perfect devotion and his own known strength of feeling now, and said to himself, can it be that nature, or

God Himself would demand the sacrifice of all that is worth living for in the world, to obey the demands of a mere form or ceremony? And his heart answered, no. And his decision was made, and the nuptials took place, my aunt being, of course, in entire ignorance of any former ties.

“They lived and loved, and years went by, he going into the city and returning with presents and ample means at command for all their wants. She had obtained from him the whole of the story of his visit to the mines and the interest held in them; but that was all in a business way she ever asked or obtained.

“They were childless, and therefore had more time for, and less interruption to, their personal attachment, which seemed, if possible, to increase in strength with the increase of years. But as I have said before, like the coming of the end of all earthly things, their dream of bliss was destined to come to end also.

“The child wife, who was no longer a child, but a sturdy woman, with a woman’s will, tired of waiting, and having upon the institution of the necessary inquiries learned the state of affairs, determined to visit the scene in person. So one fine morning a courier was dispatched from the city with a note to Ignacio, asking his immediate presence at the hotel, without giving any reasons except as to its being an urgent call.

“Of course, he repaired in haste, and when arriving was ushered into the presence of her whom



he had left years before as his wife, with so little of effort, and who was, as it were, a mere child, but now was a noble looking woman, with a splendid physique and altogether one to be loved; and the old feelings sprang to his heart, but not with the burst of the last passion, but a halo seemed thrown around her, and he stood quite as much in awe as admiration; and she, too, seemed spellbound; all her plans formed for the meeting had come to naught, and for a moment they stood gazing at each other, then came a burst of exclamations and a complete breaking down, when they rushed into each other's arms, and how long they remained there it is needless to say, but they both seemed at once to arouse to a sense of the situation, and she was the first to withdraw herself from the embrace, and obtaining sufficient control of herself, took a seat in front of him, and asked for an explanation.

“For the moment he was dumb, keeping his gaze steadily fixed upon her features. The rapidity with which thought passed through his mind none can tell, save such as have been overtaken by some such sudden impulse, and after having really contemplated the situation, he burst out into exclamations and ejaculations of self-reproach, and seemed, as it were, crushed to earth writhing like a strong man in a fit. When he had exhausted his strength, he threw himself into a chair and burst into sobs like a sorrowing child —

‘ How long this scene would have lasted, none could tell, but my aunt having learned by a messenger dispatched from the hotel, through an especial friend — if gossips can be called such —

the state of affairs, just then entered the room, and confronted the two, she being herself shocked and amazed at the exhibition before her. With her own Ignacio sobbing like a whipped child, in the presence of so noble and so grand appearing woman, who was herself

in tears, drawn out from sympathy, on beholding her husband so overcome. It was some moments before my aunt could recover sufficiently

to demand an explanation; when she did, Ignacio seemed to break completely down, and as

she saw no hope of relief to her anxiety from that quarter, she turned to the new comer and

demanded the explanation of her, who, upon being confronted, felt her indignation rise,

and brushing away her tears, demanded by what right she came, and who bade her interfere in a

matter which only concerned her, and him beside her, who was her husband. When, at the

mention of *husband*, my aunt turned upon Ignacio a look that seemed to go through and

rough him, and demanded to know the truth of the assertion.

‘ Alas, poor man! what should he do? With

so such noble women before him, either of whom he would be willing so snatch up and fly

with to the uttermost parts of the earth, if **he** could get rid of the effect upon the other.

“Oh, the depths of the heart’s emotions **who** can tell? How should he extricate himself from the dilemma? and what would become of those before him? To the first he would ever have been true, had the second never come in **his** way; and the second he could adore to the **end** of life but for the first. But, what to do with both? and with such feelings and thoughts pressing upon him, he, in all the impetuosity **of** his nature, made a full acknowledgement **and** left the issue with them.

“And it was as if the angel of peace **had** spread his wings over them. The two wives clasped each other in their arms, and wept long and sore, only releasing their grasps with **ex-**haustion; and all this time Ignacio stood spell-bound, with thought rapidly following thought through his mind, in the vain endeavor to come to some conclusion as to what would be the **end** of all this, when the Gordian knot was severed by the child wife exclaiming to my aunt: ‘**You** may have him, and I will take the veil, and **de-**vote my life to the sacred duties of the convent.’”

“‘No, no!’ burst from the lips of my **aunt**; ‘no, no! no, no! not so! I will not have it so! **I** will not let you outdo me in generosity; **no**, you take him and I will become the recluse.’”

“But she replied: ‘Nay, I will not! I will **not**! you must have him; me he respected; you **he**

has loved. I gave him my childish heart in all its simplicity and trustfulness; you gave him your woman's heart, all gushing, warm and vigorous; no! you take him and I will away.'

"No, no! do not ask me; I will not, I can not deprive one so noble, so generous of that love which is her due; that first love; no, no! I will not, I can not do as you wish: let me be the recluse, and you take him; ah, take him, and may you ever be as happy with him as I have been, for the few short years that we have been together.'

"But she replied: 'No, no! I will not; I am the one that must relinquish. My love was like the rivulet; yours like the rushing river. Mine can be turned into another channel, for, I feel that to know that when but one can be happy with him, and the other must give him up, I can better bear the struggle than you; and I shall find solace in the sacred walls of the convent, where my days will be spent in devotion to God, and the works He shall give me to do.'

"Oh, noble woman! oh, generous soul! how can I take aught from you that is your just right? and now let us both enter the cloister, and let him we both love so much, seek in fields of glory to banish us, and the wrong he has done us, by yielding to that passion which is often stronger than life itself, from his mind, and if possible to let the love of glory banish

that love which he has cherished there for from his heart; and while he mingles with the world, and encounters its dangers, and bears trials, we will implore the Virgin to protect him. Now, let that be our decision.'

"'No, no! not unless it be his wish; and now we will leave the matter with him to make the decision in which all have so much interest. And now, what say you, sir?'

"'Oh! I have felt as if the heavens and the earth were brought together, and were crushing me between them, while you have been thus engaged, each in the struggle to do what, and for what the angels might envy. Ah, who shall the problem solve?'

"'To live without either would doom me to a life of misery; but to see such a sacrifice from either as you both have shown, not only a disposition but a willingness to make, how can I consent to it? then do not ask me to decide; if you can not agree, let us all sink into despair together. Oh, fate! oh, providence! come, Holy Virgin and aid us in our dilemma.'

"At that point the child wife gathered the hands of Ignacio and my aunt, and placing them together, fled from their presence, and hurrying to the convent, sought and obtained admission; and what could the others do but return to their home and their loves.

"Years rolled on; the child wife became the mother superior; Ignacio was killed in one of

the contests for liberty, he having espoused the republican cause, and shortly before leaving the convent my aunt died, and upon her death bed sent for me, and this collection here then gave me. These are gifts from the mother superior, she who was the child wife; and these are some she taught me how to make when in the convent. So now, sir, you have the history."

"And a most remarkable one it is, indeed, Irene; oh, the nobleness, the thorough unselfishness of woman's nature, when called to its exercise in trying circumstances."

"Jerald, do you think I could give you up so? Ah, my heart tells me no, no, no — never!"

"But, Irene, you have not, and I hope and trust you never will be called upon to make the trial."

"If I should, I know it would kill me. I should not survive it; and now take that kiss from me as a seal of what I say. And I must away and send the old man in to be with you through the night; and since you need repose after my wearisome tales, try and compose yourself and find refreshment and rest in sleep."

"Nay, Irene; do not leave me yet, until I tell you of your great mistake, when you called your tales wearisome ones. If you would but thus entertain me I should not care for sleep, until exhausted nature imperatively demanded it."

"I fear me, sir, exhausted nature now demands it, and I must away."

“Then now another parting token, and **you** may go, if you will.”

“No, sir; I will not chase my own free **gift** away to give place to one of **your** asking; **and** you must be content with what you have. **And** now obey me when I tell you to compose **your**-self and find refreshment in sleep. I am **your** nurse, you know, and must command, while it is for you only to obey. So now, good **night**; and in the morning let me find that you **have** been obedient to my commands.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE GIG AND LOVE MAKING.

AT that day a physician's practice was not so much in the way of prescription writing and office work, when the patients make him the visits, as is now the custom. He was expected to make calls upon them at their residences and there prescribe, carrying with him, of course, the necessary medicines, which then consisted almost entirely of calomel and jalop, pink and senna, Peruvian bark and the lancet for blood letting. In order to do this successfully, Allan had procured a gig and horse, the gig being the usual style of vehicle of that day for physicians, and as his field embraced the whole of the then city, suburbs and all, the extent was sufficient to make some of his visitations constitute quite an extended trip. And it soon came to be that when he had one of such calls to make he would invite his sister or cousin to accompany him, as his gig was not like its two-wheeled fellow of the present day known as the sulky, but was a double-seated affair, that is the one seat was large enough for two persons to sit in, and generally without much crowding, at that, unless both belonged to the corpulent class, as the seats



were then made with what would now be considered an extra width. Of course, when the girls were at liberty so that they could do so, they gladly accompanied him, as it gave them the opportunity of enjoying what most girls need — air and exercise — as well as the privilege of becoming acquainted with the city, and of acquiring the knowledge of things around them. But somehow or other after the custom had continued for some time, it became evident, not only to Helen, but to other observers also, that Mary's invitations to take such jaunts with him became more frequent than those of Helen, he often making some such apology as "I see, Helen, you are engaged, so I will invite Mary to go with me this time," that is, if he made any apology at all. Of course, such conduct was not long in being properly interpreted, at least by Helen, and instead of protesting against it, she would aid him in his plans, by not only being engaged herself at something when she expected his coming, but she would also take Mary's place in the work she was engaged at, if it needed immediate attention, and thus remove any barrier to her acceptance of his invitation. Likewise, their evening games or French lessons were engaged in and pursued in some other room than the public sitting room, as at first, and to all of which exclusiveness and partiality Mary seemed to be a willing party; and so far from there being any objection on the part of any of the

mediate members of the family, to all of whom it soon became apparent, to such exclusiveness, or at least to the cause producing it, they all favored it as much as possible. Helen could often purposely engage her aunt and uncle in some way, either by conversation, reading, or by games, in order to give the opportunity to the others to enjoy themselves, free from any possibility of intrusion.

Thus matters stood, when Helen received a letter from Eleanor, and upon looking at the superscription, and recognizing the handwriting, she expected of course to find it a reply to her own formal note, but on opening and reading, she found it to run:

*My Very Dear Friend Helen:*

‘Why and how is it we have not heard one word from you, since my brother left you? and only heard through him then. Of course, I excused you for not writing at that time, as you did not know of his departure. But pray, whose fault is it, that our correspondence has dropped out of the business, or rather I should say pleasures of life? Am I, or are you at fault? Verily, I do not myself know who is the laggard. Indeed, Helen, my experiences in the sick room the last few months, first with father, and then with he and Arthur both, had any one told me I could have endured it, I should not have believed them. Then, poor mother; I have

really from the very bottom of my heart, pitied her. How she, day after day and night after night, struggled to keep up with the duties of the household; and to aid all she could in the sick rooms; for, while we kept each in his own room, the door opened between them, so that the wants of both could be attended to by one watcher, so far at least as one was able to attend to such. Oh, Helen, such a duty I hope never to have to perform again; no, never. But thanks to a kind providence, they are now both out of danger. Indeed, father is able to be about the house, and to venture out some little; and my brother, Arthur, is sitting up, and I must tell you of him, too, Helen. When the fever was raging so high, and he was out of his head, he talked incessantly about you, and was constantly endeavoring to convince you of the correctness of the assumption of the position that we Episcopalians take of being *The Church*, which led us to suppose the question had arisen between you. So, when he was again himself—that is, far enough recovered that we thought it prudent to do so—we questioned him in regard to the matter, and he owned that the subject had been one of discussion between you, and that it had assumed a shape that would result seriously, unless he should be able to convince you of the correctness of his position, and thus forever put the matter at rest. And he applied to father to assist him in the compilation of such

a line of argument, with the undeniable authorities bearing thereon, as would leave no doubt in your mind of the correctness of his position.

“Oh, Helen, how strange it is, that we professing Christians, have so little understanding of ourselves, even in our own beliefs. While father asserted at once that the task would be a very easy one, indeed, there have been difficulties presented, which in themselves seem now almost insurmountable.

“Of course, it was necessary at first to lay down the line of argument; and in order to do that, the effort was made as far as possible to change positions with you; and then to demand what would convince him, when thus placed; not what would satisfy one born and brought up in *The Church*, but one thus situated in another church. And then to support our claim of being *the one and only Church*—how should that be done? First, it must be established that there was the one and only church, legally and authoritatively established, and which should be and remain, the one and only church, throughout all ages, to be regularly and distinctly kept up in its organization, free from taint or deviation of any kind, from the one set of fixed and binding rules and demands, that should be, and were, authoritatively promulgated and established, as the standards and regulations of such body.

“Such they admitted must be the basis upon

which to begin their investigations. Then, after having found that Christ when upon earth, or the Holy Spirit sent after His resurrection, did so ordain and establish such a church; for nothing short of this they admitted would or could be satisfactory; then, I say, after they had found that such a church had been thus authoritatively established, it would be necessary to show that our's possessed all the elements of the so constituted church, and that no other church at this day possessed such an organization. This, they themselves admitted necessary, in order to make it convincing.

“And they have found the way so hedged up, thus far, that they have not been able to lay the first foundation stone, upon which to build the structure of their church. And they have appealed to our good bishop for help, and unless he comes to their aid, with a light as bright as the noonday sun's glare, I fear they will be left in the slough of despondency. Oh, it is dreadful, Helen, to think of giving up the faith of a lifetime; to let loose the anchor of the soul, which was looked upon as being so securely fixed where naught should loose it. And should they fail to convince themselves, as they thus have been put, as it were, in your place, what then? Indeed, I dare scarcely think of the consequences? for, can father longer continue, as he has done, for so many years, to teach unto others, what he shall find to be untrue? and

What will Brother Arthur do? Abandon his idea of becoming a rector and perhaps a bishop, as he had hoped, in the church? I do hope the good bishop will be able to lead them into the right, or that a revelation may come from some other quarter, for it would be so dreadful to have to undo the work of a lifetime, as father would, or to abandon so cherished an object as Arthur would have to, and not become as he hoped to be distinguished in the church.

Well, it is strange, Helen, that his love for me should have brought about such a result; but he says, without you, this world would be nothing to him; and oh, Helen, you can not tell how we have all set our hearts on having you one as, as Arthur's wife, and when he told us of the difficulties that rose up between you in regard to faith, and we all saw the magnitude of the danger, we were almost amazed at ourselves to see how deeply all felt. And this is why I am here to tell you all about what is being done to convince you, and I do hope we will succeed. No, should we not, and father and Arthur find that we have been in error in believing, and the one teaching, that our's is the one and only church, then, I suppose, they will have to abandon it and take their places in some other; as there would be no hope of reforming the whole church at so vital a point; and so, Helen, we shall only have to wait in hope.

I wrote you a note, at Arthur's request, to

apprise you of his condition, and after I had sent it, and came to think it over, I felt mortified that I had written you so formally. An old school and room-mate, my most intimate friend, and then the one that was to be to me a sister. Indeed, Helen, you can not think how I upbraided myself, and I could only reconcile myself to myself with the thought that you knew me, and too, that you would understand, at least to some extent, for you could not fully appreciate all, without having been similarly situated — how I was worn out with watching, and I thought certainly you would forgive me. And now, if you have received that hastily written, and I fear too formal a note, and should have felt aggrieved, I pray you will try, if possible, to place yourself in my position — as we are endeavoring to do ourselves in this church matter with you — and then have a proper degree of charity, at least to the extent of forgiveness.

“ Shall we ever again keep up that steady flow in the stream of our correspondence that we used to? As for myself, ‘ the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak,’ that is, the daily duties of life are so wearisome to the flesh that the spirit can not at all times goad it on with the lash of strong desire, to the performance of even so pleasing a task as communion with a dear friend like yourself, when the necessary day’s labor has exhausted the nervous powers.

“ Alas! the demands of such daily duties have

n so urgent of late that all of life has been, or  
ned to be, but a fevered dream, at best. But  
, since there has come some little let-up, I  
y hope to be able to return to my old ways,  
be a better correspondent than I have been,  
with the promise of trying to be, and with  
ndship's offering and a sisterly budget of  
e, I subscribe myself as ever,

“Yours,

“ELEANOR.”

his letter brought Arthur up again to Helen,  
all his manhood, in all his attractions, in all  
fascinations for her. The old flame — if we  
y so apply the term — to the smouldering em-  
s which she had attempted to extinguish  
covering with the ashes of indifference, made  
up with determination — sprang up again in  
heart, with a glow which made itself felt,  
ducing a brightness of countenance; and had  
one been present, as there was not, she hav-  
taken the precaution to be alone, the marked  
nge in her countenance might have been  
inly visible to them. And she owned a lighter  
rt than she had known since the controversy  
h Arthur on their faith. But then, what  
ld be the result? she must needs ask her-  
. Suppose they succeeded in convincing  
mselves, would the arguments which would  
vince them be satisfactory to her? For what  
ld really satisfy her? Nothing but the most  
itive and incontrovertible evidence; and



could that be found? Her hope was that they should fail to convince themselves, and then abandon the church. This, she admitted, was the only apparent way out of the difficulty, and this she must look to and rely upon."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SCARF AND THE VIRGIN; OR, THE MATERIAL  
AND SPIRITUAL.

IRENE passed the night in sleepless unrest. A few snatches of half unconsciousness that came to her were burdened with the image of the man as she first saw him held to the horse by the scarf, or as he lay before her when first taken from him, unconscious and covered with blood. The effect of such image would be to arouse her full consciousness again, when her thoughts would go out in the vain endeavor to determine what would be the result of his wound. True, the old man had assured her it was not a dangerous one; and had he not shown himself a skilled surgeon? but had he not also said fever must follow, and what might not that result in? He had also said that good nursing and his skill would bring him through. If good nursing would save him, she should have that, for no one but herself should be allowed to have a hand in taking care of him as long as strength lasted through the day, and could not the old man be with him at night, and was he so likely to be a good nurse for him as one so skilled as he had shown himself to be. Indeed, he should have all the tender care that

could be given by hands guided by love, and such love as her's, too, for him, the depths of which no plummet of sordidness could fathom, or its broad expanse be bounded by the shores of conventional rules. Whatever of heart she had was his; no mincing, no mixing, no reservations, and she was eager to be at her post by his bedside. And before the sun's first ray had gilded the east she was engaged in the preparation of his meal, for, even in that, she determined that no hands but her own should take part. And at the very first moment that she could be satisfied that he was awake, she had borne his meal to him, and was urging him to eat what she had with her own hands prepared.

"Yes, Irene; the love that could thus prompt, how shall I ever requite? I am conscious of the weakness of human nature, of the frailties of mortality. Such love as this is only fitted for perfect beings."

"No, Jerald; if you were aught but what you are, my heart would not, could not, go out after you. The very fact of your mortality makes me cling the closer to you; for I even fear me now that you may escape me. Dare I tell you that your present condition fills me with untold apprehensions of coming dangers, perhaps death; and woe is me if such should come. I can not think the thought without a shudder; I can not look at you and remember that you are wounded without grim fear seizing me. Oh, horror of hor-

is; and yet I know you are mortal; that we are all mortal, and that is why I love you. Were you an angel I could not thus love you, for you would not need my love to make you happy. It is this that makes me cling so closely to you, as it is only by me alone that you can be happy. It was this drew us together at the very first. Our hearts went out to each other like the metal to the magnet. The world now with you to me is all beautiful, but without you it would be all dark, all sickness or a blank. See, you have not even looked at, much less tasted, the food that I have with so much care prepared for you. Has that color of love with which I seasoned it made it more unsavory to you? If so I will cast it to the dogs and will let the servant dish you up what I have only the odor of prepared meats."

"Why, Irene; how can you thus badger me? You are a cruel taunter instead of a tender nurse. Say, how could I bring the demands of the body into the account when partaking of such a feast for the soul as you favored me with, and from the partaking of which you gave me no time to recover before you taunted me with a lack of appreciation of the work of your hands, and in order to make the accusation stronger, offered me seasoning for which, if possible, I should have prized it most, as the ground of its rejection. I shall eat the whole of it now at the risk of bringing on a fit of indigestion, if not of gout, or bring to naught your grave accusation. But

pray, could you not like the incense on the altar flavor the sacrifice by imparting a little of love's nectar to my lips from your own before I begin?"

"What, the last thing at night and the first in the morning! Nay, such a beggar as you shall not only go empty to bed, but shall lack that form of love's seasoning for his morning's repast; so now partake, or I shall away with it and make you fast until the next meal hour, and which I do bethink me would be a good penance for you, and so I will go with it."

"Hold; do not, I pray you; see, now, I will partake with a relish which will satisfy your autocratic demands."

Jerald having finished his repast and the dishes being removed, Irene went about arranging things in the apartment, when she came across the scarf, and picking it up, began its examination, when unfolding it she found the bullet had penetrated through the folds until it came to the one on which the Virgin was worked when it was arrested, upon observing which she exclaimed:

"Ah, Jerald; here is proof as strong as Holy Writ; see, this scarf I gave you, which not only saved your life, but was the means of bringing you safely to me; and here is the image of the Virgin I worked on it; it was it that arrested the bullet. Oh, Holy Mother, I thank thee that thou didst lead me to the task of working it, and that thou didst influence me to gird him with it, and that thou didst, by thine image, arrest the mur-

derous ball. Come, Jerald, now no longer doubt the Virgin's power; but for her interposition, what would your condition now be? Numbered with the slain. And what would then have become of me? I can not be too grateful to thee, oh, Virgin Mother, for thy inspiration, thy moving hand, in the bestowal of this gift by me upon him."

"Why, and upon what principle, can you attribute such power to the Virgin, Irene?"

"See here, sir, if you doubt me; see there, her image with the indentation in it, and then dare to doubt it, if you will."

"True, as you say, Irene, in regard to the image being there, with the indentation being in it; and that the ball was stopped by the strength of the cloth, and at that one fold on which the image is; but that she, a human being, like ourselves, and hundreds of years since dead, and we may trust in heaven, at least her spirit is there; I say, for us to think or believe, if you please, that she either inspired you to work that scarf for me, or that it was her power that arrested the ball, is not among the possibilities of nature, or of the supernatural, either; no, Irene, it was one of those accidental occurrences, of which impostors, may I say designing priests, take advantage to perpetuate their power, and maintain their hold upon the prejudices, superstitions, and weaknesses of the people. As I have before said to you, that ther

can be any virtue in the image of the Virgin, or in the representation of the instrument on which the Saviour of man hung, requires so much of credulity to believe, that it puzzles me to see, how one so gifted in mind as yourself, could be brought to entertain it for one moment, even under any and all degrees of excitement. And for you to soberly offer me such, as your belief, requires as great a stretch of credulity on my part, to accept your assertion, as one made in earnest, as it seems to me it must do with you, to get you up to the point of so offering it. No, Irene; you might as well expect to gather fruit from a dead tree, or procure water from a dried up fountain, as to find virtue either in the image or in the cross, or in any power the Virgin may now possess, or that may rest on any intercession upon her part, in our behalf, since she has long since ceased to have the power to confer favors in person, or to make intercession to any others, having such power."

"Why, Jerald; it seems to me very strange, indeed, that you could doubt for one moment that she possesses such power, after such an exhibition as you see right here before your own eyes. But for this scarf, sir, and I might say, the cross which you still have suspended round your neck, you would not now be spared to be a scoffer at the faith in the very power that has saved you to me. And but for my persistence in placing them both on your person, to which act

I was prompted by the Virgin, you would be lying yonder, among those who were slain; and now, sir, after this exhibition of power in the cross, and in the Holy Virgin, and the latter's guardianship over us; yes, sir, I say us, including you as well as myself; for, although you lack faith yourself, and scoff at my faith, she has graciously extended her power, so as to include you, and through such power did bring you safely to me, and this, too, in order to show her gracious favor towards me. And now, sir, cease to doubt, and accept our faith, and go at once into the bosom of our church. Come, let me call the good father, of whom I have told you, the same that brought me those pictures and 'gewgaws,' as you were pleased to call them; I say now, let me have him called, as he is my good confessor here, as he was in the convent at Zacatecas; and let him instruct you in our faith, that you may become a good son of the church."

"No, no, Irene; talk to me not so. I felt shame enough at wearing the cross, and only did so to please you. As for the scarf, I only accepted it as a gift from you, without any significance it might have as to religious faith; and now I most positively decline to accede to your proposition of calling in your good father confessor, as I should be as ready to confess to a stock or stone, as to him, for any efficacy there might be in his forgiveness of any sins I might



confess myself guilty of, or of any blessing he might bestow on me. As for any power there may be in the church, in any of its capacities, or agencies to forgive sins, that is like the efficacy in the Virgin, or representation of the cross, to protect from danger, or confer favor of any kind, and as I have given you my opinion in regard to them, there is no need of my repeating it."

"Why, Jerald! you shock me by your unholy charges. How can you speak so of *the one and only church*, to which was entrusted the keys of the kingdom, with power to loose or bind whomsoever it would. And has the church not given to those holy men such power? and has it not, too, said that such power belongs to the image of the Virgin? and the representations of that instrument of death upon which the Saviour was crucified, as I have attributed to them? then why do you doubt?"

"All this, Irene, is but the invention of man to enslave his fellow. God does not use such means and such agencies, to carry on His work in the world. It is a gross usurpation on man's part, or rather, an attempt at power. I mean the pretended exercise of such power. To illustrate: We are animals endowed with certain functions of body, certain constituent parts, with certain essential ingredients composing them. They are not self-sustaining, but require constant additions to be made to them to supply their natural waste, such as food, water, etc., as

we are now situated; and God in nature has provided the means by which all this may be obtained. But suppose some antagonistic power is set up, which says, yes, it is true; you need all these things in the nature of your wants, as you are now surrounded, but God's or nature's methods of supplying them, or relieving you of their demands, is not the proper, or at least the best way. See, here I have a better way to grow the grain than the one chosen by nature. Here, see this solid rock: go to work and make holes in that, and put seed in them, and you will have no need for all this toil required in preparing the soil, putting in the seed and cultivating; as the holes once made in the rock will remain, and no culture will be needed. All you will have to do when the grain is ripe, will be to harvest it; and then follow again the next season by putting in, as before. And then again it is folly to talk about your necessarily wanting air; see, here is an absolutely air-tight apartment; only get in it, and you are free from the need of respiration, as there is no air there requiring you to breathe it, for it is only because the air is now surrounding us that we are required to breathe *it*; and so in like manner, enclose yourself in a water-tight compartment, from which the water has been expelled, and likewise you would not need water, since you do not come in contact with moisture. And thus it is, with all the other demands of nature. Only

place yourself in that condition, where you do not come in contact with them, and you cease to demand them for your body's subsistence. And if by mere act of will, you can grow the grain upon the rock, and by removal of your body from contact with those things which are now essential, while in its present state, to its existence, even, by the known methods of effecting such removal, their necessity would cease to exist, and yet the body remain intact still, then you may expect your system to be applied with success to the wants of the soul, and not till then. If you place its demands on the same footing as our physical natures, and say that the one shall be controlled in the same manner as the other, and that by the mere will force of our own, and then place that will force in subservience to another, who, like ourselves, demands all these forces of nature to keep them in being, it is putting folly to teach wisdom, and the end will be the abyss of disappointment. Or, would you place them on the same footing as the body in another respect. The requirements of our bodies are such, that all must choose among the many methods nature has placed at our disposal, and which society as now organized has classified so as to meet all its own demands, and we are at liberty to select from any of them, being assured of a support upon the proper exercise of our powers, from whichever we may choose to accept or adopt.

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**B**ut suppose we say, we will accept neither, but make out a new one for ourselves, discarding nature's laws altogether. How then, think you, it would fare with us? Could we suspend ourselves between the heavens and the earth, and there exist? By what power? That of our own? Ah, such is the theory that you advance. If God has plans in creation and plans in providence, with regard to His creatures here, shall the creature take from Him the power to carry them out? So, likewise, if He has plans and providences, if you please, for the soul, shall any creature come in and set those plans and providences at naught, substituting his own will, and putting his own plans instead thereof? When you have answered these satisfactorily, then I shall be ready to look favorably upon your proposition, and not until then. As for your decrees of councils, bulls of popes, miracles of saints, and all that, they have no higher authority for their support than the edicts of princes and the tricks of jugglers. Human, all human; and the one can only be enforced by the power of man's arm, and the other accredited through the power of bigotry or superstition."

"But, sir; does not God give us the sun to shine by day, and when His rays are withdrawn He gives us sometimes the moon, and always the stars; and so the whole are but borrowed lights, giving forth just such lights as are reflected from the great source of all, wherever or whatever

that may be. First, God spoke to man in person, then by His Son, and now by the heads successively of the church, thus representing the sun, moon and stars. And that light which shines on us now from the decrees of councils, with bulls of popes made in accordance therewith, is like the light received from the stars, as when the sun and moon are withdrawn. As God in nature does not at all times give us the same intensity of light, so does He not, or has He not at all times given the world the same intensity of spiritual light? And, as He has chosen in His economy of nature to do according to His pleasure, and let us at sometimes have the sun and sometimes the moon and sometimes the stars to give us light; so has he done spiritually, first, as I have said, by Himself in person, then by His Son, and now by the church, and you might just as well reject the one as the other. Suppose you arrogantly say at midday when the unclouded sun is sending forth His rays with His vernal power, that you receive no light from Him; and so with the lesser lights when you are receiving all the force they are capable of. Oh; how absurd such a course would be; and so it is when you discard the spiritual light which shines through the church. For are we not told that she is 'the light of the world?' No, Jerald, no; do not set yourself up against the will and purpose of God."

"That is where your reasoning is at fault,

Irene. You set up the will and purpose of man and call it God's. And your light of the church is like that of the man who would come out in the brightness of a noonday sun with a taper in his hand crying, 'Behold the light which lighteth the world; that sun yonder in the heavens is a mere shadow by the side of it.' No, Irene; it is only man's invention to cheat the unwary, and gain temporal, and not spiritual power, at least not that kind of spiritual power which shall redound to God's glory, and be the means of saving the souls of men."

"Well, Jerald; let us not pursue the subject further just now. But the time will come when you will reverence and put as much faith in this image and that cross as I do — and but for the power of which you would not now be here to contend with me against their efficacy, and the claims of the church. For just as my intercessions with the Virgin protected you and brought you to me, so will my daily prayer to her for you, bring you to see the right way, and make you to walk with me therein."

"Well, Irene; when that or any other power or influence shall convince my judgment of the correctness of your position, of course I will adopt it, but not until then. And if you derive pleasure from such a hope, I should — except for your own spiritual good — be sorry to dispel such hope. But allow me also to make a prediction, which is that the time will come to you

when you shall see the fallacy of your reasoning, and the folly of trusting in such inventions of man, and you will then worship with me the true God, without any human intercessor or intermediate human agent or agency."

"Never; no, never, Jerald; I never can give up the church, the true light that lightens the world."

"Well, let it rest then for the present, Irene. And now it has been so long since I have heard the sound of your sweet voice in song. Please — there, you see I have my manners again — I say, please favor me with a song. Come, get your harp, and tune it to your voice, and sing something for me."

"Pray, sir; what shall be the theme? Love? I fear we have worn that threadbare with our own talking? War? I, sir, have had enough of that already in your wound as you lie there before me. Then, pray, what shall it be, these being the two great inspiring themes?"

"Select something; whatever shall be the most interesting to you; suited to your present state of mind; what you would desire most to impress on your own heart or mine."

"Then, since I have been led to reflect upon the end of life — as it might have — and so nearly did come to you, and as it may come to you, I will sing something to which I hope you will give good heed," and tuning her harp, she sang:

Bury me in the valley low,  
 Where the grass is ever green ;  
 Where the quiet rivers flow,  
 The twilight's tinge with soften'd sheen.

REFRAIN: Bury me there, bury me there,  
 Bury me where the grass is ever fresh and green,  
 Bury me in the valley low,  
 Where the grass is ever fresh and green.

Where the low sweet notes are heard  
 In the morning's early hour,  
 Coming from that little bird  
 That is sitting there, within the bower.  
 Bury me there, etc.

Where the fragrant flowers bloom,  
 And the spring time ne'er does wane,  
 But with freshness does e'er plume,  
 With verdure, hillock, heath and plain.  
 Bury me there, etc.

Let there be my resting place,  
 In the quiet shady nook,  
 Near the modest hillock's base,  
 And beside the little pebbly brook.  
 Bury me there, etc.

Where no idle gaze may scan  
 The mound above my head,  
 But where those who've loved me can  
 Come in silence there their tears to shed.  
 Bury me there, etc.

And the wild flowers there, too, train  
 So that hue with hue may blend,  
 The emblem of what may remain  
 Of the mingled love of friend for friend.  
 Bury me there, etc.



“What, Irene; are such the utterances of the heart; and have you, indeed, such a spot known? or is the whole fanciful? How every sentiment of the piece burned deep into my soul, and I longed to join you in the refrain and, too, in the whole piece; and if it were in our power to find such a spot, I should love daily to linger with you by my side, beside it until we might together be laid side by side in it. And now tell me, do you know of such a spot?”

“Yes, and have often rested my weary feet while seated on the hillock, watching the flow of the quiet river at my feet, and listening to the little birds sing in the morning’s early hour. And then when the springtime spread the fresh flowers and verdure o’er hillock, heath and plain the desire came over me to rest, when the weary race of life was over, just as it is described in the song.”

“And shall we not, Irene, visit the spot? And can it not be that we shall be placed there side by side when, as you have said, the weary race of life is over?”

“Alas, sir; we can not now visit that hallowed spot, as it is in the hands of our enemies; and sir, the very mention of enemies sends a thrill of horror through me; just to think how near you were being snatched from me by them? And now I must away to prepare another meal for you. How exacting our bodily wants are? What slaves we are to nature’s demands. But

when they bring us pleasure, too ; to do for you now is my highest delight ; and so I must to my pleasant duty."

"But, pray, are you not first going to place the seal to the declaration of the pleasurable nature of that task, by the usual lover's method?"

"Nay, sir ; you are getting too exacting for a lover, and are even now beginning to claim a husband's prerogative ; and therefore I shall have to put you on penance again, or put one upon you, which is the same thing, and which I do by demanding that you frame by my return, your most delicate form of speech, something in the way of an apology for your impertinence in making the demand you just now did, and mind that you obey, so that I may absolve you, and I warn you that no half-hearted effort will suffice. No, sir ; It must be a whole-souled affair."

Irene, having prepared his meal, returned with a tray laden with the smoking viands, and placed it before him, demanded : "Now, sir ; are you ready and fully prepared to make that apology as I have demanded you should, or do you beg for longer time ? for upon the delicate timing depends your return to my favor, and it will be determined whether you prefer to be an alien or choose rather to be a faithful subject."

"If you thus, in the exercise of your power, so use it, I fear I shall have to crave an indulgence of more time from your ladyship, for your

demands are far stronger than I am prepared to meet. What! to place the gaining your favor, which I was unaware before, that I had fully lost, upon the form of a single speech. Yes, that is putting the length of the iron bed too exact, to admit of stretching one's self upon it, without the benefit of more reflection. And so I pray you to grant me more time in which to prepare myself.

"No, sir; I would know now how far you deemed yourself a culprit, and what estimate you placed upon my demand."

"Then, since to be the subject of such an autocrat, means obedience, I will obey:

As Cupid slept in a bower neat,  
He had a dream, amid his slumbers;  
Which was, to take of kisses sweet,  
From a fairy's lips, in untold numbers.

But in his dream, there was one came,  
Who made demand that he be banished;  
And when he would have known his name,  
He did awake, his dream had vanished.

"Well, sir, you have truly put it very delicately, but the allusion is so vague that my dull senses fail to make the application."

"So my lips too, or rather your's, my fairy, failed to make the application, and when you made refusal, I too, awoke, and my dream had vanished."

"How, sir, did your dream make you Cupid,

and my humble self a fairy? and had you the presumption to suppose that my lips were made for nothing but to give or receive kisses from you? It is well then such dream has vanished. And now to your repast, while I take my needle and thread to repair this scarf by filling in again those representations of our life's history, which were rent and marred by that horrid bullet. See Jerald, do see here, how the horrid missile pierced my image right through the heart, just as its effect upon you did me, when you were brought to me by means of it, in that unconscious state; and, see here again, is the emblem of the two hearts joined, and which was made to represent our union, completely severed by it, in its course. What does that portend? Shall we thus be separated? shall that horrid ball deprive me of you? or shall aught else come in, and force us asunder? Oh, Virgin Mother, thou whose image I now see before me on this scarf, and through whose power the murderous ball was stopped, spare us the pain of separation. Restore him to me again in health, and make us in our paths in life to pursue the even tenor of our ways without divergence."

"How can you, Irene, yield to such an illusion? What power can she have, who was at best but human, and who has long since, by the power of death, been placed beyond the reach of extending the aid her human nature, and derived therefrom, gave her once, of extending to those

in the world around her, I say what power can she have now to aid, or what virtue can there possibly be in her image? you might as well rely for aid upon one of those paintings hanging there, and the hand that made it. No, you must look alone to God for help, and put your trust in Him and Him only, for all other sources will fail you; as it is to Him alone, that we can with confidence look."

"Oh, you naughty Cupid! shall I banish you altogether? I fear me that will be the result if you cease not your tirade against the church, the holy men in it, and to thus assail my faith."

"Nay, we will now call a truce again, and I shall leave you, my fairy, to your faith with its follies, only relying upon time and your good sense to rid you of them."

"Then, sir, you will wait a long time. But now, I must to my work of repairing, and you to your reflections, as to how to become a better subject of so lenient a sovereign."

"Nay, you should say, such an autocratic one; for whether we rule by force of arms or force of charms, it is easy to play the tyrant; and often the latter is more potent than the former. And so it is with you. But then it is a pleasing servitude, a happy bondage, and I will not complain, especially since mine is a voluntary service, and the tyranny you do exercise over me is pleasing to me; and I would not, if I could, free myself from it."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE BRIDAL PARTY.

Y was selected as one of the bridesmaids, young lady friend near Baton Rouge — whom as we have said, she spent a few so pleasantly — and who was to be married to a young gentleman from Natchez. And as it was intended that the wedding should be a great affair, her own preparations must not be elaborate, but expensive; and as it would be her first appearance in such a *role*, in almost her first witnessing of such an occasion — we might say the first of an occasion of which she having only a few times been present in the churches of the city, when such ceremonies were performed — she was at a loss to know just what would be expected of her, and what she should be attired. But, as the bridegroom came to the city to complete her own preparations, and became the guest of the family, they planned and worked together.

It was arranged that the bridesmaids and groomsmen should accompany the pair to Natchez, where there was to be a series of grand entertainments given them, by the parents and friends of the groom, which should occupy some considerable time in their completion.

The party was to consist of three attendants to each, the other young ladies to be from Baton Rouge, and the three gentlemen from Natchez; and it was arranged that Mary should accompany her friend on her return home, some ten days before the time set for the ceremony to take place.

Of course, Allan and Helen were invited, and it was arranged that they should arrive on the day before the one fixed for the ceremony; and it was expected that the intended groom, with his attendants, would arrive at Baton Rouge, a day or two before hand, so that the attendants of each should become somewhat acquainted, before being required to stand up together, and aid in the performance of such a ceremony; and too, that all the necessary formulas might be arranged, so as to have the whole go off smoothly and pleasantly.

The time drew on apace, and each party had assembled at their respective stations, as agreed upon, and choice of partners being the subject of arrangement, Mary's lot fell to one, whom she found to be an intimate—indeed a confidential—friend of her Jewish lover, although himself not of the faith, they having become friends by being school and room-mates at one of the German universities, where they had been sent to complete their educations. He had not, however, met his Jewish friend since their return home, but had through the medium of their corre-

spondence, and which they still kept up, learned of his friend having some affair of the heart, but was not apprised of the name of the fair one that had, in the language of the present day, made the "mash" upon him. Therefore, she was relieved from what might have been, under a different state of the case, an embarrassing situation; for, had he known that she was the one who had so gained the victory over his friend, such allusions might have been made by him as would have required unpleasant explanations, and such as she would be glad to avoid. The want of such knowledge on his part gave her the opportunity of gleaning such facts from him in regard to her lover as she chose to elicit, without in any way compromising herself; and the young man was very enthusiastic in his praises, and fervent in his admiration of the good qualities of his friend. In fact, his views coincided exactly with those of his fair listener, and she could but sigh, for the loss to her, of so much that seemed so thoroughly in accord with her wishes and desires; and while another had usurped his place to a very great extent in her heart, she could but feel while listening to the young man's praises of him, coinciding as they did so completely with her own estimate of his character and attainments, that she had still a very powerful germ of the old love yet remaining in her heart; and in her reflections over her thus divided affections, she came to view life in



a far different light, than when she had felt that all her happiness had been centered in the one object of her first love ; and, as in her case, it is well that the human heart and human passions have some such power of transfer from object to object ; otherwise many a fair one's life might be overcast with the clouds of despondency, from want of harmony or congeniality in the object of their loves, or the future of their lives be darkened by deception or desertion by them.

The day came, and the occasion was one of grand display in dress, as well as in all the surroundings. Allan thought that Mary had never looked so well : truly, to his eyes she was the queen of the party ; and as he had spared no pains in his own adornment, she, too, was pleased with him, and but for the prospect of so long a separation, as even two weeks—since they had not been a day apart, except since her coming to make preparations for the present occasion—they would have been pleased with themselves and “the rest of mankind.”

Mary was of course inspired with the new scenes with which she found herself surrounded, and was especially elated with those with whom she expected to meet, and looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to the experiences she would gain, and which would be of benefit to her when she should follow in the footsteps of her friend.

The marriage ceremony and the festivities of

the occasion being over, the party dispersed; Allan and Helen returning to New Orleans, and the others going to Natchez.

The journey of the wedding party was performed by land, and their number divided into pairs, which threw the whole burden of entertainment upon each one separately, and which Mary found at first to be a pretty severe ordeal; but she was gradually led out by her partner, who was an educated and polished gentleman, and long before they reached their destination, her freedom in conversation was truly a marvel to herself; and had not another—shall we say others?—already engrossed too much of her affections, she could but own, that he by her side might become himself something of an idol. Such is the vacillating nature of the human heart; or, is that just the way to put it? would it not be better to say, that there are springs within the human heart, which are susceptible of being touched, which are unknown until some unexpected hand is stretched forth. There is far less exclusiveness in the human heart than it usually has credit for; and when we find it readily abandoning one object, to attach itself to another, we are apt to bring the charge of fickleness; whereas, in truth, it is but a reserve principle which is brought into play, and the heart that can cling to but one object, surrounded as the hearts of the world are, with so many at-

tractive ones, is more of an anomaly, than of a just representation of them.

We would say then that Mary's experiences upon this trip led her to look at the matter of human attachments, even to the extent of their amounting to true love, in a light very different from what she had viewed them when wrapped up in her first lover as we have seen she was. Then she felt that her future happiness was alone in his keeping. But, she had found that in her cousin were elements to draw forth her admiration, and, indeed, she had about come to the conclusion that it was in his power to make her happy in this world; and now she had found another with qualities bordering on those necessary to make of him an idol, or at least such an object as would make her heart go out to it, or something of that sort of an one as she had brought herself to think would be such. And she returned home fully satisfied that should Allan propose to her, as it seemed very probable he would, she would accept him. At least she felt now that her first lover was forever laid on the shelf since she had found that he was not the only one in the world—as she had once thought him—that could satisfy the longings of her heart.

With the experiences of the occasion and the incidents of the trip, she felt that she had been benefited and entertained to a degree far beyond what she had anticipated; for she had very

e conception of what was before her before  
ging therein, or entering thereon. But now  
was prepared to look upon the world in a far  
rent light from what she had done, and on  
rning to her home duties and her home asso-  
ons, she did so with a relish, and with a  
rancy of spirits not before felt.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEFEAT AND TERMINATION OF THE MAGEE  
EXPEDITION.

WITH Irene's nursing and the old man's skill, Jerald convalesced as rapidly as the nature of his wound — that is, the knitting process of the bone — would allow. And in due course of time was himself again.

The warm weather having fairly set in, the Americans became indolent, neglecting their accustomed military duties — which they had kept up for a time after their battle with Elisondo — and having nothing to amuse them but an occasional game of cards or a Spanish *fandango*; and having no news from, or intercourse with, the United States, except by an occasional straggler who would venture out to see one of the world's wonders, in the way of a handful of men lording it over a province of old Spain, they were passing their time in indolence, and pining away for the want of some active and exciting scenes.

But they were aroused from their inaction and lethargy about the middle of July by the arrival of General Toledo, with his aid, Captain Ballard, the former of whom came out with high recommendations from their friends in the United

States, and was immediately invested with the command of all the Republican forces in Texas. Bernardo being greatly incensed at Toledo's arrogance and presumption, denounced him to the Mexicans as a traitor sent out by the friends of Spain to betray them, and after succeeding in exciting a strong prejudice against him, left, accompanied by Dr. Forsyth, and returned to the United States, exulting over the mine he had prepared behind him for the destruction of his enemy. A number of the Mexicans, who had abandoned the town after the execution of the Spanish officers, having returned, and most of the prisoners taken from Elisondo remaining in town, promised a large augmentation of the Republican forces and General Toledo proceeded to organize and equip all the Mexicans that could be mustered into the service.

He finally succeeded in organizing a force of about four hundred infantry, mostly composed of the prisoners and deserters from the enemy. And early in the month of August intelligence arrived that Arredondo, with a large force, comprising eight hundred regulars and three hundred militia, was ready to set out from Monterey, and which he did, being joined on the way by Elisondo and the remnant of his force, that had escaped their disastrous defeat, and starvation on their retreat. Their progress was retarded by a large train of pack mules and sixteen pieces of artillery. They were discovered by Captain

McFarland, who was sent out with his company of spies, on August 14, about fifty miles from San Antonio, on the Laredo road. On receipt of this intelligence, General Toledo proposed to march out and meet them. The Americans preferred to await their arrival near town, but submitted to the general's plan, it having the approval of the Mexicans.

They were occupied the succeeding two days in making preparations, and on the morning of the 18th they marched out of town cheered with the sound of martial music and the smiles and salutations of the ladies, with their force comprising less than three hundred Americans, commanded by Major Perry, and four hundred Mexican infantry and about two hundred Mexican citizens mounted, under the command of Manchaca, with their six pieces of small cannon, none more than six-pounders. They encamped for the night four or five miles southwest of the Medina river, at a small stream of water, where they were joined by Colonel Kemper, Judge Bullet, William Bullock and six others.

The spies came in after dark and reported that they had kept the enemy's troops in view until they had encamped for the night, about six miles from the Americans. The spies were sent out in the morning, and the troops formed at 8 o'clock on the south side of the stream, with a post oak grove in their rear and an opening in front — and, too, a most desirable position — with a

company of Americans and one company of Mexicans alternately in the line in single file, with an advance guard; after remaining in position about an hour and a half, the advance guard was attacked, and instead of falling back, the whole force was ordered forward to their support.

When they arrived at the advance post, they repulsed the enemy, it being a small party of cavalry; General Toledo then ordered the troops to return and resume their former position and await the approach of the enemy. Colonel Manchaca replied that his men were not in the habit of retreating, and if they were not led on to meet the enemy they would abandon the lines and return home; General Toledo manifested great surprise and indignation of countenance, but remained silent, casting his eyes over the officers that were assembled around him, but no one spoke; all seemed to be dumb, and he finally ordered the line to march forward.

It was then about 10 o'clock on August 19, and about as hot as it ever becomes, and the men were marched in line ready for action at any moment, about four miles through heavy post oak sand, without water, and drawing their six cannon, their teams having been turned out the previous night.

On approaching a thick chapparal skirting the next stream of water, they were fired upon from two pieces of cannon. They returned the fire with their artillery, but finding the enemy pro-



tected by the timber, they charged, leaving their cannon, which had broken down one-third of the Americans from dragging it through the sand; and routed the enemy's forces, pursuing them through the thicket, which prevented any correct estimate of their forces. But, on approaching an open post oak flat, they perceived, to their surprise, a line of breastworks, and the phantom they had been pursuing quickly clambering over it, and the next moment they were saluted by the enemy's whole line of artillery, tearing off the limbs and brush over their heads, and scattering the fragments into their eyes and faces. This sudden and unexpected attack by the enemy they supposed they were driving before them, so alarmed the Mexican infantry that they fled and hid themselves in the chapparal, leaving the Americans scattered in small detached parties, many of them having broken down by the fatigue of the march and in the chase, Colonel Manchaca, finding his infantry had fled, rallied the mounted Mexicans and one hundred Tonkawa Indians that had joined the Americans in the morning, and met the enemy's cavalry as they advanced to complete their victory, and after a violent contest, in which both parties sustained considerable loss — the Indians losing their chief and several warriors — they drove their cavalry from the field and they were not seen again during the day. All the Americans that were able advanced up to the enemy's breast-

works and picked off the men at the guns until they silenced the whole line of artillery. They had kept up such an incessant fire with their artillery that the smoke had settled in a dense mass around them. When their cannon were silenced their whole line gave way, and Arredondo, having taken position on commanding ground in the rear, perceiving his cannon silenced, his cavalry gone and his infantry retreating, ordered his aid to draw the men off and prepare for a retreat. When the aid advanced to their lines, the smoke having blown off, he discovered that there was but a handful of Americans opposing them, and he rallied their men and returned to their works and resumed the fire of their cannon. The Americans having discovered their hopeless condition, retired from their position, leaving the enemy's forces the field, and on which they continued to discharge their cannon for an hour; giving the Americans ample time to have gotten out of their reach, if they had not found a more dangerous foe in the rear. The deserters and some of the prisoners, who had been enrolled at San Antonio in the ranks with the Mexicans, had commenced a general slaughter of the retreating Americans in order to make fair weather for themselves. They butchered most of those who had broken down, cut them in quarters and suspended them on poles and the limbs of trees like beef or pork for the packer; and when the enemy advanced they

displayed them as evidences of their loyalty. There was no mercy shown by them. On that day all were put to death who fell into their hands. They captured ten or twelve Americans the next morning, who were saved by the intercession of Elisondo. They were kept in close confinement for several months, and then taken out to become waiters for some great men. They could not condescend to become menials for such masters, and they made their escape the first opportunity. But few of them, however, ever reached home, they having perished on the way.

When Arredondo reached San Antonio, he ordered Elisondo to pursue the fugitives and put to death every man that he caught. He replied, that if that order had to be executed, it must be done by some one else; that he would pursue, provided the Americans were allowed to proceed home, the Mexican citizens pardoned, and only those executed who had been in the king's service. Arredondo finally acceded to these conditions. They were detained two days in procuring horses and preparing their beef. They arrived at the Trinity river on the tenth day after the battle, picking up a number of Americans and some two hundred Mexicans on the way, and at the river. They took everything of value from the Americans except the necessary arms to kill game, and permitted them to proceed home. But the poor Mexicans who fell into their hands fared badly. They drew up one

hundred and twenty-five into line for execution, the morning before they resumed their march for San Antonio, and shot one hundred and twenty; five of them making their escape. Their remains were all deposited in one pit, scantily covered, and numbers of them were devoured by wolves. Thus terminated the *Magee Expedition*.

Irene's father had arrived in San Antonio after the Americans had left. He came, in company with Kemper, Bullock, Bullet, and the six others, as mentioned, who joined the Americans at their camp on the first night after leaving San Antonio. But being too much worn out by his trip, did not follow on, but set about preparing for the possible issue of the battle he knew must take place. He had secured property in New Orleans, to which to go in case of need, as well as having made deposits of money in the city; the papers relating to which, as well as his mining and other worldly interests, he exhibited to Irene, explaining them minutely, so that in case of accident to himself she would understand how to proceed to avail herself of their benefits; and to guard against contingencies, he gave them to her to be placed by her in some secure spot within her personal apparel, which she did by securing them within the lining of her dress. This she deemed best, as they might have to fly, and could only do so on horseback; and then if overtaken, her own person would less likely be searched for valuables than his.

These arrangements being made, her father confessor was sent for, in whose charge their valuables were to be placed, as they had been before, on leaving Zacatecas, to be kept and forwarded to them, as they should direct, when they should become settled. The old man was also sent for, but he had accompanied the expedition, and therefore was not found, but a note was to be left for him in case they had to fly without seeing him, letting him know of their plans and destination, it having been their purpose to take him, as before, with them, but if not seen, then he was to follow on, and make his home with them, if he would consent to do so.

All these arrangements were made, of course without any reference to Jerald, he having gone out with the troops, and of course her father not having seen him, and she not having had time to acquaint him with their relations to each other, and as she desired to give him the full details, she waited for a moment of sufficient leisure, and which did not come until the fugitives brought the news of the disastrous defeat of the Republicans, and then all was confusion and hurry in making preparations for their departure, which was being done by the getting up of their horses and the arranging for leaving matters in the hands of the father confessor.

The anxiety of Irene for the safety of Jerald may be readily understood, by those who have

Followed us through the narrative thus far, and have seen the intensity of her devotion; and she caught at every passing sound and turned her eyes constantly in the direction from which he would most likely come, to catch the first possible glimpse of him; but no Jerald came. Could he have been slain? Oh, horror of horrors! what should she do? But no time could be given to useless wailing or vain longing, for they must away, if her father's life would be saved. For, was he not one of the proscribed? and could she jeopardize him by demanding delay, without knowing even that Jerald was alive or could come to her? and she was too afraid to tell her father of him and her interest in him, lest he should, in the goodness of his heart and the love he bore her, delay in waiting to learn of her lover, until he should be himself captured, and she thus lose both. "No; she would fly with her father, trusting to the Virgin to keep Jerald safe and to bring him to her again, as she knew she had done before, even though wounded as he had been; but then had she not raised him up to her, and would she not do so again, though he should be again wounded? Yes, she would trust her; and she went about with this hope sustaining her, making preparations for the journey, which when completed, they entered upon; she upon her pony so often ridden beside Jerald, and if now he was beside her how happy she would be,

even in the midst of such danger. "But no, he was not there; but would he not, if alive, join them? Would he not pursue, in retreat, the same road as they?" and with another prayer to the Virgin, she journeyed on, keeping herself by the side of her father, in the way, by pursuing which they had hope of finding a place of security. Her father had been over the road, both going and returning from New Orleans, and therefore he was at no loss to find food and water for the horses, it being the important item with them, as they looked to rapidity of flight for safety, and without an abundance of both food and water, their animals would not long endure the fatigue of the journey. In regard to their own wants they would have to depend upon nature for shelter and protection from the weather; but having had one experience in that line—as they came through from Zacatecas—Irene felt no uneasiness on that score, and neither reptile nor beast came up, as a probable obstacle in their way. They deemed it best at night to seek some secluded spot, away from the main trail to pitch their camp, which consisted only of their blankets for bedding, and their saddles for pillows.

After the first few days had passed, and the fugitives that were hurrying by them not being able to report any near approach of pursuers, they took more leisure in their journey. This they did, first on account of the jaded condition

of her father's horse, as he had just ridden him over the road, and with more of haste than was most conducive to his strength, as news had reached him, and those with whom he was traveling, of the near approach of the foe to San Antonio, and next, to guard against Irene's own exhaustion; for, while she had been accustomed to an hour's ride about the city or country, she found that an all-day jaunt, such as they had taken in the saddle, was exhausting to her; and as there seemed to be no especial need for haste, they slackened their pace very materially, and so journeyed on, reaching the Trinity river, and finding a good many of the fugitives encamped there, the stream being swollen from the recent rains, and therefore difficult of crossing. They took up their quarters a short distance below the road, feeling secure from molestation—for the purpose of rest, and the preparation of food for the rest of their journey. But, alas! their supposed security was but a delusion, and their rest was broken into by the arrival of the Royalists, and they were captured. Her father was one of the number that was shot and buried in the ditch, as previously related, and she was taken back to San Antonio, and required, with many others of the most refined of those ladies, who adhered to the Republican cause—to grind the corn and make the *tortillas* for the Spanish soldiers. They selected this as the most ready and efficient way, of punishing them, as they



deemed such services — that of menials only — as the most galling of punishments to their refined natures.

Jerald not being attached to the regular cavalry force, did not turn his horse with theirs, which were kept under herd, but put him with the artillery horses, which were kept separate, and the whole force, as we have seen, being thrown forward to repel the attack upon their advance guard, and not allowed to fall back when the attacking party was repulsed, but required to go forward, and being also required to drag their cannon by hand, the teams not having been gotten up, Jerald proceeded on foot, his horse being left out to graze with the balance, and he was one of the number broken down in the chase. And when he found himself too much exhausted to pursue he stopped by the wayside, and at the first news brought back by the fugitives of the defeat, he sought safety by departure into the denser thicket away from the line of travel, and the road by which they had gone out, and finding a ravine thickly bordered with chapparal he secreted himself, and there remained until he felt refreshed enough to pursue his way back to the city, which he did by maintaining the course, but keeping at a safe distance from the road over which they had gone out, and which was filled with pursued and pursuers, or rather those who, in the first onset, had fled from the Republican ranks, being, as we have seen, mostly those

who had deserted from the Spanish army and the prisoners taken in the fight with Elisondo, and who, as we have seen, were butchering every American they met with.

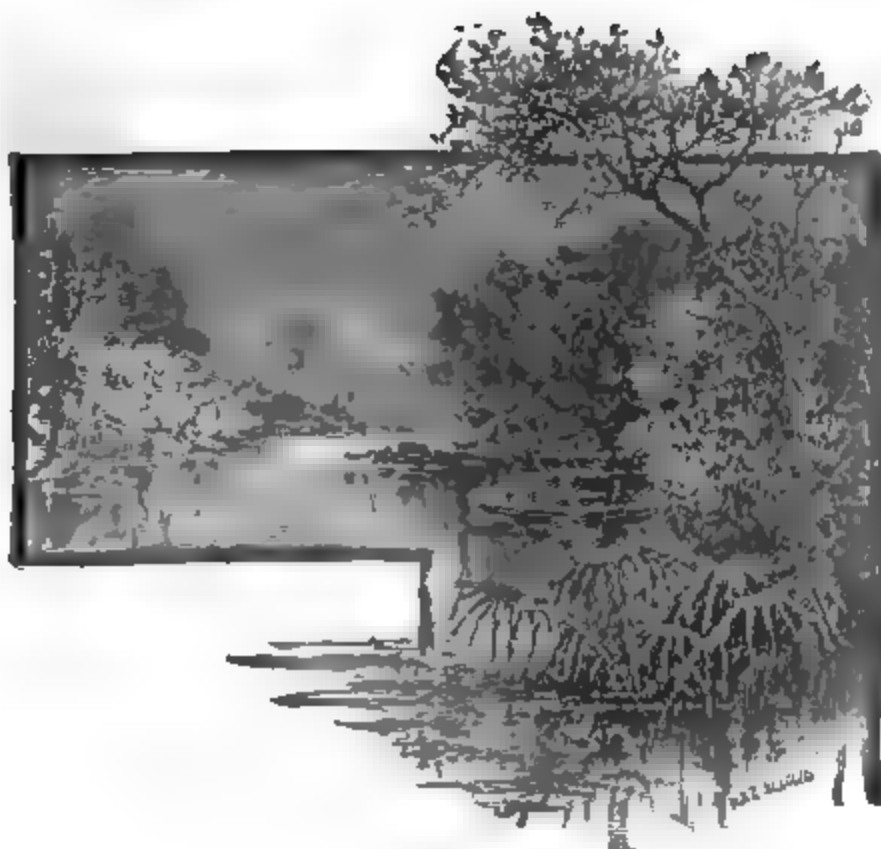
It was somewhat after nightfall before Jerald reached the city, and he repaired at once to find Irene. But neither she nor any one else was to be found about the premises, and when he entered the house he found everything had been removed. He then went in search of the old man, but found his dwelling also deserted, and he considered it as a matter of course that they had departed together, as he was not aware of the old man's being with the command; nor of the arrival of Irene's father. And he then regretted that he had not made the acquaintance of her father confessor, or at least learned his name, as he felt assured that he had been entrusted with their effects, and knew whither she had gone; but, alas, he had refused to have her introduce them, and now he knew not which way to turn to learn anything in regard to her, and he could only depend upon conjectures, and which led to the conclusion that she and the old man had taken their departure together in the direction of Nacogdoches, to carry out the plan as agreed upon by them on the eve of the other battle, no new or different arrangements having been entered into; since the enemy did not get so near, and the circumstances of the departure of the Americans to meet them left him no time

to see her in order to make any change if, indeed, any change would have been deemed necessary, for when he thought the matter over on the eve of departure he remembered their previous plans, and as he could offer nothing new, he was satisfied to leave them as they were.

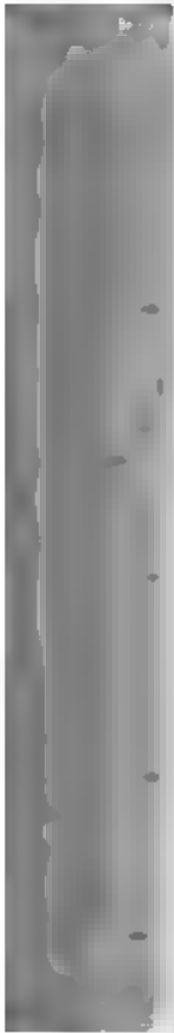
He had at his quarters a pair of saddle wallets, in which there were some three hundred dollars in Mexican silver, and which he had thrown over one of the beams connecting the walls of his room — and which was in the building that then stood, where Wolfson's establishment now is, on the northwest corner of Main plaza. He repaired thither to see if they were still there, and if so to bring them away, as he deemed the money might be of service to him in case he should get away safely, at least when he should strike the settlements on his retreat. Upon arriving at his quarters he found everything as he had left it, and having procured the wallets with the silver therein, he set about planning for the journey. But being without any knowledge of the roads, as he had come by the way of La Bahia — and being destitute of a horse, the prospect looked gloomy for reaching a place of safety beyond the enemy's borders, as what the Republicans had felt so sure of by conquest, had been suddenly snatched from them, and now nothing short of placing the neutral ground between himself and the enemy gave any prospect of security. But to start out without knowing the way, on foot,

and at night, too, he felt to be folly, and, therefore, he determined to repair to the dwelling so recently abandoned by Irene, and there remain until daylight should afford him the means of pursuing his journey with some hope of keeping in the right way, as he had no doubt the road would be plain enough if he could once get fairly in the way, as there was possibly but the one main traveled road leading in that direction. Having made the resolve to repair to the dwelling, and knowing well every foot of the way, and practically following out his resolve, he soon found himself there. But not to find that warm reception which he had always felt sure of in taking his course there in former times, for now all was dark and still, and so feeling secure from intrusion, he sought repose, and soon found it, to be awakened, however, at the very first evidences of the approaching dawn by the tramping of horses feet, and arousing himself, he found his pony at the door, he having made his way in from where he had left him. So unexpected a vision filled him with delight, and now what was needed was the necessary outfit in the way of saddle and bridle. But how to procure them, was the question. He would hardly dare venture into the city, at least not until he could reconnoitre and see if the enemy had come in; and this he proceeded to do after securing his pony by the use of a piece of rawhide which he found on the premises, it being an article so uni-

terribly used then that it seemed almost impossible to find a dwelling without it. He made his way cautiously in the direction of his old quarters and those of his comrades, as he was sure of finding what he needed among some of them. As he proceeded it seemed like a deserted place, as there was not a human being to be seen, either in the streets or about the dwellings, at least in that portion that he traversed, and he reached the quarters to find the object of his search, and returning, he saddled and mounted and made his way up the west bank of the stream, and crossing it at its head, struck out into the old Nacogdoches road that ran up on the east side, and after fairly getting into and pursuing it far enough to determine its course and get his bearings, he left the trail and struck out to take his position at a sufficiently safe distance so as to be free from observation, and he soon fell into a trail that seemed to have been at some time considerably traveled, which led in the proper direction; and he was the more readily inclined to follow it, from the fact that the pony took it and pursued it with eagerness. He took this course to avoid any of the enemy's cavalry that might have been sent on to form ambuscades, or to take their stations to intercept the fugitives, not knowing, as proved to be the case, that the whole of the cavalry, on being repulsed as narrated, put for Laredo, and never stopped until they reached that place. Jerald found not only very



SCENE ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.



evident signs of oft frequented camping places, but he noticed that his pony seemed always at home at them, and often left the main trail to find them of his own accord, when, after finding his object in doing so, he always allowed him to follow out his wishes, and invariably found the desired conveniences for a camping place, namely, grass and water, thus showing that his pony had been over the ground before.

Jerald had pursued his journey in this way for some five days, when his pony took him into the highway. And where the trail he had been pursuing entered it, he found an old Mexican boiling up some dry bones that had perhaps lain on the ground for years, at least they were thoroughly bleached, and when he had beaten them up he put them with some water in a tin cup and placed them over a fire, and when asked by Jerald what he proposed doing with them, he replied he was making soup of them, and, of course, Jerald was very much interested in such a novel process of obtaining food, and watched the result with interest, as well as with a very great degree of incredulity. And while thus watching the result, a bird perched itself upon the limb of a tree near by, and feeling himself the pangs of hunger — having subsisted during his journey on the fruits of his skill as a marksman, and not having used his skill or been successful that morning, and it being then about midday — he shot it, and having prepared it, he



broiled it on the fire the Mexican made his soup by. When each had his dish prepared they made a joint meal of them, and Jerald was greatly astonished to find the relish and evident strength imparted to the water by the boiled bleached bones, and he thought of the prophet's question, "Shall these dry bones live?" and he truly thought if those which the prophet referred to were like the ones then used, there seemed vitality enough to not only call forth the question, but also to answer it in the affirmative. After partaking of their repast they journeyed on together, and arriving at the Trinity river, though it was then late in the evening, the old Mexican insisted on crossing — but what should they do? The river was swollen with the rains, and there was no boat at hand, besides, Jerald, although raised, as it were, surrounded by water, had never learned to swim. True, he had a horse that might carry him over safely, but should he not be himself a good swimmer and go to the bottom, as many horses do when put in the water, he would be inevitably drowned. And, too, as he had never learned to guide a horse in the water, would he be able to so do it as to reach the other shore safely?

The old Mexican was prepared to meet all these suggestions, saying that he was himself an expert swimmer, and would go over in advance leading his horse, whilst he kept his seat upon him, which he assured him he would have no

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difficulty in doing. But, while making preparations to do so, the Mexican came across the hide of an ox, which had been taken off when being slaughtered — as many of the fugitives had stopped to prepare food, as well as many were there waiting to have some means of crossing prepared — and which was lying upon the ground, where it had been removed from the animal, and which he took up, and cutting holes around the outer edge, he put therein a thong, and placing in the hide their saddles and other things, he drew the edges together, thus making a buoy or float, upon which he placed Jerald, when, getting behind it, he swam over, pushing it before him. He also swam their horses over, and it being then nearly dark, they went down the river a short distance, and took up their quarters for the night in one of the deserted houses, of which there were several there. Upon awaking in the morning, they learned by communications made across the river, that the enemy had arrived on the opposite bank, very soon after they left it, and had captured all who were encamped there, and among them, as we have already said, were Irene and her father; and had Jerald remained on that side, he too would have been taken with them; and what would have been the result? As an American, he would have had the privilege of proceeding on his way home, as had the others, but finding Irene and her father there, would he have been

willing to have done so? He would, perhaps, have had no power to save her father from the fate that awaited him, unless through some plan of escape from out of the hands of the guard, which he would probably hardly have had the opportunity of doing; at least to get him and Irene off together; and should he assist her father to escape, what would have become of Irene? could he have succeeded in getting her away, also? and if not, would he have chosen to have returned with her as a prisoner? Such would perhaps have been his course, either submitting to being a prisoner to share her fate, or to be so with the hope of finding some means of rescuing her, and gaining both their liberties. As it was, neither knew of the small space that separated them there, nor had they any conception of their condition. While Jerald was exulting over the fact of having escaped capture by crossing the river, Irene was lamenting that they had tarried and been captured. Such are some of the varied hues of human life; there is often but a span between the fortunate and the unfortunate; the mere taking the one short step making the difference. Such is the line providence often draws, and to step over or remain where we are determines the course of our future lives. And in this instance we have seen the fate of Irene and her father: the one placed in servitude, menial and degrading, while the other became in all probability food for wolves,

and if not such food, filled an ignominious grave, being tumbled in with the rabble, and barely covered out of sight, if covered at all, while Jerald, being separated from them by a mere span, as it were, and by the efforts of, at best, but a very few moments of time, which they, too, might have used in like manner, is allowed to pursue his way to his home, and his friends, and in the full enjoyment of all the privileges of life, without let or hindrance, which on the morrow he proceeded to do, reaching home in the due course of time then required, after spending a short time at Nacogdoches, in the fruitless effort to learn something of Irene, whom he expected to find there, in charge of the old man, in pursuance of their plan, as agreed upon previously. But waiting as he supposed a sufficient length of time, and learning nothing, he took his departure, trusting to the future to reveal her whereabouts, or her fate to him. The lack of concert, the failure to make the necessary arrangements, by which they would know how and where to meet, in case of separation, and the failure to have any plan of communication with each other, now came up before him, as a great oversight, and how they could have failed in so important a matter, and in the arrangement of such details, greatly puzzled him. That he had been raised in New Orleans, and that his parents lived there—yes, he had told her that, but who they were, and in what part

of the city they lived, he had never informed her; and those being the days before city directories, one might be the next door neighbor to you, and be unknown, even in name, for years; such is the exclusiveness that attaches when masses of humanity are congregated. The larger the mass the more isolated become the particles that compose it. Then how should she know how or where to find them? should she have gone on before him, or even should she come on **after** him, would he know how and where to find **her** in such a mass? They had been too much occupied with themselves, and the enjoyments of the present, to give heed and consideration to contingencies. And now, he could only look forward to the kindness of providence, which works outside of, and often entirely in opposition to our own plans and purpose in bringing about desirable ends to us, and relying solely for help from such a quarter, he went his way.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## FEARS AND SUSPENSE.

THE news of the disastrous defeat of the Americans had been carried by some of the fugitives to New Orleans some considerable time before Jerald arrived, as they had no entangling alliances in matters of love — at least in the region they had left — and were making all haste to obtain secure quarters. Of course, as such things do, the news soon spread, and reached the ears of his friends and relatives, the latter of whom, especially, were greatly exercised over their fears for his safety. But as none of the fugitives they sought out could give them any information in regard to him, they had about made up their minds that he must have been slain or taken prisoner, when he came in upon them. Of course there was great joy felt at having him restored to them; and after the first burst of exultations had passed, and a few days had been given for the collection of ideas, his sister and cousin aroused to the fact that he had not brought her of whom he had so glowingly written, with him; as a matter of course, were all anxiety to know about her and why he had not brought her? But alas!

poor man, he had naught but a sorrowful tale to tell. The day of the battle came, and he was marched out to meet the foe. The Americans were defeated; he made his way to the city and found her home deserted, with no clue remaining as to where she had gone. He had followed on, expecting to find or learn something of her, but not doing so he had remained at Nacogdoches until all hope of her coming had fled, and then he pursued his journey, still hoping to find or hear of her on the way; and now, his only hope was that she had reached the city in advance of him, and that he might here find her. But how should he go to work to do so? He had no clue — no starting point. Would she not, if in the city, also try to find him; and could she not find his father's place of business? But how few of all the thousands around them did they know?

People came, and people went, and even the old settlers knew very little of each other, outside of their business, church, or social relations; and how many out of the thousands composing the place did they meet in all those relations? Well, he could only wait and hope.

But the girls: could they forego their anticipated pleasure? But how would they help themselves? If they were certain she had reached the city, they could find her; yes, they were certain of that. Indeed, you but set a woman to work to find out anything, and especially in re-

gard to another woman, and it would have to be hidden under something more than a "bushel" if she did not find it. But was not Irene herself a woman? and with such love as she had for him to prompt, and such intelligence as she had shown herself to have, and who could doubt but she had an equal share of woman's wit, would she not find him if in the city where he was?

Such were their plans, purposes, surmises and calculations. But days, weeks and months passed away, and no Irene, or any tidings of her; and the sister and cousin settled down to the belief that she was, at least, not in the city, and that wherever she might be, it was possible they should never see her; but he still waited in hope, using all the means in his power in the meantime to learn of her whereabouts.

Of course, communication with San Antonio was not possible to him, and had it been, he would not have thought of looking there for her, as she would not, he knew, willingly remain, and he would trust her to make her escape, even though she should fall into the hands of the enemy, and they should attempt to hold her. Then, he must wait; that was all he could do.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE ESCAPE.

IRENE made application at once on her return to San Antonio, to her father confessor, to aid her in making her escape, or to get her relieved of the onerous duty imposed upon her. But the latter he failed to accomplish, though urgent requests were made by him to the authorities to have them do so; her father's position being so well known, as he was heralded, while in New Orleans as the champion of the Republican cause; besides, in his previous difficulties connected with his imprisonment, rancorous feelings had sprung up between himself and the commanding general now in charge of the troops at San Antonio, as the latter had much to do with that transaction, and doubtless received his reward therefor, in a share of the bullion, of which her father was so unjustly deprived. So, he sought to visit upon the child the bitterness of feeling engendered against the parent; and when this fact became known to the father confessor, he felt it necessary to deal with the subject cautiously; and while planning for her escape, he felt it would not do, for one even in his position, to brook so vindictive a spirit as

had been manifested by the one who was then the chief in authority, as he knew too well the character of those of his own nation, as developed in warfare, all the way down, from the first conquerer of the country, sparing neither old nor young, male or female, robust or decrepit, ; showing more the spirit of the wild beasts than of human beings all the way through ; and of which spirit he had a striking example, almost under his own eyes, in the cutting the throats of the governor and other high functionaries, upon the first capture of San Antonio by the Republican forces ; and which act, as we have seen, was so repugnant to the feelings of the Americans, but who found themselves helpless to punish the perpetrators because of the universal sentiment of the Mexican people.

The difficulties which lay in the way, therefore, of her release were many, the chief of which was a suitable person to entrust her to ; her old friend and guide being no where to be found, though diligent search had been made for him, and therefore supposed to have departed altogether from the city, or been slain ; for, as for himself, he could not take the risk of abandoning his position, as much as he desired to aid her, and to find another who would faithfully execute the trust, he knew not which way to turn, or which way to look ; and unless some such safe and reliable person could be found, how could she reach a place of safety,

without the danger of being overtaken, and **her** position made still more uncomfortable, in **case** she should be pursued, as she no doubt would be, when it was known she had fled. **And** whither should she fly except to New Orleans? there she would not only have the means of **sub-**sistence, but would hope to find Jerald, if **still** alive, and not held as herself now, in servitude. But then, had not all the Americans been **al-**lowed to proceed home unmolested when taken, by the authorities themselves? But what of **the** marauders and butchering deserters? had he **not** fallen into their hands, and his bones be **now** bleaching on the prairies, and his flesh **been** made food for wolves or other wild animals? Her hope for his safety in all this state of **per-**plexity and uncertainty, was upon her faith **in** the Virgin to protect him and restore him **safely** to her; and to the bestowal of which trust **and** confidence the good father was a strenuous **aider** and abettor.

While thus casting around to find a way **of** escape for her, one came to the confessional, whom the good father had often confessed, while in Zacatecas, and learning from him that he was on his way to New Orleans, he accepted it as an answer to the prayer to the Virgin, in her behalf and he opened to him his plan of having him take charge of her, in case she would accept him as an escort, and he set about learning her wishes in regard thereto. The conference with

her resulted in her consenting, on condition that the faithful housekeeper should be her companion, or rather one of the party, since the one who would be her escort would be unknown to her, and the road would be a lonely one, and therefore she would be unwilling to trust herself alone in his company, preferring to have some one else with them, even though a menial.

The gentleman readily consenting to such an arrangement, preparations were accordingly made; all having been made, however, without Irene and her would-be escort having met, the whole being arranged through the father confessor, on her part, since Irene could do no more than trust one who had been so long her spiritual adviser, as well as being, now that the old man, their former guide, was not to be found, her only reliance in this most trying time.

The procuring a suitable horse for the housekeeper was one of the chief things to be done, Irene having her pony, upon which she could rely, and this the father undertook to do; and he soon found one. To the gentlemen — Juan Cortina — was entrusted the getting up the rest of the outfit needed, so that but a short time was consumed in making the necessary preparations, and the time being fixed for the departure, Irene's anxiety knew no bounds to have it arrive, as the problem of her happiness for life, she felt, might hang upon the issue of a successful escape and safe arrival at New Orleans, where,

of course, she expected either to find Jerald or learn his fate. The precise moment fixed for starting having arrived, it found all parties at the place agreed upon, with the necessary outfit, which consisted of their saddle-ponies and a pack animal, laden with the necessary supplies of provisions, bedding and such cooking utensils as could not well be dispensed with. The ceremony of introductions having been gone through with, and a blessing pronounced by the good father, they were mounted and off on their journey. The time was early in the evening, so as to give them ample time before daylight to be well advanced on their way. They took the same route pursued by Jerald, crossing the river and falling into the trail in the same manner as he had done. And Irene could but notice that the escort seemed to be familiar with every turn if not every foot of the road.

They pursued their way by starlight, there being no moon, and the only estimate she could place upon the personal appearance of her escort was from what she could see of him as he rode before them and led the pack animal, and from that meagre survey even she judged him to be of fine physical form, and she was more than pleased with the tones of his voice; and his speech indicated one of no ordinary degree of culture, his language being well chosen and his utterances pointed; and before they had ridden far she became favorably impressed with him,

and felt much more of confidence than she was led to expect from her own timidity, in thus trusting herself to an entire stranger. But then, she had relied upon her best and, indeed, her only earthly friend now left her, for guidance in the step she was taking, and certainly he would not place her, under such circumstances, in the charge of one who would not faithfully execute the trust. And at the very threshold of their long journey she had been inspired with confidence by his bearing, language and manner.

They pursued their journey until near daylight, when their guide halted and announced that they would alight and rest, and after he had disposed of their animals by tying them out to grass, he spread down the blankets and had them take their places thereon to rest, while he went to work to prepare some food, building a fire with which to prepare some coffee — a necessary part of camp life at that day, as well as now. Irene had, by the light of the fire he had made, a much better opportunity of studying his *personnel* than she had enjoyed by the light of the stars, as well as a favorable opportunity to scan his features, and her verdict was a very favorable one; and she felt perfectly at ease, feeling that she was in good hands, and so she composed herself and soon slept. When she was awakened she found it broad daylight, and the horses were all saddled, ready for starting, and upon her uttering exclamations of surprise to her

escort, and making apologies for having detained him, he quieted her by the assurance that no real delay had been occasioned, as the animals, as well as herself, needed rest, and now all that was necessary was that she partake of what there was before her—he and the housekeeper having already eaten—and then they would proceed on their journey. She observed that the place where they were seemed to have been frequently used for a like purpose of camping, and yet there was no evidence of travel to or from it, except a small beaten track, and to her inquiries in reference thereto, he informed her that it was one he had often used, but he did not know that it was ever used by any except himself, and a very few others that were engaged like himself, and those engagements often took him over that route—and upon looking at her pony, he remarked that he had often ridden him along that same route, and that this was a familiar stopping place to him; and it then occurred to her that her pony had shown a disposition all the way to keep well in the trail. He also remarked that he had disposed of another with him when last leaving San Antonio for the interior, and which she recognized at once, from his description, to be the one Jerald had, which accounted for the desire they had always shown to be together when turned loose upon the prairie, and it was to this fact, too, that she was indebted for the pony's bringing Jerald safely to

her. All this, of course, passed through her mind in silence, she keeping all such thoughts to herself, since she was not called upon to disclose her affairs of the heart as yet to her new found friend, although as to personal attractions and manners, as well as the culture of the mind, at least so far as she had been able to judge, he was no ordinary person, and, too, might have elicited her admiration, if nothing more, had not her heart been already too full of one to admit of thoughts in a serious way of another.

But their first day's journey was not ended before she perceived, with a true woman's instinct, that she was more than pleasing to him. And while she felt the gratification that usually springs from such a revelation, catering as it does to the wish of all for admiration, yet it led to still a higher thought with her, giving her assurances of greater security, and removing from her mind all solicitude that she might otherwise have felt for her safety. And looking upon it in that light, she determined that so far from discouraging its growth, she would so deport herself as to fan the flame; and so she studied his likes and dislikes, and in all the delicate methods that a cultured woman knows so well how to use, she drew him on until, before the journey was half ended, she felt secure in her conquest, and, therefore, safe under his guidance.

He showed himself familiar with the entire



route, and with all the details of camp life, and from the first he strove to make all as comfortable for her as possible. She soon seemed to feel as much at home, and to enjoy such a life as much as he did: and though glad at least to find herself once more in the habitable part of the world and among Christian people, yet she had become so much accustomed to camp life that it seemed like parting with an old friend to give it up.

When they arrived at New Orleans, she had no difficulty, by his aid, in finding the property purchased by her father, as well as the place of deposit of the funds left there by him, and into the possession of all of which she was readily admitted upon the presentation of the documents given her by her father.

She found the property in the extreme lower, or French part of the city — with the house of deposit near by — and she at once took possession; the party occupying vacating, as agreed, on demand, and with her faithful housekeeper's assistance, she soon had all arranged to her satisfaction.

Young Cortina had been a great help to her in making all her arrangements in the city, as he seemed as familiar with that portion of the city as he had shown himself to be with the route over which they had traveled.

After she became regularly settled in her own house, Cortina had asked and obtained permis-

sion to call, and as he had taken up his quarters near by, he assured her it would afford him much pleasure to spend much of the time in the evenings in her society, which, at first, was very acceptable to her, but as the fact dawned upon her mind that he might—or rather that it was certain he would, if given the opportunity—make demand for her hand; she became uneasy at the prospect; for what could she do but reject him; and how could she do that without making a full confession of her attachment for, and engagement to Jerald; and then, what would he think of her? How could she excuse herself for having so led him on; for, as we have seen, she had purposely encouraged him to regard her with high favor; indeed, she sought to draw him on to that most tender of passions; and how could she now fling into his face a denial of his suit after having in so many ways given him purposely to understand that his devotion was acceptable to her, that it was reciprocated. Her purpose had been in her actions towards him, to convey the impression of a reciprocal attachment, as well as to draw from him all the strength possible in his own, and she felt she had been, in a very high degree, successful; and now, in the face of all this, how could she meet him in his demand for her heart and hand in that closest of bonds—the matrimonial one; she trembled at the mere thought, and dreaded the ordeal through which she felt

she must pass, and how soon, too, she knew not, unless by some mere chance, of which she saw no probability, she could be relieved of his visits and his presence. Very soon, quite as soon, as she had feared, the fatal hour came, when he made the declaration, and as she had foreseen the only means of escape, if that should prove a means—at least to the extent of ridding her of him—lay in a full confession, that her heart had been bestowed upon, and her hand pledged to another.

But with this *denouement* came not despair on his part. Could she have so dissembled? Did she not have much, if not all, the interest in him she had manifested during their trip? Where was her affianced? Perhaps dead, or a prisoner secure within some mine far away in Mexico? This would seem to be his fate if captured and carried away by the cavalry force that left the field, so precipitately, on the day of the battle. At any rate, a considerable time had already elapsed and there had been no tidings of him, and if alive and at liberty, would he not have shown himself or hunted her up within this time, if as much attached to her as she seemed to think he was? No, the future was not all dark to him. He would remain near her, hoping yet to win her. And while she would not accept his suit, she could not deny him the privilege of calling and seeing her. In fact, how could she treat him otherwise than with courtesy? For

ad he not been the means of liberating her from  
survile bondage, and conducted her with so  
much of safety and delicacy of attention to her  
resent home? Yes, she would do all in her  
power to make his evenings spent with her pleas-  
ant to him, and, in fact, contribute to his happi-  
ness in every way possible, except to own him  
as a lover or make of him a husband.

Thus matters stood when she turned her atten-  
tion to making efforts to discover the fate of  
Gerald. But without a starting point, or ought  
else to guide her, she was like a ship at sea  
without chart or compass, and while she would  
wait and live in hope, she would not cease to  
implore the Virgin for him, turning to that  
source when all else had failed her, as she never  
gave up her faith and trust in the power of the  
holy Virgin, nor in her willingness to aid her.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## FRUITLESS EFFORTS AND DAILY OCCUPATIONS.

JERALD, in his efforts to learn something of Irene, had hunted up, one by one, all he could find in New Orleans, of those who had been connected with the expedition, hoping from some of them to learn something of her fate, or rather his desire and hope was to be able to learn that she still lived, and where he might find her. In the event of her having left San Antonio in company with the old man, as agreed upon, they would have taken the Nacogdoches road, and might have been overtaken, or been seen on the way, as that was the route the fugitives would most likely all take, and, therefore, he hoped to learn something of her from them.

But he had failed to elicit anything, or to find any one who knew anything of her, until one day, while passing along one of the main streets of the city, he came upon one, who was at the time the expedition was gotten up a clerk in the employ of his father, and who left his position to join the expedition. After the usual salutations, the burden of his search came up, and his questions elicited the fact that the young man had fallen in with her, accompanied by a

gentleman, who he learned was her father; that they traveled in company several days before reaching the Trinity river, on the bank of which they went into camp a little below where the road crosses it. That he, with them and many others, were captured by the Royalists. That her father was shot, with a large number of the Mexican portion of the Republicans. That she was taken back with the capturing party in the direction of San Antonio, whilst he with the other Americans taken, were liberated and allowed to pursue their way home.

This was information so direct, and so thoroughly in accord with his recent apprehensions, and so far explained her non-appearance and silence, that he gave it credence; for would she not have hunted him up had she reached the city? or if she could not have found him, he could at least have found her? and thus accepting the fact that her father had arrived and had taken her away, what could he think had become of the old man? He inquired particularly as to him, but was informed that no one answering the description as given of him, accompanied them; and as he would have remained with them, had they left San Antonio together, he was led to the conclusion that he did not leave there with them, and he was left without even a probable conjecture as to his fate; but if left behind and Irene was taken back there, would she not hunt him up, and would they not to-

gether make their way to New Orleans? But in case the old man should have been slain, or captured or taken off, would she not still have the father confessor to whom she could apply for protection? and would he not have to make his way there as soon as possible, to hunt her up, and rescue her if in danger, or bring her off if protected by him. But would it not be risking his own life to make the attempt? and what would he do in case he had been sent into the interior? perhaps she had been sent direct to Zacatecas, it might be, at her own request, if she was to be held as a prisoner.

After thus reviewing the situation, he deemed it best to wait, at least until he should learn something of the condition of affairs at San Antonio, which he had a hope of doing, through some channel, though through just what he had no definite idea, since he had so unexpectedly obtained what he must regard as perfectly trustworthy information in regard to the fate of Irene's father, and her own probable destination, for he had no doubt but she would be carried back to San Antonio.

He eagerly caught at every rumor and followed up every account, which was brought to the city in regard to matters in Texas. But nothing led to the full solution of the difficulties.

He found in his Cousin Helen a companion, who, like himself, needed sympathy, as he was

duly advised of her heart troubles, and they spent much of their time together, often on horseback, when they would ride out to the lake, or up the river, and when not thus engaged would spend the time over the chess board, or in reading to each other some favorite book. Thus, Mary and Allan, who were daily growing in favor with each other, were left to peruse their pleasures in their own way, without let or hindrance, on their part.

Jerald continued to wear the cross given him by Irene, securely tucked beneath his vest, as he had made himself believe, solely, because she gave it to him, and enjoined it upon him to wear it, not, of course, as he would have stoutly asserted, that he attached any importance to it, in the way she did, while the truth was, like the thousands, who have no faith in there being any difference between Friday and any other day of the week to begin a journey, or to enter upon a new enterprise, yet, make it convenient, and in fact, a point with them, somehow or other to avoid doing so; and if asked in regard thereto, will deny any belief on their part, at the same time being free to comment on the belief of others; and likewise with the efficacy of horse-shoes; but which they are careful to nail over or under their doors—not, of course, as they will tell you, for any belief of their own, as to their being any virtue in them to keep the devil out, or to bring them good luck—oh, no; noth-



ing of that sort; it only comes of the habit, handed down perhaps, from their fathers and grandfathers; and so on back, it may be, to Noah, who may have had one tacked over the door of the *ark*, that the prohibited one might not enter there. And perhaps it was well for Noah, that the prohibited one had not then gone into the swine, as he might have given his horseshoe the slip, by getting in through them. But to return to the list of superstitions which even persons usually credited with good sense, indulge in the luxury of giving credence to, if not by honest words, yet by what might be called back-handed acts: that is, doing under a kind of open protest what they inwardly approve, and we find the list to include the finding a pin, the end pointing to them indicating good or bad luck, that is, blunt or sharp, as the point or the head shall be directed toward them. And there is the crowing of the cock, in or near the door, or the itching of the nose, which is thought to indicate the arrival of visitors, and lastly, the turning a garment when once put on wrong side out, bringing bad luck to the wearer. We say, like all such, Jerald would not admit that he wore the cross for any virtue there was in it; nevertheless, it was not placed as other gifts from her were, in some secure place, but worn as those wear them, who wear them for the virtue they deem there is in them; with chain sus-

pended around the neck, and the cross securely tucked beneath the vest, or in the bosom.

Such is the effect and force of superstition on the human mind, that while it does not credit, it can not wholly discard beliefs, even in what reason declares to be wholly without foundation. Every graveyard has its ghost, not only to the ignorant, but to all classes; and so with other sayings — if a milder term is preferred to superstitions.

The scarf, of course, he could give a reason, even to himself, for wearing; as it served a purpose as a part of his apparel; yet he could not help, or refrain from following the course of the bullet through its folds, to find it had been checked at, if not by, the image of the Virgin, as worked on one of them. This, however, he made himself believe, as he had tried to do Irene, had no significance, and was merely an accidental circumstance; yet he could but thank the giver and feel grateful to the image, or the scarf, or whatever there might be about it, for the preservation of his life, as he had no doubt about its being the means of saving it.

Helen had replied to Eleanor's letter, and was anxiously awaiting the result of the investigation on Arthur's part, as she felt upon that depended their future happiness. Jerald, as we have said, being apprised of the state of affairs, had fully approved the stand taken by Helen, and he encouraged her to persevere in her pur-

just as he could see no other way that gave any promise for happiness to her.

Such were his conditions and surroundings; with Irene almost her entire time, except that employed in sleep, with Cortina. They met at early dawn, at mass, where she went to get near the image of the Virgin, to offer up her daily prayer for the safety and return to her of Gerald: and he to meet *her* there: and it was his custom to always attend her home, his own boarding place having been chosen, with the view of carrying him by her residence, on his return from the church attended by her. Their plans for the day, if not previously made, were then formed, either to ride on horseback—which usually led them down the river—or attend some place of amusement or entertainment, such as engrossed the attention of those of their class at that day: and when kept in doors by the nature of the weather, or the lack of places and scenes of interest to call them out, they spent their time at games of cards, chess, or backgammon, of all of which they were fond, or else in reading to each other, or in the discussion of some subject of interest. But the subject next to his heart he had refrained from broaching, since his suit had been so positively rejected, although it was apparent to her that day by day his passion grew stronger, if possible. And while it was with her, as with all, flattering to her woman's nature, to be thus ad-

mired and courted, yet she felt that by her free and full confession of her own strong attachment for another, and her positive rejection of his suit, she had placed it beyond his power to exact aught else, than such return as she was giving him, in the enjoyment of her society under the conditions then allowed. As for herself, she accepted his attentions as affording her pleasant pastime, and the giving her the opportunity of getting out of herself, and having something to occupy her mind, to keep it from brooding over the probabilities or even possibilities of never again having Jerald restored to her.

As we have said, Cortina's passion grew stronger and stronger, day by day, and when in her presence his eyes seemed almost to devour her with their intensity of search, and constant following of her person whithersoever she went, or howsoever she moved. And while thus gazing upon her, further silence seemed at least to be denied him, and he burst forth with :

"Ah! thou dost so the keys of privilege wield as that the secret bolts of love are all thrown back, and the heart's inmost chambers are opened. But, cruel gift, since only the power to wield is thus given you, that you may but those chambers open, to admit of winter's disappointments, and thus blast the buds which should but open to fair flowers of happiness. How came you thus with such gift of power? Aye, that is

where nature is at fault, as all her gifts should be bestowed alone for good unto her creatures, and how she can have this now sanctioned, is the mystery. Pray, now explain?"

"The fault is not of nature's making, nor yet is fault there, as you say. The fault alone is now with you; it is alone in your conjecture; for who so devoted now as I? Does yonder sun his daily course pursue with more exactness than now marks my own devotion? And thus the fault with you is not with that devotion, but the object that calls it forth. Ah! when you shall know by dire experiences what I have known of winter's blasts on tender buds, which should have opened into full-blown flowers of happiness, but which, alas, no strength of germ could ever retain when subjected to such cold blasts; and thus instead of full-blown flowers, there yet remains a shrunken and a withered bud, then you can rail at nature, or whatever you may please, that will your spirits' deep unrest relieve."

"Why not then let the seeds be freshly sown, that new roots may start and send forth new shoots, from which new buds may spring, such as shall open into flowers all fragrant with the odors of a life of bliss. Say, why not let me now within the vacant soil, where once the shrubs of hope so finely grew, but which, as you have said, were chilled and withered by the winter blasts of his desertion or neglect, now

put such seeds as shall there germinate, and make of growths by far beyond the hot-house shrubs or window plants; yea, such as shall survive the winter's blasts, and shall the space of all the dwelling occupy."

"Nay, sir, the soil is now too barren; all strength from it is departed; no power to germinate does there remain; neither showers nor dews of heaven, nor yet the spray from sprinkling pot can wet the dry and parched up soil. No; seek, I pray you, some other field in which to scatter your seed, from which the strength of soil is not departed, you would find mine worse than desert sands."

"Ah! know you not that in the desert wild, are spots as green as earth affords, and what does make the difference? It is but the moisture which springs from the earth, and meeting there the sun's bright rays causes the plants to grow. And so shall it be in thy heart, if but the ray of love which mine shall throw upon it, can one drop of water there yet find. Allow me then, only to send forth a ray, and warm once more into life the germ which must be yet there hidden."

"You know not what you ask; go seek the barren rock that rears its head deep in the desert, where drop of water has never fallen, and there place your seeds, and if from thence they will grow, then you may come and hope to find a genial spot within my heart. No, no, it is

barren ; worse than barren. It is an utter waste ; a trackless, treeless waste ; a vineless vineyard, except to that one growth of love to him, and which, alas, does now bid fair to be, too, withered."

"What ! does not spring rejoice the more when winter is over, by reason of the blasts which it had dashed with so much force against the earth, and seemed to bury beneath the snows these germs, which, when they are budded and bloomed, give unto spring its greatest charm ; and so the heart's best impulses, when relieved from the weight of some deep sorrow, more gladly greet the new life that may be given unto them. How shall it be ? Shall gloom but weigh thee down ? Why should it thus be so ? May not the spirit rise to nobler things from having felt so great a weight ? Let shadows flee, and sunlight once more enter in and illumine, and all will yet be well."

"Nay ; let the clouds and shadows there remain, if those bright rays of light which once illumined, and now, alas, withdrawn, shall never again return. No, until such return, let thick darkness and deep gloom remain."

"Well, let us now the theme so change as that the subject may be pleasing to you, and I will wait for pressing further this my suit, with hope that some bright ray of sunshine from my strong devotion, if not from my love, shall rouse your dormant faculties ; and for the purpose of se-

curing some exuberant flow of spirits, let us in the garden go, and wander among the flowers, and drink in all their beauties and inhale their fragrant odors."

"Nay; it would now my sorrow deepen, and the weight still press more heavily upon my heart to catch even one full ray of sunshine with such a purpose, it is as much as I can bear to have its rays to reach me through this tinted glass, and feel they are to drive all thoughts of him away. No, if you have aught to say by way of lightsome theme, that is in harmony with thoughts such as those I now have, say on; yet to but speak of lightsome themes does only suggest a something which shall be naught but rays of light, shorn of their strength, if such could be, to hearts like mine."

"Ah, sir; would you temper to the spirit what is not its part in its sharing with the lightness here; all have their weight, and each will have its claim respected, so that to shun them we can not. It is true, some are not so weighty as are others, but with all there comes to us a stern demand for recognition. And only when we are done with earth, shall we be able to rid ourselves of their demands. Then, with the world before us, and such things within our way at every turn along our path, why then try to shun them? Why not go bravely on to meet them, and either vanquish or be overcome ourselves by them. Such I have tried somewhat to do, but



still I have hoped for a letup in the strain, but hoped in vain, and now you offer me no new way by which I may diverge, or yet retreat, and if you have nothing further, I will now sing you this song :

Tell me not that love grows cold  
When its object is not seen ;  
That saying's false, although 'tis old,  
"That absence does the true heart wean."

Pure love is like the altar's fire  
That's ever sending forth its glow,  
Nor does it of it's object tire,  
Or lessen'd fervor ever know.

The true heart's like the flower that turns,  
Unceasing, to the God of day,  
Though absent, for the loved one yearns,  
And owns alone that loved one's sway.

Away, then, with so false a charge !  
It savors not of wisdom's part ;  
But does distrust's wide field enlarge,  
And joy too banish from the heart.

"The sentiment is by no means faulty when the object of the love remains worthy, or is known with certainty to still exist; but when, as now, it has either proven false or ceased to exist, pray, what good can come of such devotion?"

"But prove to me either, and I shall be content; but until you can, sir, do one or the other, do not press me further."

“What length of time shall then elapse until want of his own presence shall convince you.”

“A century, sir, without proof of broken faith, desertion or death, would not suffice, so now you have what I require to make me falter.”

“And still thou knowest his faith with thine does not accord; and would you wed with such? Beware how you thus act without the sanction of the church. Would you bring her curse down upon you?”

“You, sir, but little know my Viesca blood, or you would not dare to thus arouse it. The church my mother ever has been, at least since when memory brings up the past. But to my own maternal mother’s will I would make restraint by my own will, if for such exercise of my will this passion that now in me burns should call, by opposition offered by her to it. No; I would live as for myself, and not by rules prescribed by those who all such feelings do ignore. Or, if not, then in secret hold. Who brought me into the world? and why was I thus brought? To do my own, or others’ will? If others’, why? Who made them rulers over me? and what the purpose? Aye, well I know the teachings; it is well for those who are not endowed with powers like mine. And if they choose to bear the yoke, it is well; I will not bear my neck to such a yoke. What belongs to the church, that I will give, and not the smallest part withhold; but when she does demand what

is mine, such demand shall go unheeded by me."

"Dost brook eternal pain? or that state wherein to do penance until thou hast there atoned for thy wrong doing here?"

"Aye, there is the point — the wrong. Who calls it wrong? Why this passion placed within me? If not mine to will, to bestow as I will? Or if by force stronger than my will, it go where I would not will it? Who says it is wrong? Away with such teachings, I will have none of them. And if perdition stare me in the face, or I be hounded by purgatory, I will not from my purpose swerve, but let my passion have its sway."

"But you have said that proof of his desertion or his death will you suffice, and you will then listen to my suit. It is well; the proof shall come if swift-winged love can bring it. His haunts shall be discovered if yet he lives, or grave if he be dead, for my one purpose is to win you to myself, at what of cost it may demand," and saying which he left her presence and went into the street, with thoughts full bent upon his purpose; and fortune favored him; for before he had gone a full block's space he met with one who had been Jerald's father's clerk, and who, as we have said, had told Jerald the fate of Irene's father and her own detention, and while they talked of former times — as they had met before — a couple passed them riding by, a lady and her escort, and the latter, with familiar

speech, made salutations, which led Cortina to ask his name; when there he learned it was he of whom he wished to know; and further conversation led to full particulars, as to where he dwelt, and who she was then by his side, it being his cousin. And learning further that they often were thus out together, and that their way led them to the lake, he made excuse to be off, and to his own room he took his way to fix upon some plan that should best subserve his purpose to bring distrust into her mind, for had he not found the clue. With being so constantly his companion, though she should be his cousin; and then, no effort made to find Irene, which, if he wished, could be easily done, for was he not raised in the city, and could he not easily find her if he wished to? Yes, he would plan, and bring his plans to bear, so that he would break down every barrier between himself and Irene.

With thoughts like these, he was pursuing his way when he was met by a maiden fair, with bloom of youth upon her cheeks; and with strong Italian accent, she demanded when he came, and why he had not called to see her? To all of which he returned evasive answers, and seemed much embarrassed. And when she pressed him and demanded why, as heretofore, he had not made her father's house his home while in the city, he excused himself by saying that he had stopped only for a short time near where his business called him, and that he had

intended, when through with his urgent business, to go, as heretofore, and be a guest at her father's house. And when she reproached him for neglect, and charged him with desertion or indifference, he made denial of the charges, and gave assurance that she still was, as before to him, and that no other one had usurped her place. With such assurances and the promise on his part to be with her soon, they parted; she to go her way, as she was going before they met, and he whither, he knew not, as their meeting had greatly disturbed his plans, as she, whom he had just met, was his affianced, she being the daughter of an Italian who kept a boarding house, and with whom he had been accustomed to stop when in the city, which for some years had been quite frequent, as he was connected with the denizens of the neutral ground; acting in the capacity of agent to make disposal of their captures and to purchase supplies, as well as to act as the spy in the discovery of trains laden with valuables, or parties from whom booty could be obtained according to their methods of robbery. This necessarily often took him to New Orleans, and he became acquainted with her by stopping at her father's house, and as she was in every way attractive, he soon sought and obtained the promise of her hand, and but for the meeting with Irene, all might have been well; but now what should he do? To remain in the city meant to spend the

time with her as he had done before, or else to part with her as if returning to his old haunts, as he had so often done before, and then take up his quarters in such a part of the city, and to keep so close, that it would enable him to shun her altogether. But could he do that and pursue his plans in regard to Irene? especially, as he must, now that he had discovered Jerald, and knew that he was domiciled in the city, so play between them as to prevent their meeting. And now he had the means of doing so, in Jerald's constant attendance upon his cousin, to bring it plainly to her mind that he had deserted her; this he would do by some way letting her know of his attentions, and of the length of time he had been in the city without showing himself to her. But how should he do this without exposing himself to discovery again by her whom he would now avoid?

The plan of taking up his quarters at her father's, as before, for a day or two, and then taking his leave, as if going out of the city, was decided upon, and accordingly he took up his quarters there. The next thing was to secure a secluded position for himself and an accomplice to carry out his plans in regard to Jerald and Irene; for he had finally decided to play upon both, lest she, knowing he was in the city should break over all barriers and seek him out herself, when, if his own mind should not be poisoned, all would be of no avail to him. The

accomplice presented himself in the person of Roland McDonald, he who had been clerk for Jerald's father, and whom Cortina had found a boarder in the house with him, at the Italian's, and who from the habits formed while at San Antonio, had, after his return to New Orleans, taken up the profession of a gambler, and with it the usual accompaniment of drinking, and just at this time he was flat broke, and applied to Cortina to *stake him*, thus presenting him with what he hailed as a fortunate occurrence, and pointed him out as a fit person to aid him in carrying out his plans. Negotiations were soon entered into, which led to a satisfactory arrangement, for when a man becomes a gambler and tippler, and gets *flat broke*, he is ready for anything that will give him a *stake*.

The plan as agreed upon, contemplated the conveying to Jerald in some way, the fact of Irene's presence in the city, the manner of her coming, that is, with Cortina, the length of time she had been there, and Cortina's constant attendance upon her, and to give him a chance to be an eye witness to the latter, he was directed to station himself on the route traversed by them in their morning walks, returning from mass, as well as upon the route of their rides down the river; and lastly to observe his entrance to their dwelling, which should thereafter be by way of the garden, and a back entrance, the house standing in about the cen-

of a plot of ground, surrounded on all sides by trees; they deemed that this would be sufficient to convince Jerald that she was unworthy of him. Irene was to be informed of the fact of Jerald's presence in the city; his constant attendance upon his cousin; and to be assured of an engagement between them. To convince her of her devotion to his cousin, she in turn was to be informed of their rides in the direction of the coast, and as to his being her constant attendant and escort; in short, on all occasions where attentions were desirable or proper, for this indeed was their custom, as Helen had purposely directed the attentions of other gentlemen, as her position with Arthur was such as to warrant her in not receiving them in any other way than by mere civilities, and she found in her cousin one who could not only sympathize with her, but could afford her all the attentions and society she needed, or felt then like enjoying. And for him, such an occupation was what his mind needed, and consequently they were almost constantly together.

As their plans being thus formed, Cortina gave his companion a small *stake*, as a part of the stipulated price for the performance of his part, and proceeded to his new quarters, as arranged, so that he could be consulted by McDonald, and so that he should report to him, it being a part of his duty in order to learn the success of their scheme, to keep an eye on the parties and see



that they duly informed themselves of the acts and situations of each other, for upon this depended its success.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## TIAL SUCCESS OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

LD, on reaching home, found in his cousin  
l and fit companion, each needing the  
hy which only those can give, who, like  
ves, have had their own heart troubles,  
efore they became almost constant com-  
s, as we have said, Jerald being without  
s to enter into the pursuits of life—  
he had given no thought as to what  
be his future course in life; and he lived  
by day in a kind of a dreamy state of  
ce, waiting for some clue to Irene's fate;  
d with what his attentions to his cousin  
led, as a stimulus to bodily exertion.  
ie pursued his course of reading with  
ich they each sought to make profitable,  
as entertaining; but as to any fixed pur-  
life, he had none, each day affording its  
mulus.

as, however, awakened from this dreamy  
ery shortly after the entering into the ar-  
ent between Cortina and McDonald, as  
d in the last chapter, by meeting McDon-  
o engaged him in conversation, and after  
terances of a few commonplaces, he

broached the subject of his mission by informing Jerald that he had learned of Irene's presence in the city; that she had been brought there from San Antonio by a young man, and had been domiciled at a certain place on a certain street, and that he was constant in his attendance upon her. They were to be seen every morning returning from a certain church, where they had been in attendance upon mass; and sometime during the day they could be seen taking a horseback ride along the levee below the city, and each evening found him entering the place of her abode, by a rear entrance way, which led through the flower garden. Such he assured him were the details of the facts, as he had obtained them, and which he was led to impart to him, from the interest he had once felt in her, and he was sure he still entertained, from the fact of his making the inquiries as he had previously done, in reference to her, when he imparted to him the knowledge he had of the capture of herself and father, the execution of the latter, and her return in the direction of San Antonio. Jerald listened with marked attention to the details of the narrative, and after thanking him for the interest he had taken, they separated. Jerald's first impulse was to wholly discredit the statement, believing it to be a slander, concocted for some sinister end, but by whom? Certainly not by the narrator, as he knew of no reason that would prompt him to

such an act; and he ran over in his mind to see if he could fix upon any one who would be likely to take interest enough in him and his affairs, and resort to such a course to gratify his ill-will, or to redress some supposed injury, or to seek atonement for some great wrong. And he could remember no one whom he could suppose stood in such a relation to him, not being conscious of having given just cause for such feelings, and he therefore turned to the contemplation of the narration in its several bearings, and it was suggested at once to him that the truth or falsity of it was susceptible of easy proof; and he pursued his way home, whither he was going when met by McDonald; and a flood of thoughts seemed to rush over him like the waters from a bursting dam, and he asked himself, "Could it be possible that the tale he had just heard was true; that his own Irene was so near to him in the city, coming too, as related, in the charge of, brought by, or in company with, another, the exact form of speech having then escaped him; and who could it be? and how came she with him? There must be some mistake. It was possible the old man had brought her, and perhaps there might have been a young man along; but, that she could have been *brought*, as intimated, by a young man, and he now her constant attendant—that was impossible, since he had never heard her speak of having any near relative, who was a young

man, had she had not in as much of her narrative as given of her life, said that she was without such relationship, the only one of her relations she mentioned being her mother's only sister dying childless? and certainly she would not allow one not her near relative, to give her such attention. No; there must be some mistake, or purposely concocted falsehood, and would it not be easy to find out for himself? yes, her place of residence had been so accurately given him that there would be no mistaking it, although in a part of the city in which he had never been, at least to more than pass through it. But what should he do? Go at once and find out if she was there, and under the circumstances as stated? would not that be the manly course? But then, suppose he would find it all true, as had been told him, would he wish to meet her? No; he would prefer that she should never know that he had been made acquainted with her conduct, if she should be other than the pure being she had appeared to him. Was it possible, he asked himself, that all her demonstrations were for effect, and to entrap him into an alliance with her, impure as she was. And had he not been too confiding? No; he would find out the truth without her knowing anything about it. But then, would he play the eavesdropper or spy? Yet how else could he learn the facts? To be hanging around the street corners on such an errand, or to go at

nightfall to the rear of the premises, and there hide himself and watch? No; he *could* not do that; but he *could* ride down along the *levee*. But then, how would he do, ride boldly along, see them in the way, and confront them and then let himself be known unto her; or should he place himself so as to have a view of the road, without being himself seen? or would he while pursuing the way himself, keep watch, and should he see them coming, so vary his course as to see them without being recognized by her? and if he went on such an errand it would not do to ride his own pony, as she would recognize him, and would she not recognize himself, should he ride any other, at any distance at which he could be certain of recognizing her? Therefore, if he should ride another horse it would be necessary for him to disguise himself. But then, no hour of the day was given him at which he might expect to see them; and could he spend the whole day riding up and down the levee waiting for them? Would he not have gone to San Antonio had it been possible for him to have met her there? and now could he not spend one whole day in that endeavor, but what the difference in the incentives? Then it would have been to have met the pure being, the idol of his heart; now, it is to witness her impurity, and to cast that idol down from out his heart. But he would try that plan in preference to either of the others, for he believed he should

recognize her person at such a safe distance, as to be himself perfectly free from discovery by her, with the disguise he intended to use.

He accordingly proceeded to put this resolve into practice, and instead of riding his own pony he took the one usually ridden by Helen for the day, on the plea of a business engagement, and set out. No culprit ever went to the place of execution with more of a burden than he carried, as death would have been more acceptable to him than the knowledge that she was aught else than what he had deemed her. And how could he hope to find it otherwise than the narrator had said; for how could such a story be concocted without some foundation, and why should he tell such a falsehood with the proof so near at hand to make him out a falsifier? But nothing short of ocular demonstration would convince him; and though he should see her as described, in company with another, could she yet be the impure being the narrator's insinuations would have him believe, and that such an association might possibly indicate, but would it be conclusive? No; he would drive such a thought from him; he would not credit it. There must be some explanations some way by which her purity must be vindicated. She must appear to him still the unsullied, the pure, noble being he had always regarded her. But, oh! the deceitfulness of the world. Did not Satan sometimes appear in an

angel's garb? and is not the world's history filled with evidences of just such deception?

These, and a thousand similar reflections passed through his mind as he made his way down the river in the direction of the route over which they were said to pass, and he had reached it and waited until he had about despaired of seeing them, and had about concluded that he had proven one portion of the story untrue, when he discovered in the distance those whom he supposed might be the objects of his search. He, therefore, changed his course so as to be still in view of the main road, over which they were coming; and at the same time so situated as to be out of view himself, yet able to determine as to her identity. And oh, the crushing revelation that met his eyes. It was, indeed, none other than she, riding the identical pony she had so often ridden by his side. And she was conversing gaily and freely with her escort, just as she had done, oh, so many, many times with himself. And, too, her escort was nothing inferior to himself in manly bearing and general personal appearance. And as he beheld he felt like calling upon the earth to open and swallow him up, for the world then became to him like the darkness that covered the land of old, all blackness and darkness; what was there left to live for? "Would he not ride to the river and cast himself in, to swell the long list of suicides? But then, would that be manly, to sacrifice himself thus



for one who had shown herself so unworthy? No, he would rise above such a thought, he would live to show himself of strength of mind enough to not yield to such promptings, though he had been weak enough to be taken in by such a designing woman."

He turned his horse and pursued his way home, but what was there in his present home, or the prospects of a home of his own, that could cheer him? Had he not looked forward to a home blessed with her presence, and a life made bright with her smiles? But now, alas, that cherished hope had fled, and the future was to him a blank, with no bow of promise in the heavens, no beacon light upon his path to guide him in the way; all was like the waking from a pleasing dream, wherein the sleeper was surrounded with green fields, the waving grain and beds of fragrant flowers, to find himself in the midst of a trackless, treeless waste, and devoured by gnawing hunger and parching thirst. With such awakening from his dream, he pursued his way and reached his father's house, where so often in childhood his weary steps had carried him to find rest; and where, in youth, he had found those with soft hands and tender and loving hearts to guide and give encouragement, where, when he was in the act of tearing himself away; taking his life in his hand, to plunge into the wilderness and to brave the dangers of war, loving words had fallen on his

ears in kind *adieux*, and where, when he returned there were still those warm hearts and willing hands to welcome him. And had not gentle hands ministered to his wants, and loving words fallen on his ears throughout all the days of his sojourn since his return? But what are all such kindnesses to him now; they would only be heaping coals of fire upon his head, and sending the dart deeper into his soul, weighing his spirit down all the more, for their very gentleness, their very likeness to what had been his, from her hands and her lips, but which now, alas, should be no more his own, but another's, or other's, for could it be that she would be true to another when she had been so false to him?

But life; ah, yes; life was yet before him. He could not get away from himself. He could not ignore those around him. He must live, and he must mingle with those around him. He must prepare to meet those of the household now, and not reveal to them the depth of his degradation or the weight of his sorrow. To be thus taken in, and for him to have yielded so readily. Oh! he felt that it was, indeed, degrading. And to find that what might have been capable of bestowing so much of happiness upon him, was to be swept away from him, and in such a way, too. It was truly heartrending. But the necessity for immediate action forced itself upon him, and he nerved himself to the task, and met the family at the meal hour with so little of the

struggle within visible on his countenance that none made the discovery of the great change which a day had brought to his inner-man. But could he be satisfied with what he had seen? Or should he pursue the investigation further? Could he give her up so? and would it be just to her or to himself to condemn her on such evidence? True, she was there in company with him, and on her own pony, showing that she had ridden him through from San Antonio, as related. But then, how else could she have come? And how did he know that she came through with the one she was then with? Might not the plan they had agreed upon have been the one carried out; and she have come through with the old man? and suppose the one she was with did come through with her? He might have done so, and the old man might have been along. At any rate, he would not let the matter rest where it was. He would investigate further. He would see how far the story was true. And he decided to be in position the next morning to test the assertion of their return together from mass.

And the next morning found him at his post, ready for further evidence. And he soon obtained it, as he had waited but a little time when they passed in full view of the position he had taken, and he was sufficiently near to scan her features, and the view he had left no doubt of her identity. Should he follow and see their destination? The question itself prompted him

to action, and he took a pace behind them and followed on until he saw her enter the house, as it had been described to him; but the other passed on and entered another dwelling beyond — a boarding house. Then, they did not dwell together. What could be their relations, and what was the nature of the house into which she went; there were no signs of its being a boarding house; no stir as if others dwelt there. Or was it too early in the morning for them to be about? Could it be that she lived there alone? He would go in and learn all about it. But then, suppose he should find his fears all realized and her the creature he had been led to believe her to be when first the story was told him? And had he not found it to be true so far as he had investigated? And then, she would know that he knew it. No; he could bear his disgrace and chagrin alone, and if she were the siren he had conjured her up to be from the recital, she should never have the satisfaction of knowing that he had discovered her real character. No, he would pursue the matter to the end, and see, too, if he went to her in the evening, as stated. And with the present revelations, and the strain occasioned by the awaiting the coming of the evening, which would probably put the cap stone upon the temple of despair — which now reared its walls before him, and the uncertainty of his being able to find one loophole through which the vindication of her character might

appear; he would have been, indeed, an object of commiseration had he revealed to any one the state of his mind. But no, he kept all to himself, and nerved himself for the last great trial; the final proof; and taking his stand, as indicated, he saw the last stone placed upon the wall, as Cortina passed through the garden gate at the rear of the dwelling, and he watched him until he entered the door and passed into where he should have been most happy to have gone, but for these revelations. "But what now should he do? Was this all? Was there a possibility that she might yet be all he had once thought her? Who was this party? It was evident they were living apart. Could it be that his visits and attentions were of that character that would relieve her of any taint." While such thoughts were passing through his mind, the door opened through which the visitor had entered, and a female came forth, closing it behind her, and taking her way down the path, came towards where Jerald was standing, and her interception by him was the work of an instant, and the following out in him of the promptings of a single impulse, and the exclamation of surprise at such an interruption was made in Spanish, to which he replied in the same language, and which at once seemed to allay her apprehensions of danger from the meeting. After the assurances upon his part that his intentions were pacific, she submitted to be catechised in regard to matters

of the household. From her—who was none other than the old housekeeper, and to whom he did not make himself known—he learned the particulars of their journey from San Antonio to New Orleans in charge of the young man Cortina, in whose hands they had been placed by the father confessor. That the house in which they lived was her own property, purchased by her father. That she lived, as she had done in San Antonio, alone, except that she herself acted as her housekeeper, the same as she had done in San Antonio. When questioned as to Cortina's visits and attentions, she considered them as honorable, looking to their future union. She then related how, with her woman's instinct, she had noticed the growing attachment as they journeyed, Irene maintaining quite as much interest in him as she had previously done for another—and who, upon being questioned in regard thereto, proved to be himself—and since their arrival there they seemed very happy in each other's society, and she looked upon it as a very probable match, although she could not tell why, if they intended to marry, they did not do so at once, and why the delay, as there seemed to be nothing in the way, her father being dead, and she alone in the world. She stated she had never heard Irene make any reference to him. True, she never conversed with her about such matters herself, and was never present when Cortina was with her, except to attend

their calls for water or lights, or some such demand. In answer to his questions, she informed him that no other gentleman ever called on her, indeed, she had no callers except a lady friend or two, who called occasionally.

Satisfied with the information thus obtained, he allowed her to depart, and he took up the line of march for home, with different views from those with which he came, or with which he would have returned had he not met with her. But really, what had he gained; was it not true that he had lost by the interview, for would he not have preferred to know that she was entirely unworthy of him, and gotten rid of her in that way, than to have learned, as he had done, that she was still unsullied and had, either through the supposition that he had been killed or had forsaken her, or through the fickleness of her nature transferred her affections to another; for he doubted not, from what he had seen and what he had learned, that she was, indeed, devoted to her new lover, and, perhaps, as much so as she had been to himself. But, after all, he asked himself, "how that could be? Could he thus easily transfer his affections to another?" Of course his reply was emphatically "*no.*" "But was every one of his temperament, and were not those who were so impassioned as she had shown herself to be, more susceptible than those less impassioned and free?" The fact of the change, he was ready to admit; but was wholly

unable to explain the process by which the change came about. And he returned home with his mind wholly unsettled, not knowing whether to congratulate himself on his discovery, or to regret he had made it. Such is the inconsistency of the human mind. To have been certain of finding her, the pure noble being he had so worshipped, would have been the very highest wish at the moment of starting on his evening's expedition; but now that he had found her so, as he was satisfied he had, yet with her preferences for another than himself, his mind recoiled, and was ready to fall back upon the issues of the morning, and to feel that it would have been better she had remained to him as she was, an unworthy being. To see her another's and yet worthy of him, was far worse than to know that she had fallen below the standard of respect in his own estimation. Such are the selfish sentiments of the human heart. That which we can not ourselves enjoy, we are unwilling to see another have. And how can the heart rid itself of them? Shall the children's meat be cast to the dogs? or the household goods be willingly given up to others? Shall the holy temple be surrendered to the Moslem without protest? Nay; such is not in human nature.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

## CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE CONSPIRATORS.


SINCE the time when Cortina left Irene's presence after making the declaration of his purpose to win her to himself, at what of cost it might demand, as detailed in a former chapter no reference had been made to it, nor had any allusion been made to his attachment, or his purposes or intentions. He came as before, and she received him, and acted towards him just as she had done before, accepting his attentions and services as one bound by an obligation; and while she was not altogether unmindful of the light in which it might place her with those unfamiliar with his claims, if such there might be, who had interest enough in her to form an opinion, yet she felt she had, so far as she was concerned, set herself right with him by the most emphatic declarations of her strong preferences for another. As for his constant attentions to her, she accepted them as giving her an opportunity to gratify her desire for horseback exercise. And as for his escorting her home from mass, if it should be the means of making him more devoted than he otherwise would be, she was at least performing a good

work. And from his evening visits she derived the benefits of his cultured mind in the investigation of profitable subjects, and with no thought of being other to him than what she was, and with the assurance that she had sufficiently advised him of the true state of the case, she accepted his attentions with the view of making the most of them for her own pleasure and benefit, and with no thought of detriment to him or her own reputation.

The image of Jerald still haunted her, his loving words were treasured in her heart, and his praises were ever on her lips, ready for utterance to a proper object, and at a proper time. But where, oh, where, *was* he? She knew not. But her faith in the power, as well as the willingness of the Virgin to bring him to her, never forsook her for a moment, and her prayers for his safety and return, were not less constant than the return of the sun in his daily rounds, or the coming of the shadows of evening, and the darkness of night at his setting. With no tidings and no clue, a less confiding heart would have ceased to hope. But with her, having once placed the gift upon the altar, she had no wish to withdraw it. There was no half-heartedness on her part, and as she had told Cortina; nothing but the certain knowledge of his death, or the most positive assurances of his desertion, would wean her from him.

Such was the state of her mind and thoughts,

and she had just laid her heart upon the altar as an offering, and brought her burden before the Virgin in prayer, beseeching her to return him to her, and was just leaving the church when she was met by McDonald, who apparently ran almost against her without seeing her, and stopping abruptly, apologized by saying: "Pardon me, Miss. I was so absorbed in my own reflections that I came near running against you without seeing you. Aye; is it not, indeed, Miss Viesca that I have thus unexpectedly met? Truly, this is a happy surprise. Alas, Miss, our last experiences together were sad, indeed. But I forgot that you may not remember me. The occasion to which I have just referred was the one when we were taken prisoners on the bank of the Trinity river, in Texas, by the Spanish forces. But it is too sad a subject, perhaps, to recall to your mind; and I can only look with sadness upon it myself; to think of so many noble men sacrificed. But it is pleasant to meet you here and looking so well; by the way, I came across an old friend of your's in the city, and who was also a friend and companion of my own, as we were fellow soldiers together. But I suppose you also see him quite often. I see him almost daily riding out in the direction of the lake in company with a lady, and, since seeing you here, I presume it is none other than yourself, and that you are but dupli-



cating the days spent in like manner with him while we were stationed in San Antonio.”

“I do, indeed, now recall you, sir, as we were made captives together, but would gladly banish all else of those sad occurrences now from my mind if possible. But no; they are indelibly impressed there. But pray, sir, to whom do you refer? I do not recall such pleasurable pastime enjoyed by me there with any one I have met, much less been so engaged with her.”

“Pardon me for my conjectures as to the identity of the lady, as they may be erroneous. But the gentleman whom I see almost daily passing over the road, either going or returning from the lake, accompanied by a lady on horseback, is one I often saw you similarly engaged with, that is, I mean riding on horseback.”

“Pray, sir, be kind enough to inform me to whom you refer, as I am not aware of having been so engaged here with any one with whom I was similarly engaged there?”

“Excuse me, Miss, but I have already from your first statement made to the same effect, admitted my error as to the identity of the lady, and beg your pardon for supposing it might have been you I have so often seen him with.”

“Well, sir; your apology is sufficient, and I will say farther, has been accepted. And since it is evident I am not the one seen by you in his company, the fact of his being there at all is a matter of no moment to me, unless I should in

some other way be interested ; which only can be from the remark first made by you that he was an old friend of mine. If such there be here I am not aware of it ; but as it would be most pleasing, I am sure, for me to meet such an one, I pray you to inform me to whom you refer ?”

“The remark was an incidental one, I assure you, Miss, and, as it were, involuntary ; the result of an association of ideas, and suggested by my sudden coming upon you, thus causing my mind, not only to recall that sad scene on the bank of the Trinity river, where I saw those brave men shot, and among the number your lamented father. And those delicate women, yourself, Miss, among the number, marched off in the direction of San Antonio. Ah, such barbarities and cruelties are not only shocking to human nature, but a disgrace to our boasted civilization. And passing from those sad scenes in quick transit, came up the days spent in San Antonio, in which I saw you so often pass on horseback, accompanied by my fellow soldier and friend, and it was that, as I have said, since my seeing you here but led me to suppose the lady I had so often seen him with on the road that leads to the lake, was none other than yourself, but since you have, by such assurances, convinced me of my error, I can but beg your pardon for the mention of the matter at all.”

“But, I pray you, sir, proceed since you have brought up so much of the past, and thus aroused

my curiosity. I would know more, and especially would I know to whom you refer?"

"Then since you insist, I will give his name as Jerald Fitzgerald."

All this time, the two had been walking together in the direction of Irene's dwelling, and when Jerald's name was spoken she had her hand upon the gate, but for which she would have fallen; but with an effort she steadied herself, and opening the gate and thanking him, she hurried to her own room, and threw herself upon the bed, as her limbs refused to sustain her any longer. There she lay a moment in great agony, but as if with a superhuman effort she aroused herself, and exclaimed: "No, I will not believe it! What! Jerald, my own, own Jerald here, in this very city with me; and pouring his tales of love into other ears than mine? with other eyes fastened upon his person? other ears catching his every word? other hands to brush the locks from his noble brow? other lips to feel the impress of his own, and other hearts to beat in unison with his? never, no never; it is false! Oh, who could have invented such a tale? Who could have devised such a scheme, and executed such a plot to rob me of my happiness? Base wretches! I will not listen to your tale; I will prove it false this very day. I will see that he does not come. Oh, he is not here, but if he is here, another does not share — did I say share? — nay his love can not be shared, it must be all

possessed, and another can not have what is a ~~all~~ my own. Oh, it can not be—it must not be ~~be~~! Holy Virgin Mother! has my trust in thee be ~~been~~ all in vain? hast thou forsaken me, or wilt thou ~~ou~~ yet by thy power bring him back to me? an ~~and~~ shall I lie here thus? shall I allow them to te ~~ell~~ such a horrid falsehood, when I can prove i— ~~ts~~ falsity? When I can know for myself that it ~~is~~ not so, that he is not here, that another does n ~~ot~~ have what is mine, his love, yes mine, his lo ~~ve~~ is mine, and not another's. Yes, I will pro ~~ve~~ that he still loves me; that his love is all mi ~~ine~~—all mine. Oh, Virgin Mother! to think of h ~~is~~ being another's! oh, it would kill me! it wou ~~ld~~ kill me. No, I will not believe it. I will now ~~go~~ this very moment, and I will see for myself th ~~at~~ it is false, a base slander on my own, own J ~~er~~ald. Here, bring my horse, saddle him quick ~~y~~, let me be away; I will not stay here. I must be off and prove the charge as false."

All this was delivered in so high a key that it brought the housekeeper to her in haste, who demanded what was the matter. The sound of the housekeeper's voice seemed to arouse her to a sense of the situation, when she ordered her to bring her pony to the door, at once, as she would ride out. The housekeeper gave her to understand that she had eaten nothing as yet, and that her breakfast was then ready, and for her to go and eat, and then she would bring up her horse; and she suggested further that she

had better wait for Cortina, at the mention of whose name, Irene exclaimed: "No, no; tell him not to come to me to-day; I do not want to see him; do tell him to stay away, and not come. Here, bring me my horse, I must away; they have accused him falsely, and I must disprove what they say. Come, I tell you, bring me my horse; I will not stay here with this falsehood haunting me. He shall not be so accused. No, no, no! Jerald, my own Jerald, *I will see* that they do not accuse you thus falsely;" and seeing the servant still standing there she cried, "Be away, I tell you, and bring my horse; I must be off this very minute; I will not stay here with this false charge against him; I will disprove it." And seeing the servant depart, she continued — "And now I must get on my bonnet — no, I will take my *rebosa*, and wear it, as I used to wear it for him; and did he not say it was so becoming to me? Yes, I will wear it; and now I must be away. Here, where is my horse? bring him here at once;" and rushing out the door, she hurried in the direction where her horse was kept, and found when she got there, that the servant had him saddled and ready for her to mount, which she did, and putting the whip to him galloped off, without heeding whither she was going; for, instead of taking her course to reach the road leading to the lake, she struck off, or rather the pony did, as she did not attempt to guide him —



in the direction she and Cortina were in the habit of going, and she had gotten outside of the city, and among the plantations before she realized what she had done, and where she was going.

The ride and the morning air had so braced up the system, that the mental shock had passed away, and she gradually recalled the occurrences of the morning; the story she had heard; and as the situation dawned upon her she called reason to her aid, and asked herself what she should do? Would she discredit the whole story and live on as she had done? trusting to the power of the Virgin to bring Jerald to her; or should she change her course, and seek the lake road, and there watch to see if it could be true, as he had told her? She would do that, not that she gave the story credence for one moment, but that she might prove it to be *false*. And as she pursued her way back, she formed her plans.

“It will not do to be seen by him, if in fact it was true. She could not ride her pony, he would know him,” and remembering she was wearing her *rebosa*, she said it would not do to wear that; no, he would know her with that at any distance. Then what would she do? she would return and change her dress. She would put on a disguise — something he had never seen her wear, and instead of riding her pony on the road, she would leave him out of view and go

on foot, or secrete herself in some secure spot, where she could watch the road without being seen."

Having thus formed her plans she returned to her home, to find her housekeeper greatly excited over her condition; but when she saw her mistress return calm and collected, she too, became so; and after taking the pony she followed Irene into the house, and hastily set up her breakfast, of which Irene partook with a relish, the morning ride having given her an appetite.

Breakfast over, and the change having been made in her dress, she again mounted her pony, and leaving orders that if Cortina called, to excuse her absence to him, she was away. But no Cortina called that day, as he had purposely absented himself from mass that morning in order to give his accomplice the opportunity that he availed himself of, and as he had expected the plan to work as it had done, he did not call for Irene to take her accustomed ride.

She pursued her way with some difficulty, not being familiar with that part of the city, through which she had to pass, to reach the road leading to the lake, and she became a little anxious lest she should fail to reach there in time to see them pass, in case they did so.

But could it be? would she see them? No; she felt confident her watch would be in vain. But she would watch. Yes, she would prove the charge false, as she knew it must be.

Having reached the vicinity of the road and secured her horse, she hastened on foot to find a suitable locality from which to view the road from a safe place where she would be concealed, so as not to be seen by them, at least, so as not to be recognized by Jerald. Her watch was indeed to her an anxious one, and thought followed thought through her mind with great rapidity. She reviewed their whole acquaintance from their very first meeting, until that fatal day, when he went to battle, since which all had been dark to her; and now, would it ever be brighter? What if she should find him attached to another? Could it be so? no; she would not listen to such a suggestion, even from her own thoughts for one moment; and oh, how could any one tell her such a story as had that morning been told her? That he should be riding out every day on this very road, and with a lady, too, by his side, just as she had ridden so often with him, and been so happy. It could not be; it must not be.

“But see, a couple comes along the way! Good heavens! it is he; and see how tenderly he looks upon her, and how tenderly she returns his glances. There, see, they stop; and he alights and lifts her from her horse, so tenderly and so gracefully, just as he had done her, so many, many times. See, he fixes her saddle, aye, just as he used to adjust her own. Now, see, she is preparing to mount: she places her

foot in his hand, and he lifts her into the saddle. Oh that expression! that nod! she knows there was a 'thank you,' although she could not hear it; and then he mounts, and they exchange glances and smiles, and off they start. See, they come—they are here; and oh, so beautiful, too." Her heart sank within her, and she gasped for breath, and seating herself she only uttered, "and it is true—too true;" and the tears came freely, and a prayer rose to her lips, and she expressed the bitterness of her sorrow, the weight of woe that was upon her, and she audibly prayed, "Oh, Virgin Mother, remove from me the bitterness of this hour! Have I put my trust in thee to be forsaken by thee? Holy Virgin, let me die then! take me from this cruel, cruel world! leave me not here to witness his happiness with another. No; I will not live; I can not live! Oh, Virgin Mother, sustain me in this trying hour!"

But the noise of passing wheels aroused her, and she looked up in time to see McDonald, with a companion so muffled that his features were not visible, drive by in a buggy drawn by a spirited horse, and she noticed they cast their eyes upon her, but she deemed her disguise sufficient protection to escape being known by them; and having accomplished the purpose of her stay there, she arose, sought her pony and mounting him, she rode, she scarcely knew or cared whither; but as she paid but little atten-

tion to guiding him, he soon brought her to her home, where she found the servant waiting her return with anxious solicitude; but seeing her return with no unusual appearances of excitement, she went about her duties with only an occasional thought during the remainder of the day, of the strange occurrences of the morning and then dismissed the subject from her mind.

But not so Irene. Such a cruel barb had entered her heart, that no passing thought could dismiss the sensation produced by the wound, from her mind; and no daily duties could extract it, nor none of the cares or pleasures of life heal the wound it had made.

As exhausted nature seeks repose, and as the heart had borne its weight and needed rest, so by that will power, which she by nature possessed in so high a degree, and which by exercise and cultivation she had still heightened, she gave it rest, and a quiet resignation came over her. She banished thought; she banished feeling. Such is the power that belongs to strong wills, and she needing time for rest, before the mind and heart should grapple with the subject of her blasted hopes, her banished dream of a blissful life; she willed, and it came unto her.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## DIVERSITY IN HISTORY.

THE account of the Magee expedition, as given by Jerald, in his letters to his sister and parents, had not only been read to the family circle, but extensively circulated among the immediate friends of the family, and after his return he was frequently called upon to narrate that portion of which he had not written ; that is, that was not contained in the letters to the family, and which frequently brought the subject up in the family circle, when visitors were present, who had not before been listeners. Upon one occasion of the kind the accounts as given by others, who either were, or claimed to be, actors, came under discussion and comparison, with that given by himself, when it was suggested that the account as given by Captain McKim differed very materially from that given by him. He (McKim) started the expedition from the Trinity river, on the La Bahia road, instead of from Nacogdoches, and on the San Antonio road, as in his own narrative, to which Jerald replied :

“ He may have been the man who kept a journal and frequently amused us by reciting his

observations and remarks as therein written. Here is a specimen. On crossing the Sabine river, he exclaimed: 'And now we have launched into a new world.' Or, he may have been the man who commanded the neutral ground men, or the *border ruffians*, as they were called: as for the name claimed by either, it may have been McKim or some other Mac, for aught I know. We here have his account, and let us see what he says:

“He starts the expedition from the Trinity river, on the La Bahia road, with a force of nearly eight hundred men, and after describing their march he makes them arrive at La Bahia before day, on November 14, and only find one hundred and sixty troops in the fort; and then says, they marched in and raised their flag and found themselves in possession of an abundance of military stores, and the Spanish military chest; that they found in the fort sixteen pieces of artillery, and that the military chest enabled them to pay each of the men all back dues; that the receipt of their pay, with the abundance of provisions on hand made them contented.

“To all of which I have to say, that the feast we were accustomed to sit down to, or rather to stand up to and partake of, consisted of dry bread made of meal from corn pounded in a mortar, and beef broiled or boiled on the open square, where the dust and manure from the

stock seasoned our meat and thickened our soup; and we had millions of vermin in our quarters to lull us to repose after the fatigues of the day."

"And is it possible," chimed in his Cousin Helen, "that you could enjoy such a life as that? How could you stay there and endure it?"

"Well, anything becomes easy, or at least bearable, after you get used to it; and then you know we were the *chivalry* of the age. Think of the brave knights of old, with their heavy coats of mail, and the hardships they endured, and then compare therewith the light weight of vermin that we carried on our backs. Think you, with such examples before us to follow, we would complain? For shame on such chivalry as that! But let us to his narrative.

"I see he gives us another jubilee at San Antonio, in the distribution of the contents of the military chest, and an abundance of spoils and provisions, and adds, after the execution of the prisoners, Kemper, Ross, and several of the others, abandoned the expedition, and the men being left without the restraint of any lawful authority, abandoned themselves to great excesses, and whilst thus reveling in almost every species of dissipation, they were surprised by a new enemy — [to that I reply, that if roast beef and San Antonio river water, would afford the means of reveling and dissipation, then we



*abandoned* ourselves to them, as that was all we had to subsist upon for the five months we were there.”]

“And oh, brother,” chimed in Mary, “how could you endure to live so?”

“Indeed, Mary, I never enjoyed better health in my life; and health *should* bring happiness, and happiness is synonymous with *contentment*, or as you put it, endurance, as you know, Mary, the scriptures say that contentment is great gain; and what people are after in this world is gain, and therefore, according to the scriptural statement, we having contentment, had a great deal of what the world is seeking after.”

“Yes, but brother, do you not leave out the essential part of the sentence in the way you have quoted it? for does it not say that ‘Godliness with contentment is great gain,’ and I do fear me the essential part was lacking, from your own account as well as that of others; for if your own account was true, you were far from being a godly set. Indeed, brother, I have had my suspicions aroused, that you were more given to the worldly ways of the whole community there than became your Scotch Presbyterian training.”

“As for that, Mary, I fear that the principle of ‘when you are in Rome, do as Rome does,’ is not confined to any age, nation or people, but is universal. With the whole human family there is a tendency to imitation: in fact we are all

more or less monkeys in that respect; and what we see others do we at least have an itching to do ourselves, if we do not yield altogether to the monkey principle of our natures, and but for the restraints which education throws around us, we should in truth be but a pack of monkeyish animals.”

“But, brother, should not that education which you have had, have restrained you, though surrounded by a whole troop of those who were not thus restrained—who had not been thus educated?”

“True, Mary. If education when once impressed upon us, was like the cutting of the die in the hardened steel, that never itself comes in contact with anything harder than the pliant wax, it would always, like the cutting of the die, remain intact. But it is the reverse; that is the order is reversed in regard to it: the impressions are made in the wax, and which is brought in contact with the harder substance in the steel, and the only question is as to the amount of friction to which it is subjected, as to whether the impressions remain or are effaced. Think you, my sister, that we as a family are what we would have been, had father and mother never emigrated to this country? And do they even keep up to the old standard, not that they are really any the worse; for what would have been absolutely demanded of them there, is not by any means necessary here. Even


Paul regarded it his duty to purify himself after the manner of the Jews, on one occasion, that he might be one of them, not that he was made any the better by it, but that he might not give offense to them. And so, non-essentials may be lopped off or added to, without detriment."

"Yet, brother, it seems you did n't stop at lopping off the non-essentials, but you encroached very materially upon those things which are the most essential ones, and which constitute the true elements of godliness, and broke the last great commandment, by hating your brother instead of loving him. Oh, brother! to think you, a Christian man, should have gone on such an errand, as to engage in deadly combat with your fellow man; and to think that mother and father upheld you, standing out against my protest."

"Well, Mary, it is needless now to discuss that point."

"Yes, brother, I know that; I have had my experiences at home, with those I looked to for sympathy in my distress over your course, and certainly you would uphold your own conduct, especially after you knew it was sanctioned by those whom I looked to, to condemn it."

"Well, Mary, it is well the world differs in sentiment on many questions, otherwise we perhaps would desire to pursue the same occupation, live in the same place, in short, be and do exactly alike, and you know the old adage, that 'variety is the spice of life.' "



“Well, you can have your’s spiced in that way, if you wish; as for me, I want no such spice as that in mine.”

“How is it, Jerald,” asked Allan, “about this man, Hall? what have you to say of his account?”

“Well,” replied Jerald, “let me see; he starts us on the same road with McKim, but he starts Salcedo and Herrera, or their troops, from La Bahia by the way of San Antonio, to meet us, pursuing a road diverging from the one we were on at the St. Mark’s (where they expected to meet us) some forty or fifty miles. To which I reply, that it is not a supposable case, that Salcedo was not apprised of our march, and almost every movement we made, until he was assured of our destination, when he prepared to meet us; all his garrisons east of San Antonio having fallen back to that place, at least one month before we marched from the Trinity River, and apprising him of our advance to that place.

“He says further, that we arrived at La Bahia on November 1 or 2, and did not find one soldier in the place, and that Salcedo and Herrera arrived on the seventh and surrounded us; and that we had found an old cannon and mounted it. He then describes the disposition of their troops around the fort. And on the same day, the seventh, makes us march over the river and attack the division at the mission. But he says that night coming on, terminated the contest without any serious conflict.

“Magee must have been a reckless commander, to cross the river and attack the enemy in the mission, protected by a stone wall eight or nine feet high, leaving two divisions of the enemy — according to Hall’s account — on his own side of the river of about double his own number of men, and about the same distance from the fort, ready to march in or cut off his retreat outside, and I, at least, was not in that battle. Perhaps, he might have been in it in his dreams, but he certainly could not have been in it in any other way.

“He tells of our mounting an old cannon which had been exposed to the weather for more than an hundred years — I did not help mount that cannon, nor was such an one mounted while I was there. And he deals largely with the marvelous when he represents the Royalists as receiving nine splendid cannon, which would throw shot to the distance of three miles, but with which they could not effect a breach in the strong walls of Goliad. I never saw those cannon, and it is a little remarkable, to say the least of it, that they should endeavor to batter down the walls, even had there been such there, while there was not, that were protecting themselves, as they were the only occupants of Goliad.

“Again, he describes a severe battle about November 20, in which we used the old rusty cannon and three or four carronades — I know nothing of the battle, neither did I see the car-

ronades. He describes the battle as being fought within the town, and under the walls of the fort, and as lasting from 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock p. m., but that the loss of the enemy was not known, as it was their custom to carry off their dead; we having seven wounded, but none killed. I suppose he would have had us pursue the enemy had they not been protected by their dead, which they were carrying upon their backs; and which would have numbered some four or five hundred, judging by the usual proportion of their killed, to the time the engagement lasted; that is the engagements that actually took place.

“He then proceeds to describe another general engagement for a white cow — this I saw, and walked down to the river after the battle was over to see the poor animal that had been the innocent cause of so much bloodshed. She was standing there on the bank, trembling in every limb. In this battle, which actually took place, their loss was nearly two hundred, whilst ours was but one killed and six wounded.”

“Truly,” replied Mary. “I should think the poor animal would have been frightened to have had such a battle as that going on around her.”

“He then says that when we took possession of the town we found an abundant supply of corn and several houses filled with salt. I helped eat the corn we found there, but never saw the

salt, and his dream must have assisted him do so, if he saw it."

"It is wonderful," said Allan, "how such *discrepancies* can arise in the narratives of *men* who were actors in the same scenes, and can *only* be accounted for, perhaps, on the hypothesis that some men have imaginations, whilst others have not, at least, not of an exaggerating kind. But there is one thing in your own narrative, Jerald, which I should like to have explained, not as to the correctness of the statement, but as to the reasons for the acts upon which the statement is based, or the truth it declares, and which is in regard to the surrender of the Spanish officers on your arrival at San Antonio, as the question comes up, 'why did they not retreat — as they would have had ample time to have done, instead of surrendering?'"

"I will reply to your question by saying that we ourselves were much surprised at their surrender; as they had ample time for departure before we reached there, and we supposed they would not only not surrender, but would use every possible means to prevent capture, knowing their own barbarous custom of not only executing all officers taken by them, but also many of the soldiers, and some of the private citizens who sympathized with us; and, of course, could not hope for entire exemption on our part, and if any suffered at our hands it would be the officers.

“But I have met with an explanation which seems to me altogether satisfactory, which is that a party who was friendly to them, and had passed our expedition while we were at the Trinity river, and had had friendly intercourse with our officers, was asked by Salcedo, on his arrival at San Antonio, what treatment they might expect at our hands, provided they were taken prisoners or should surrender to us, to which reply was made ‘that if the Americans had the control of the expedition, they had nothing to fear in such an event,’ and with this assurance, they considered their chances of safety better to surrender than to try to fly. And I have learned something lately that may be regarded as somewhat an extenuating circumstance in connection with the *butchery*; for we can call it by no milder name—if, indeed, such a thing as extenuation can attach to such an act, and which is that Captain Delgado, who was, you remember, in command of the party who took such a summary way of disposing of them, did so, in revenge for the similar treatment of his father, and in whose case the indignity was carried still farther, by the severing of his head from his body, and suspending it on a pole in one of the plazas of the city.”

“Indeed,” remarked Allan, “and is it possible that in this age of the world, and among those who claim to be civilized like the Spanish people, that such barbarities can be sanctioned?”



A savage whose exaltation of state in the celestial hunting grounds, depends upon the number of scalps he has taken from, and suffering inflicted upon his enemies, could do no worse."

"Oh, horrid! and to think, brother, that you might have fallen into the hands of such men; no, not men, but brutes. How could you stay there one day after you knew what sort of horrid creatures you were among? And just to think of it, perhaps, they have murdered Irene and stuck her head on a pole? Oh, how dreadful that would be, and if they would do so to men, why would they not to women?"

Had Mary then caught the expression of her brother's countenance, and seen the flush that passed over it, she would have wondered at the effect of her speech upon him; but fortunately his countenance was so shaded that she did not see the change that came over it. And the silence that followed the remark showed that all felt it to have been an unguarded one, as none knew but Jerald himself, that he had learned anything in regard to her; and they knew his anxiety had been almost without bounds to learn something in regard to her. But had they known the true state of the case as it appeared to him, they would have considered silence more necessary than even upon the other supposition. And feeling that some move was needed to relieve the embarrassment, Allan proposed that Mary should engage in a game of chess with him, and

demanded that Helen and Jerald should entertain the assembled company, and give employment to themselves, by playing and singing some of their favorite pieces, while the game was going on, and which they severally proceeded to do, and thus spent the rest of the evening.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THEIR TRAGIC END.

MCDONALD, as a boarder at the house of the father of Faucetta Piccoli — Cortina's affianced — was thrown much into her society; or rather he had the opportunity of seeking her society, and of which opportunity he often availed himself, for from his first meeting with her, he was so favorably impressed, that it was only a step farther for him to reach the state called love, and which step he was not long in taking, as Cortina at that time was absent, and she gave free rein to all the vivacity of her true Italian nature, using that freedom towards him that led him to suppose that his attentions were favorably received by her; upon this supposition he acted until Cortina came there as a boarder. He was not long then in discovering the true state of affairs; and when Cortina made the proposition for him to act as an accomplice in his purposes toward Jerald and Irene, he hailed it as an omen of good unto himself. As it not only revealed to him the attachment he had for another, but gave him a power over Faucetta which he determined to make use of, at the opportune moment. For, whether Cortina's plan

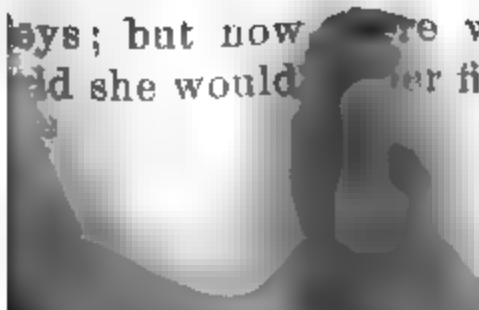
to supplant Jerald succeeded or not, he should be possessed of the means of breaking off the engagement between him and Faucetta. But upon the success of that scheme, the engagement would be already broken off; and so it was to his interest to further it as much as possible. Besides this incentive, he had the other, the pecuniary reward, and which was a god-send to him in his sore need at that time, for he was in that condition which is fully represented by the term *Nat broke*.

The prospects of success often lead men into the commission of rash acts, or to the endeavor to hasten what would be better left somewhat to the drifting of the current of events. This was McDonald's case. He felt so secure in his plans that he could not wait for the fulfillment of the one, to consummate the other, but rashly demanded the hand of Faucetta, and when rejected on the plea of her engagement with Cortina, he revealed to her the whole condition of affairs; that is, Cortina's purpose to win Irene and then cast her off.

The fury of her indignant utterances smote him speechless for a few moments, and he cowered before her like a timid beast before an infuriated tiger. But soon recovering himself, he attempted to sooth her by such utterances as are the offsprings of the heart's tender emotions, and those caresses which a hand guided by love alone can bestow; but she spurned his touch,

ould lead him out until he would tell her all. d then, oh! yes, *then*, she would see for self."

With such resolves, she quieted herself and ited for McDonald's coming. But his place at table was vacant: his accustomed step was heard at the door; and she waited until a ble week had passed, and no McDonald. Each she had watched and hoped, and at the e of each she was doomed to disappointment, she asked herself, "what had become of t? had he become desperate and committed ide?" She had made inquiries of all around , but no one had any tidings of him, none l seen him since the day he had left her pres- e so hurriedly. "What should she do? Wait ger or start out in search without the knowl- e she expected to gain from him? She would it another day." and another day came and at, and so the week had passed, and now she s determined to go out and search. But ither should she go? She had no starting nt. The field was the whole city, and how erminable that seemed to her then. Had any e asked her if she could find a certain one in city before this, she would have unhesitat- gly answered yes, and believed so, for had she t been raised there? and had she not from a ild been familiar with all its streets and all its eys; but now ere was the one in all the d she would er find than any of the rest,



and closed her ears to his words, and vowed vengeance against the deserter, if she should find *him* as he had said. And when he saw the storm *he* had raised, and realized the hopelessness of attempting to allay it, he departed from her presence to gain time for reflection, as well as to let the storm subside, as he had no doubt it would, and that very soon, if she was left to herself.

“Yes, she would see about this business herself; his plans should not work. She would see to it that they should fail. Would she not hunt him out? But whither should she go? She had no clue by which to find him, or the object of his new passion. She had failed to elicit that. Had she been more pacific she might have obtained it all; might have been able to go at once to him, and bring the charge home to him, but now she must wait. Oh, that she had been more discreet; had not been so hasty. But she would yet know, she would yet make him tell her all about it, and if she could not get it out of him, she would then ransack the whole city to find Cortina. She knew she could find him in the city, for had she not been all over it? At least in the portion where she was, and she knew he must be there somewhere, for had she not met him there, and did he not always stop in that part? Yes, she would find him at all cost. But then she would try to find out from McDonald. She would appear to yield to his wishes, she would feign acceptance of his offer; and she

uld lead him out until he would tell her all, and then, oh! yes, *then*, she would see for herself."

With such resolves, she quieted herself and waited for McDonald's coming. But his place at table was vacant; his accustomed step was not heard at the door; and she waited until a whole week had passed, and no McDonald. Each day she had watched and hoped, and at the close of each she was doomed to disappointment, and she asked herself, "what had become of him? had he become desperate and committed suicide?" She had made inquiries of all around her, but no one had any tidings of him, none had seen him since the day he had left her presence so hurriedly. "What should she do? Wait longer or start out in search without the knowledge she expected to gain from him? She would wait it another day," and another day came and went, and so the week had passed, and now she was determined to go out and search. But whither should she go? She had no starting point. The field was the whole city, and how unsearchable that seemed to her then. Had anyone asked her if she could find a certain one in the city before this, she would have unhesitatingly answered yes, and believed so, for had she not been raised there? and had she not from a child been familiar with all its streets and all its ways; but now there was the one in all the world she would rather find than any of the rest,

and he was in the city, but where should she go to find him? She knew not which way to start on the hunt of him. And she must still wait for McDonald's return. Would he not come? Yes, he would, she was sure of that; and she would wait and see him and learn just where to go.

When McDonald passed out from the presence of Faucetta, he had hardly proceeded a block before he met General Toledo, and from whom he learned that he had come to the city for the purpose of organizing another expedition to enter Texas, and stated that he had taken rooms in a distant part of the city, where he would establish his headquarters, and invited him to go with him, and either join the expedition, or give him such aid as he could in getting it up. Accordingly he went with him and took up his quarters, and engaged at once in forming plans, and the rendering such assistance as he could in the furthering them. And as an initiatory step, it was thought advisable that an entertainment should be given, to which all who had been in the former expedition should be invited, with such of their friends as they should choose to invite, including ladies. A day was accordingly fixed upon and preparations commenced.

The entertainment was to be gotten up on a grand scale, and to be of such a character that those of all creeds could participate. For while it was in one sense to-be a select party, yet all



es could be gratified. There were to be  
ns for dancing, rooms for music, and rooms  
other social amusements and pleasures, so  
the evening might be spent by all in the  
ner most conducive to pleasure. The even-  
came, and the rooms were thronged; in fact  
eemed as if a general gathering had taken  
e, since all were so densely packed. In some  
e the sound of voices in conversation; in  
ers the sweet strains of music; and in others  
e the patter of merry feet in the dance.

roughout the whole vast assemblage there  
e evidences only of enjoyment. See that  
ple, and observe how she hangs upon his  
, as they stroll leisurely through the throng;  
stopping to exchange salutations with some  
odding as they pass, to others. List! there  
es a sound of some sweet strain: it is a  
ale voice accompanied by the harp, and at  
first notes the gentleman stops, catches an-  
er, and starts on, dragging his companion  
r him, and striding up to where the singer is,  
there beholds — ah, what? And who is he?  
is none other than Jerald, with his Cousin  
en on his arm, and the singer is Irene, with  
tina standing by her side; and Jerald stands  
lbound as she sings:

Hush! now my heart, let not thy throbs  
A tell-tale member make of thee;  
And heaving breast make not now sobs  
Disclose to him my misery.

I would not have him know the pain  
His conduct now is giving me ;  
Nor that for him does love remain,  
But have him think my heart is free.  
Unuttered let the word remain,  
That would my misery now disclose ;  
And stifled be that sigh of pain  
That marks my breaking heart's deep throes.  
Peace, be still ! ye whispered sounds  
That would your tales of love dislose,  
Each tempest blast with them abounds,  
As through the forest trees it blows.  
His heart feels not, for all the pain,  
That what he does is giving me ;  
And yet, my efforts all are vain  
To from his toils, my heart set free.  
I'll struggle on, in silence then,  
Though day by day does add to pain,  
And smiles will cast on other men,  
Whilst love for him I still retain.

When Irene had finished, she arose, and taking Cortina's arm, they went to another part of the room, Jerald following her with his gaze, until he saw they had stopped within hearing distance, when he took the seat she had just vacated, and tuning his voice to the harp, sang :

Down deep in that heart that once loved thee,  
There nestles yet feelings for you  
That prompt to the wish that there may be  
A sky ever o'er thee that's blue.

How can I, though thou didst deceive me,  
And slighted the hand I would give,  
Forget that the love I then bore thee  
Did prompt me thine own to receive.

And though the rejection was galling,  
And caused me chagrin that was sore,  
I have ceased now my fate to be wailing,  
And I wish for thy hand now no more.

For time has disclosed to my vision,  
The fact that your heart is untrue,  
And your mind it does lack that decision  
That would lead me to pleasure with you.

Go, then, as you've chosen your pathway,  
And may you be happy therein,  
And my wish it is now that you ne'er may  
Be called to endure like chagrin.

For though I was once quite revengeful.  
And sorrow would've had you to feel,  
I have learned that such thoughts are disgraceful,  
And I only now wish for your weal.

When Irene left her position at the harp, and passed to another part of the room, she did so to take a position from which she could watch the movements of Jerald; and when she saw him advance and take his position in the one she had just left and caught the first sound of his voice, she took a step or two forward, and as the song progressed and she comprehended the sentiments, she was so agitated that she clutched the arm of her companion, and bore almost her


whole weight upon him; and when the end of the first line in the last stanza was finished, she could bear up no longer, but sank to the floor as if in a swoon, when Cortina and those around her, raised her up and bore her away into the open air. Allan, who saw the commotion, followed, and when he found what was needed, administered the proper restoratives, without knowing, however, who she was, when she revived, and as soon as consciousness returned she demanded to be taken home, which Cortina proceeded to do. Jerald was so intent on what he was doing, that he did not observe what effect his song had produced upon her; but when he arose and turned to find her, she was gone, and supposing she had passed into another room, he took his cousin's arm in his and started in search of her; but of course saw no more of her that evening, and as there were none of whom he would dare inquire, he was compelled to go home, without further sight or in fact, knowledge of her.

But other eyes besides his own had been fixed upon her, but not so much upon her, as her companion. For Faucetta had sought that assemblage, as a means of discovering the object of her deepest solicitude, since the revelation made her by McDonald; and she found her search not in vain, for early in the evening she had discovered and kept so closely to them since, that not one movement had escaped her notice; and

when she saw them preparing to depart, she made her preparations to follow, which she did, keeping them in view until they entered Irene's dwelling, and then she took her position to watch, and see her traitor lover come forth, with the view of following him to his own haunts; and she had not long to wait, for soon he came forth, and she was so intent with her watching that she did not observe that the way he was pursuing would lead him to the very spot where she was standing, and he almost ran against her, as he himself, was so absorbed with the events of the evening, that he took no notice whither he was going, when the impulse of the moment drove her to make demand of "what he was doing there?" At the sound of her voice he started as if a shot had entered his heart, and but for the support she gave him—as her own impulse drove her to taking hold of him—he would have fallen to the ground. But recovering himself, he attempted to thrust her from him, and bade her begone, and in turn demanded what she did there. She replied that she had come to satisfy herself of his perfidy, of which she had been informed, and now that she had learned the truth, demanded what he proposed to do with her.

He bade her begone, saying that she was now naught to him; that he had found another to whom he had given his whole heart, and that henceforth she might look elsewhere, and when

he had finished, he attempted to pass her, when she drew from her bosom a dagger she always carried there, and grasping his arm with one hand, thrust it deep into his heart; when he uttered a cry and fell at her feet, by which act the dagger remained in her hand, as her grasp had been one of strong muscular contraction, the result of the determined purpose which prompted the action, and still holding it with the same firm grasp, she viewed him lying before her, but for a moment, when she plunged the dagger into her own heart, at the same time throwing herself full upon the body of her prostrate lover, and with the dagger still sticking in her breast, clasped her arms around him, and in which position their bodies were found the next morning, cold and stiff in death, thus giving another evidence of the weight of forces pent up in a woman's heart, and the fearful consequences, when they find no proper outlet.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.


## THE LOST TREASURES FOUND.

ONE OF those terrible scourges of epidemic yellow fever swept over the city, and old as well as new residents were stricken, and the Fitzgerald family were not exempt. Jerald having spent so much time away from the city, was the most susceptible, and therefore the first to be stricken down, and passed as patients often do, even when recovery takes place, to the very brink of dissolution. But through the skill of the physician, good nursing, and a strong constitution, he was brought back to life and health.

Allan, in pursuing his medical studies, had New Orleans in view, as his field for life work, and therefore paid especial attention to the treatment of diseases peculiar to that climate, and especially to yellow fever; and when it made its appearance he proceeded to carry out, with himself and Helen, a theory he had formed from his investigations, which embraced the use of disinfectants in their rooms, and of external and internal remedies as preventives, and which in their cases he found so efficacious that they were not even attacked by the disease, while all the rest were stricken with it, though from their

acclimation — and which they relied on, instead of, as in the case of Allan and Helen, disinfectants to prevent the attack, until the disease became too far seated to be affected by such, or rather, prevented from making the attack by disinfectants — they were but slightly affected, except as we have seen in the case of Jerald, whose absence had destroyed to some extent, the influence of his previous acclimation.

Jerald had often been seriously impressed with the importance of his spiritual condition being greatly improved, but had never heeded the calls, further than to give them a limited attention; now, however, when he had been at the very point of dissolution, and the great event stared him in the face, he had been aroused, and he went seriously to work to consider his latter end, as well as his duties in life, should he be permitted to engage again in them. And in reviewing his faith — that of his father's — and the conflicting claims of others around him, and generally in the world to cast his eyes over the great mass of humanity, as he had been led to view it, in the phases which had come under his personal observation, as well as to follow up the line of history, he was led to the conclusion that spiritual regeneration was the great want of the world: that, indeed and in truth, the harvest was ready, but the laborers were few, and he felt that a life spent in the ministry would lead him into a higher plain of usefulness than any other





path he could pursue: and although not fitted by a course of theological study, yet he felt that independent of that his standard of knowledge was not as a whole below that of those who were thus engaged. And whether he considered these suggestions as a call to the ministry direct and imperative, or whether, in truth, they would be considered the legitimate evidences of a call, by those who claim the right or duty of such, it is not necessary to say; what we are doing is dealing with the fact that he decided to become one of the heralds of the cross; and upon his convalescence, he set himself to the task of the necessary preparation.

Of course, such a decision was heartily approved by his parents and sister, as well as his cousins, who were followers of their fathers in the line of spiritual descent. And in less time than is deemed necessary, in this age, he was passed as a candidate for orders, and regularly installed as pastor of a new church, organized on something of the missionary plan, in one of the suburbs of the city, where he was acquitting himself, not only with credit to himself, but with very general acceptance to the congregation.

A revival season had already set in, and great numbers were nightly gathered through the week, and upon the Sabbath the building was crowded to overflowing. As he watched the ebb and flow of the tide, of comers and goers, his eye fell upon a couple, an old gentleman and

a lady — the latter closely veiled — who came nightly and took a seat at the rear of the church, where they remained through the services, seemingly absorbed in the interest taken by them therein.

His impulses had often led him to approach them, but when the exercises were closed, and he was on the eve of doing so, he discovered their seat was vacant, as they had arisen and passed out.

So they came and went, until the meetings were drawing to a close, when a call was made for all those who desired to unite with the church, to appear before the session for the purpose of examination. And a notice was given to all those who desired spiritual instruction at their homes, that if the proper notice was given him, either by letter or in person, that he would meet them there for that purpose. A great number remained to appear before the session, and a large accession was made to the church.

On the following day he received a note, asking his presence as a spiritual adviser, giving the necessary directions in regard to locality, and particular dwelling (as the houses were not at that time, as now, numbered), and he prepared at once to comply with the request, and as it was in a distant part of the city from his father's dwelling, where he still made his home, he saddled his pony, the same he had brought from Texas, and proceeded on his way.

His direction led him through the business portion of that part of the city ; and brought him into a street which led him directly to the dwelling, it standing at the end of it, and was occupied in noting the passers by and the scenes around him, more than observing the house to which he was going, and when he reached the gate he noticed a familiarity to something he had seen before, or that had been of interest to him ; but he passed in without recalling it fully to his mind, and knocked for admission, when the door was opened and there stood before him — who could it be ? Yes, indeed, it was she, and he exclaimed, “ Irene ! ” and at the same time she uttered “ Jerald ! ” and the barriers were broken down, the current, nay, the torrent, of love burst its long confining bands and rushed over them, carrying them into each other’s arms, and their long, long embrace was only relaxed to permit them to stand in wonder and amazement at themselves. The long lost were found ; the misery that had haunted them all along the fleeting time since their separation — but, oh, how long and wearisome it had been to them — had all been dispelled by the joy of this one moment, and they needed not words to assure them that no change had marked the depth of their love, no sand-bars had drifted in to alter its channels, or change its course, all was but as driftwood that had floated on the surface, which the flood-tide of happiness had now swept away.

“Would he come in? Would he sit down?” he did, and she took a seat by his side. To speak was the impulse of both, but what to say. He had come on an invitation as spiritual adviser. But was that the object intended to be coupled with the note sent him? “Could he think she wanted his advice on such a subject? and he recalled their previous conferences on that subject and her strong faith in the religion of her fathers. Had a change come over her? And did she intend to seek his advice? Oh, who of all the world would he rather know asked it at his hands? But could he approach the subject? Would he not find her firm in her old faith, and was this not a ruse to get him in her presence? to bring about a meeting? Could she use such means? Were there not other methods of accomplishing the same end? and why this method adopted? How did she come to think of such a course? Had she been in attendance on his meetings? Ah, could that have been she thus veiled? If so, who was the one with her? He remembered something of the features, but did not recall the name or place of meeting.”

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, and which they did in far less time than it takes to write or read them, her thoughts were likewise busy. “What could she say? Could she trust her voice to utter one word? would it not break the spell? Would it not

dispel the dream? For it was as a dream to her, and she would hear his voice again if, indeed, it was it she had just heard, to know that it was a reality. So they sat and gazed into each other's eyes, as if they would fathom the very depths of each other's souls that shone through them. And their own hearts seemed to swell within them, as if they would burst their bands and leap together, and then silence became painfully oppressive, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Irene!" "Jerald!" and the spell was broken; explanations and histories followed. Their dark pool of separation and estrangement was bridged over by their perfectly satisfactory explanations, and the past distrust to them was but as the recollection of a horrid dream, the awakening from a fit of nightmare.

"But what of his errand?" "Yes, she was a convert to his religion. She had been led to renounce the religion of her fathers, and to embrace Protestantism. And to ask his advice and counsel had been her object, not knowing, that so happy a turn would be given to his visit."

She related how the old man had found his way to the city, had sought her out, and she had offered him a home, which he had accepted, how she had been attacked with yellow fever, and how he and the old faithful housekeeper had nursed and brought her through.

How the old man had become a Protestant,

and through his teaching she had been led into the same belief.

How they had learned of his ministry in the church, and she and the old man had night after night witnessed his efforts, and having made up her mind to join the church, she had taken that method, instead of going before the session, to make her purpose known.

“But what about the old man,” Jerald was led to ask; “and that was you and he I saw sitting in the rear of the church? I wonder I did not recognize him; but, no, it was night, and he so far away, besides, time has made its changes in him. Oh, I would like so much to learn his history since we parted. But we shall have time enough for that, and now, as you are aware, perhaps, it will be necessary for you to go before the session and be regularly examined and then I shall be glad to welcome you to the fold, of which I am so unworthy a shepherd.”

“Do not say so, sir — shall I still call you Jerald? — you are as much of a minister as you always were of a man, at least to me.”

“I can not, I assure you, thank you sufficiently for your appreciation of my ministerial abilities; but I fear your preferences for the man have much to do with the forming the opinion of the *minister*.

“But why should I reject or discredit your praise upon that score? No, I assure it is most acceptable to me; and to reply to your question

—to be your Jerald, with all those two words imply, is still more to me than to be the autocrat of all the Russia's without those attendants, but I must leave our futures for the future, and now I must to my duties elsewhere."

"Nay; why trust to the future what can be done to-day? Your wish shall be my will."

"Would you then assume the duties of a minister's wife? Know you their demands?"

"With you, anything; without you, nothing. Duties, pray, what are they to devotion? As your wife, I will go forward to their performance with pleasure, as I am, the grasshopper would be a burden to me, and the sound of the cricket on the hearth like the death knell to exertion; no, let the dead bury their dead, and the past be forgotten, or remembered as a fevered dream, a horrid vision of the night to be lightly passed by in these our waking hours. Yes, I am ready to gird myself and to the battle with you."

"'Tis well; the time of your waiting shall be short, and now let me hasten to those who will rejoice with me, to acquaint them of my good fortune in thus finding my long lost treasure."

"Oh, do not tarry; you do not know how I shall long for your presence again, and now, take that before you go, as a free will offering, which I trust will not be unacceptable, even to a minister, but if so, accept it for the man." And with her warm kiss still on his lips, he departed.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## MARRIAGE — PER SE.

THE regular course of reading for the evening's religious services of the Fitzgerald family having brought them to the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, the subject of marriage came under discussion, when the father said :

“The original purposes and primary objects of the institution, have at this day and age of the world been entirely lost sight of, or if not, they are at least utterly ignored.”

“Pray, uncle, to what do you refer; the strength of your declaration startles me.”

“What, Allan, you a doctor, and have not yet made the discovery? Why, sir, the very foundations of your profession rest upon that fact, and but for it there would be no use of such an one as you in this world.”

“Well, uncle, I am sorry to be so lowered in your estimation, and to have my perceptions thus called in question, but I must own that I do not fully understand you in the position you have taken. We doctors claim, as a foundation for the system and practice of medicine, the natural tendencies of the human body to decay and dissolution; coupled with which are the ac-



cidents and incidents in life to which it is subject, which are, as such, detrimental to it, but which, as with the first, we believe God in nature has supplied the means and agencies for counteracting, to a certain extent, and for a limited period, by the fostering and sustaining powers given them in supplying the loss by natural waste, and this, too, independent of, or rather, I should say, in conjunction with the necessary food for the support of the body, and, in the last, to repair the injuries sustained, or checks received, by forcible contact with the antagonistic elements in the world around it. And what marriage in itself, either abstractly or remotely, even, can have to do with either, I am at a loss to understand, and shall, therefore, have to beg you to enlighten me."

"As to your position, Allan, of the prolongation of life, through the administration of any of your nostrums or drugs — craving your pardon for the personality of the application to yourself — it is one wholly outside of the possibility of fact, for no remedial agency could, with a strict adherence to the natural laws of production, and the subsequent and simple attention to the wants and demands of man's animal nature, be of the least possible use; but with the utter disregard of the first, and the abuse of the last, that is the proper attention to production, and the strictly supplying man's animal wants, your system may — I say may in the sense of not

even admitting it as an absolute certainty — have some place in the world. And as for the proper setting of a fractured bone, or the sewing up a gash or rent in the flesh, it is questionable whether the old women's bandages and salves did not save more limbs to the world, and leave fewer ugly scars, than you doctors have been able to do, with all your boasted advance in the science.

“But to the main point, that of marriage: This world in its construction was adapted to man's animal nature in every essential particular; or, if you please, it being first created, and man afterwards, his nature was adapted to the construction of the world. Be that as it may, the one was fitted for the other, and man was endowed with the power of reproduction just as the world yields its succession of fruits of the earth, and as the other animals have the same power of perpetuity of species; and that man should reproduce his like, in full perfection, marriage was instituted, the race not being like the birds and beasts, left to pair at pleasure. And but for the stepping over the bounds thus prescribed, and worse than all, the disregarding that harmony in selection, which should ever characterize the rite, there would be no imbeciles, no invalids, none but robust physical forms, with strength of mental faculties in keeping therewith.”

“But, pray, uncle, what of the affections?

Are they not to be taken into account? Would you have the young choose their mates, with reference only to their bodily, or if you please, mental forces combined, disregarding affinities in sentiment and feeling, making the choice simply as the farmer does his herd of cattle or other domestic animals?"

"Not just that, doctor, but with physical defects also come physical inadaptations, to say nothing of mental shortcomings. And when perfection is so desirable, as in both, to produce perfect harmony, that system which makes a departure that will detract from either, is certainly an erroneous one; and what so detrimental as the present in regard to marriage? Who, among all the young people of the day, have a thought in their selection, of the effect of their union upon — what shall I say — the one thing most desired by them, the family they shall be called upon to rear?"

"Nay, uncle, I think you mistake the purpose of the young of this day, and may I not say of any day have, or did have in forming such a union, when you attribute to it the desire for offspring.

"The truth is, the world — or to speak more properly — man has been always too selfish for that; his own personal preferences being the mainspring to all his actions; and by the way, was not such implanted in him at his creation? or if not then, did it not possess him on beholding his first mate in the garden? Did his heart

not go out to her? and why not? was she not part of himself? And when God bade them multiply and replenish the earth, think you the selfishness then left him, and his desires were transferred to the prospective offspring, or did he not still feel she was all in all to him? No uncle; there is something higher, something beyond, if you please, the instinct of perpetuation of the species, to cause them thus to mate. God fully expressed it all when He said, 'It is not good that man shall be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him.' And perhaps there is a theological side to the question which Jerald may be able to solve for us? and that is as to what would have been the condition of things had there been no fall, would marriage have been at all necessary or expedient? Would not then the human family have been just as the other animals, free to roam whithersoever they pleased, having no thought for the morrow, the earth yielding its fruits, with no toil or care required for subsistence, and no family or other ties or organized society needed."

"I do not see, cousin, how you can class it in a strict sense, as a theological question. It seems to me to belong quite as much to the class of a natural history one, or if you prefer, physiological one. That the nature of man was changed from an upright or holy, to a sinful one by the fall, is true; but that his real physical nature was changed, except as to the matter of

dissolution at death, and the sufferings attendant upon that state of dissolution, which, if you please, begins to operate at birth, is, at least to me, questionable. That he should have been subject to removal from this earth, had he remained as in his first estate pure, is to me certain; and that he should have always remained in a state of full and perfect manhood, until such change took place, can not for one moment be maintained, allowing the race to be perpetuated as now, by birth, infancy, childhood, youth and manhood. The very idea of such progression, precludes the possibility of a point of rest or stopping place, where no advance or change would be made. If then decline should be possible, why not either dissolution or translation, neither of course involving pain. With such a view then, the question is one of physiology rather than one of theology. But perhaps father will explain a little more fully his views as to the duties of the young in the present state of affairs: that is, as the world is now—and especially that around us—concerned.”

“Certainly, if you wish. First, then, there must have been some good and sufficient reason for the promulgation or establishment of the law, as just read in the chapter for the evening, and while some have thought it had regard to only the sentiments and feelings, others have regarded it as implying an effect injurious to the

progeny. And so the world has come to look upon such close affinities as detrimental to the race, physically and mentally.

“Again, the world is filled with those physically defective, and which defects are transmissible, if not by regular succession, yet they crop out all the way down, and to be allied with such is no less culpable, in a strict sense, than to administer a poison, which shall have a like power of transmitting itself, and it is more important to prohibit this kind of poison than that found in the apothecary’s shop. The one can be easily seen and guarded against, while the other is insidious, and makes itself felt, where you are least expecting it, and therefore, you can not so well guard against it.”

“What, uncle, is it possible that you would exclude such from that companionship, which the marriage state alone allows in this world, and doom them to a sealing up of their fountains of affection? Why, what a tyrant you would become! Must the blade of grass be doomed to the fire, because it bears no flower, or the reed be cut down because it is not the sturdy oak?”

“No, doctor, but the stream that would pollute the pure and flowing river, must be dammed up; and as you doctors cut off the gangrened limb to save the body; and we quarantine against infectious diseases, and by means of a system of sewerage keep our water supply pure, so should our stream of human life be

kept pure, and the body of humanity healthy, and the race free from such infectious diseases at any cost."

"But, uncle, who shall decide as to the existence of such? We doctors, of course; and as such a course would destroy our business, as you have said, we would fail to discover those lurking poisons you so much fear, and so the world would go on, all seeking their alliances in their own way."

"But, Allan, what is the stand taken by the profession in regard to the first view as given by father, of the passage for the evening?"

"Why, Mary, it is looked on in the same light as the *old wives' fables*. Because there have been some cases where idiots or imbeciles were found in the offspring, therefore, the great infusion of the same blood is thought by some to be the cause, while the thousands found in families not so closely united are entirely overlooked. Just, as it is said, that minister's sons are worse than other men's, the few who are bad being noticed more because they are ministers' sons, than the multitude of other men's sons who are, indeed, much worse. God certainly knew what was best for the creature, and he was not satisfied to make Eve out of a different, or even the same material as Adam, but took a part of his body. And it is not sure that he had anything but the rib itself; and then there were none but their own offspring from which to choose, and so

we find them going on down, down until the time of Moses, still marrying their nearest kin, even, in some instances, as near as that of sister, if we may believe the record as given in the Bible. And so in the absence of any express statement as to the contrary, we must believe the prohibitions in the chapter were from some other cause than that of deterioration of the race. What thinks our theological teacher on that score?"

"Well, as to that, what me ministers have to do when called upon to perform the ceremony is to know that we have the legal authority, in the shape of the necessary documents, when such are required, or the consent of parents and guardians, when that is only required, and that the parties themselves wish the rite performed. As to the question of consanguinity, the rule of the church follows the law of the land, which, however, varies very little from the standard of the chapter read."

"But, my son, there is one point which you have overlooked, which is the express declaration of the Scriptures that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. . And is not the marring that image and likeness of God, as given by himself to man in his creation, by dissipation, neglect or by any other practices, that would bring upon it disease or decrepitude, such a sin? Look at the girls, young ladies, and even



the older ones of this day. What are their habits of life, their styles of dress, and their occupations? Do they not all tend to the enervation of the body? And are they not abundantly fruitful of disease? Then turn your eyes to the other sex, with their rum and tobacco, their night revels and day dissipations of all kinds? Think you God looks upon all these approvingly? Nay, my son; see the deformed, the helpless, the weak in body and mind, the offsprings of unions formed from such as act thus, and then tell me if the sins of the parents are not visited upon the children, even beyond the allotted third and fourth generation? And if such a course shall be permitted to continue, what think you the race will come to?"

"True, father, the tendencies seem to be as you say; but are we not inclined to magnify the evils of the world? Those who have looked for perfection in it have, all along its history, been crying out that it is growing worse, that its tendency is downward, but do they not by thus doing so show a distrust of that providence which is ever over all?"

"Nay, my son; providence, or God as such, works by means, and he finds his instruments in the world of mankind, and he selects his reformers at this day, just as the apostles were chosen in the time of Christ."

"Well, uncle; do you feel yourself inspired to the task of reforming the present world in

dress, habits and manners, but most of all, in the great matter of marriage?"

"Not any farther, doctor, than to utter my protest as an individual against the abuses so prevalent in all, and especially to warn my own household of the dangers that threaten them."

"Then, father, you have intended what you have said expressly for us? And mother and Helen and myself are the sinners in the matters of dress, habits and occupations. Then, why have you suffered us to sin thus so long without protest before? Why, I have always thought you admired our dresses quite as much, even to their styles, as we did ourselves, or as did others around us, and I am sure, but for the admiration given them by the gentlemen, the ladies would not care to make any display in dress. During my short run in society, I have particularly noticed that the fathers, brothers and husbands are as much interested in their wives, daughters and sisters' dressing as they are themselves. In fact, father, I have often heard you criticise the ladies' dresses, and I was quite inclined to give you credit for a very good taste in that way, and now to find you condemning all in such a wholesale manner, I am truly puzzled."

"Well, Mary, the world is often dazzled by some meteor's flash that flits athwart the sky of ambition, just as Napoleon has done. But when they come to view the track left strewn with the wrecks of empires and the dead bodies of their

subjects, they are aroused to consciousness. And it is so in regard to fashionable dressing, and even your father may have been led to cast his eyes admiringly upon his fashionably dressed wife and daughter, and have forgotten, for the moment, the tendencies of the age, and the consequences of such practices, but now that his eyes are open to the results, he utters his warning voice and prays you to hear and heed."

"Well, father, what shall we do? You would not have us become exclusives, ignoring the world around us, stepping out of the path society is now in, and go back or stand still, and let it pass on?"

"No, my child; but now that you are just entering it, strive to give such direction to it as shall direct it into better paths."

"But, father, what about marriage? Have you, too, directed your remarks to Helen and myself and the young gentlemen here, having reference to any special alliances? if so, please explain yourself farther."

"No, Mary; I will not pursue the subject farther, leaving each and all to make such application of what I have said to yourselves as you may best understand how it should be done, trusting to your own good sense and better judgments for a proper application thereof."

"Well, uncle, you have left nothing but the consanguinity clause of the chapter for the evening, as none of us recognize in ourselves the

barriers of mental or physical defects, and since I have long ago settled that in my own mind, I shall not let you retire in any doubt as to myself, and shall refer you to what I have already said for my views in regard thereto."

"Well, as I have said, with me it shall rest where I left it, except to say that in that — as in the matter of dress — my views have somewhat changed of late; and now, with my blessing left with you, I will retire."

After Mary and Helen had retired to their room, the latter remarked, "how strange it is uncle brought up the subject as he did to-night. But, Mary, you are left free to pursue your plan of union with Brother Allan, since your relationship is not of the prohibited kind, and strange, too, it is, that the niece is also left out of the list, just as if one could marry her uncle if she wished to do so. How utterly unable we are to understand the whys and wherefores of a great many things in the Bible, and so are left to grope on in the dark, or to follow the bent of our own inclinations."

"Well, Helen, do you not think that what you are pleased to call 'the bent of our inclinations' is really the leadings of providence, an unwritten revelation to us? You know that is really a part of our creed, an essential article of faith. How else could I have been led to reject my first, and to accept my last love? And I am glad the discussion came up as it did to-night,

as it has settled my mind upon a question that has presented itself with no little force to me of late. But now, with Allan's views so fully expressed, my mind is easy, and so with regard to the other questions discussed. How true it is, as father has said, girls look nowadays more to position, title or estates than to the man; and the men admire more a pretty face, fine dress or graceful movement, than physical perfections or untainted blood."

"True, Mary, just look around and see how many fashionable ladies there are who are the admired of all admirers, and how little fitted are they for the responsible position of wife and mother? and after all, I fear we, too, with the rest, have thought more of making an impression by dress and manners than by bodily perfection, and to think of it, would we be willing to go back to the rustic days of dress, when the feet were encased in loose slippers or roomy shoes, and a loose wrapper or roomy dress enveloped the person? No, Mary, our pride would be shocked, and we would prefer a little more lacing and pinching of the feet with all their attendant suffering and consequences; and such advocates as uncle for the return of those days, or the banishment of these practices, must wait for a new revelation, if not a new creation."

## CHAPTER XL.

## WEDDINGS, DISCUSSIONS, DISCOVERIES, RESULTS.

ARTHUR, in his efforts to find in his church history proof to convince Helen of its being *the only church*, had not only failed, but had not been able to find a foundation on which his own faith in her claims could securely rest, as he had come to make the standard of proof, which, as we have seen, he considered necessary to convince her, that of his own demands, and which he was wholly unable to find embodied in their standards of church history, and with such a showing, he could not think of carrying out his purpose of becoming a herald of the cross, hampered with such a heavy livery, and, therefore, abandoned the purpose, and in looking around for some other business in life, was tendered an acceptable situation in a mercantile enterprise, which would take him to New Orleans, and we may suppose that the fact of Helen's being there was not overlooked in aiding him to make the decision.

And it was no little surprise to Jerald to find him at his father's house on his return from his visit to Irene, and he soon learned the probable state of affairs, since, by a question put to

Helen, he elicited the fact that there were, at least, no church walls between them, and as that was the only seeming barrier which there ever had been, he looked upon the future as quite as prospectively bright to them as it had so suddenly become to himself and Irene.

And now, need we tell our readers who have followed us thus far, what the end of all this removing of barriers, revelations, explanations and constant attentions led to, and why need we keep these pages open, or add others to them, after what we have already shown, to particularize. That a triple wedding should follow such a revelation, is just as natural as that water seeks its level.

And that Jerald occupied the house with Irene, and that the *old man* lived with them, is too plain a proposition almost to need making mention of. The pictures and gewgaws had been sent to Irene from San Antonio by the hands of the old man, they having been securely kept there by the father confessor until such safe opportunity offered; and the pictures, with the portrait, were made to take their respective places on the walls of what was now their own house — the portrait being saved from its fate of banishment, as threatened by Irene, on the possession of the original, through the intercessions of Jerald. Some of the *gewgaws* adorned the beds and tables — at least, such as were made for that purpose — and the rest were appropri-

ated to their respective uses, or safely stored away, to be kept as heirlooms, to be handed down to those who should come after, as generation after generation had witnessed their descent already.

And that last scene, the wedding one, was worked upon the scarf by Irene's own hands, as she had promised it should be, since Jerald had faithfully kept, and worn it, too, all through those dark days of uncertainty, doubt and distrust, just as she had taught him to do. And though they often viewed the fold upon which was wrought the image of the Virgin, which checked the progress of the ball, Irene did not ascribe his being saved to the Virgin's power, but to her own good skill in working thus so much of strength into that image, with her silk and needle, so that it then served, as did the armor of the knights of old, to stay the ball; and she thus transferred her faith from the Virgin's power to the power of silk and her own skill, and then she viewed with pleasure the image, not for its sake, but for the strength of silk of which it was formed, and gave to providence that praise that, before conversion, she gave to the Virgin, for having led her to bestow the scarf upon him then, when going to the battle.

The cross and chain found a place among the heirlooms, that they might descend the stream of time, with date fixed on them, to mark the dawning light that had dispelled such supersti-



tious darkness as once attached itself unto them. And who shall say that nature does not to the brutes, too, give such powers and passions as do joys and sorrows bring by the severing or uniting them. If such there be who say it has not, if they had seen their ponies when brought together again through this union of their owners, they would not have discredited such an assumption.

For as before, when ridden side by side,  
'T would puzzle then that critic to decide  
To which the most of joy was given,  
The human riders or the beasts then ridden.

Mary's Jewish lover did not call after her return from the visit to her young friend near Baton Rouge, and she saw nothing of him after the day he crossed the street in front of Helen and herself; and whether he had come to look upon an alliance with her, as one not admitting of such a degree of happiness as should be desirable on account of their conflict in their faiths, or whether he had met another, with more harmony in her views, and perhaps of equal or greater attractive qualities of person or mind, she never knew. But about the time of her marriage with Allan, she saw in one of the city papers a notice of his marriage with one of his own nation, and she wished them all the joy and happiness that could result from their union, and then dismissed him from her mind, as she had sometime before done from her heart.

The old man had met an old mining companion on the day before the Americans had marched out of San Antonio to meet the enemy—his old comrade having come in with the Royalists, but having deserted them, had joined the Republicans, and he persuaded the old man to accompany him to the expected field of battle—not so much to fight as to talk over old times with him, and his friend being seriously wounded—falling by his side—he took charge of him and conveyed him back to a secure place in the city, and nursed and tended him until he had recovered.

And, as his wound was a severe one, and the danger of being discovered by the Royalists, after the occupation of the city, was great, and which would have been fatal to his friend, he was kept very close, so much so, that he learned nothing of the fate of Irene's father, nor her own capture, or her escape and departure for New Orleans, until he accidentally met with the father confessor, who gave him the information. And upon the receipt of this news he determined to follow her, and upon making his purpose known to the father, he was entrusted with the pictures and gewgaws to be delivered to Irene; and which trust, we have seen, was faithfully executed, being accompanied on the way by his mining friend.

Irene and the old man appeared before the session of the church, of which Jerald was the

pastor at the next meeting after Jerald's visit to Irene, and their examination was so satisfactory that they were at once taken into the church, the *old man* was called upon to give himself such name as he of right had, and which all these years had been unknown to Jerald and Irene, they only knowing him as the *old man*, and he gave as his name, Jose Maria de Veramendi, and by which he should not only be known to them, but all those with whom he should come in contact, at least when his name should become an object of interest, and necessary to be known.

As soon as Jerald was regularly installed in his new home, he found himself with no idle hands around him, but Irene and Veramendi demanded that they be put to work in the harvest field, and therefore, plans were at once formed. Hitherto, the old man (or as we must call him by his name, since we have found one for him), we say then, hitherto Veramendi had assumed no duty, except such as Irene was disposed to impose upon him, feeling that as her only protector, his duty was first and last to her; but now that she had another, and one altogether to her liking, and also capable of carrying out the high trust imposed upon him by this new relation, he felt that further inaction was inexcusable, especially with his new ideas of life, with its duties and responsibilities, and he therefore prepared to engage actively in the

struggles that are going on in the world; and while there was no need of his making any exertion whatever for his own support, that being guaranteed him by those who felt themselves bound to him by such strong obligations, as well as friendship; first, by way of obligation in his being the guide to bring Irene and her father safely through an enemy's country, and next by having used his skill as a surgeon to secure the recovery of Jerald from the effects of his wound; yet he was unwilling to be a drone in the new hive, therefore he prepared to engage again in the practice of his profession. This, however, he decided should be the secondary purpose of life, the primary object in life being now to him the conversion of those around him to the faith he now rejoiced in; and his especial purpose was now to try to reach those who were then, as he had recently been, groping in the darkness of a benighted church, where superstition, bigotry, idolatry and fanaticism lay scattered in the way of benighted travelers. And he purposed to use his skill in his profession as a means of reaching them, intending to make his services in the nature of a gratuity, except in extreme cases. And while thus using his skill to seek to impart such a knowledge of the truth as opportunity should offer. To this end, he not only opened an office for gratuitous practice, having certain hours for visitations, but also went extensively from house to house,

and it soon came to be there was such a demand for his services, that he obtained access to almost every house in the part of the city in which he had established himself, which embraced that around their dwelling, and the fruits of his labors in the vineyard of the Lord soon became so marked, that it was necessary, as he thought, to have some place where some concentrated effort might be made, and where others besides himself might work, and to this end a suitable place of meeting was secured, a Sabbath school organized, and church services held in the afternoon of each Sabbath, on which occasion Jerald usually delivered a discourse. This soon brought together a congregation that needed a larger and more commodious place of worship, when a plan was set on foot, which resulted in the erection of such a building, and a mission church was organized.

In the meantime Irene had entered the field, which was so ripe for the harvest, as not only an efficient helper to Jerald, but as an active and independent worker among those of her own sex, who, as she had been, were walking in the darkness; those who looked to the Virgin and the cross for the power to protect, and the mumbled blessings of a priest for the forgiveness of sins.

Thus matters stood, when there came upon the scene another actor, a former very dear friend, and who was once the object of rever-

ence, on account of the position he held, and while friendship remained, reverence had vanished as a dream of the night.

The *good father*, with whom the reader has often met in these pages, was installed as priest in the church where Irene and Cortina were accustomed to attend mass, and he soon made himself known to Irene, who received him with joy, having still regard for the good offices he had performed for her, as well as the strong bond of friendship that had joined them in days gone by, and she at once not only made him welcome as an ordinary visitor, but also urged him to avail himself of any and all suitable opportunities to be with them. This led to frequent visits; in fact it soon became a settled arrangement for him to spend two evenings in each week with them, coming early enough on such occasions to take tea with them, and for this purpose two evenings were set apart to be free from any other engagements, and upon them his visits came to be systematic.

But few such visits had ended before the subject of her change in faith came under discussion, and by natural drift ended in an extended review of the claims of the Roman and Protestant churches, in the discussion of which Jera and Veramendi took active parts, and they so established a formula of propositions, which it was absolutely necessary should be sustained by some undeniable proof, and they

apart one evening in each week to bring forward the proofs, which they had collected and properly collated during the rest of the week, and as a matter of course this put each upon his mettle, and as the weapons with which the war should be waged on the Protestant side, lay principally in the enemy's camp, it was agreed that the defenders of that faith should have free access to all sources within the city, where such could be found: and it so happened that a very large collection of manuscripts and bound works on the subject had been rescued from the vandal hands of Napoleon's cohorts, when he swept over Europe, and especially in Spain, and had found their way into New Orleans. To these, then, and all other sources known to them, were they to have access, and Jerald's knowledge of the languages came well into play. Besides, he found a mighty champion indeed, in Veramendi, who was not only a thorough scholar in the dead and modern languages, including some of the Oriental ones, but also thoroughly posted in regard to the history and claims of the Roman church, having long been one of her devoted sons. And it was soon known to the advocates of the Protestant side, either by accident or design on the part of the Romanists, that the good father had been purposely brought and pitted against them, to break down, if possible the strong fortress they were erecting, and rescue from them the power and influence already ob-

ained. He had been selected for the power he once held over the mind of Irene, as well as for his talents and great learning; and he felt so sure that he did not adopt the usual temporizing course pursued by them, but launched boldly forth, setting his stakes broad and wide, as if he had no fear of defeat; and it was this confidence, too, that led to the opening up of all their sources of knowledge to his opponents.

While these events were going on, the "little church around the corner" was growing in importance daily, and the field of Veramendi's influence was spreading and widening, and the fruits of his labors made manifest by the ingathering that was constantly going on of the lost sheep; at least, if not wholly lost, they had gone wonderfully astray, having fallen down and worshipped the beast and his image.

One, day, while thus engaged in his double mission work, that is, the cure of bodies as well as the souls of men, and when just crossing the street, he heard the rapid striking of horses' feet against the paved street, and the noise of wheels, and looking in the direction from which the noise came, he beheld a carriage drawn by a pair of powerful horses that were going at full speed, without a driver on the box to stop or guide them, and as they came near to where he stood, they attempted to turn the corner suddenly, when the wheels struck the curbstone and the carriage was upset, throwing the occu-



pant, a gentleman, out and upon the opposite sidewalk, so great was the concussion; and it was but the work of a moment for him to reach the spot where the gentleman lay, seemingly unconscious, if not entirely devoid of life. He, however, felt his pulse and found it still beating, and with the aid of those who were soon collected upon the scene, he had him conveyed into the nearest open door, and which proved to be that of his own dwelling, the inmates of which were greatly excited. After administering the usual restoratives, which he always kept about him, he proceeded to make an examination as to the extent of the injuries received, when he found that the only serious one was a fracture of the bones near the knee-joint of his right limb.

By his actions he soon made those around understand that he was a surgeon, and therefore, no other one was sent for, and when the patient was fully restored to consciousness, he was placed in position and the broken limb adjusted.

When Veramendi's presence was no longer needed he took his departure, not, however, without the request that he continue to treat the case, and this he promised to do; and so he did, and which led to the knowledge of the family, and which knowledge conveyed to him the fact that he who had been the object of his care, was indeed his own cousin, who had fled from Spain during the Bonaparte reign there, and had settled

in New Orleans. Such are the circumstances and vicissitudes of life, that often bring strange and pleasing events to come to pass.

It occurred to Irene one day that it might be necessary to get out the *heirlooms* that she had placed so securely away, to see that no damage was done them by mould, moth or other detrimental processes. And when examining a curiously wrought garment which seemed to be more like a coat of mail for some stalwart knight than a garment fitted for one of her own sex, she was led to make a more critical examination than she had ever done before, from some unknown cause to herself, perhaps it was only from promptings of her natural feminine curiosity, be that as it may, however, unfolding what seemed to be a garment within a garment, that is a heavy inside lining of almost like dimensions as its outside covering, she came across what seemed to be a receptacle or repository, and which upon further examination she found indeed to be so, and to contain some papers, securely folded and placed within an oil silk wallet or covering, which she hastily opened and took therefrom, which were three in number. The first one to present itself to her was addressed upon the back to her, in a well-known hand, that of her aunt, her mother's sister, and from whom she had received this garment with other things, whilst her aunt was on her death bed, and only a short time before she her-

self had left Zacatecas in company with her father, as we have elsewhere seen, and upon looking it over she found it to read :

“ *My Dear Niece :*

“I shall trust to that vein of curiosity that runs through every woman’s nature, to lead you to the discovery of these papers in the place where I shall put them. Perhaps this discovery will come to you at a time when you most need it, as there are times in all lives perhaps, fraught with more of consequences, than other parts of those same lives. And should such happen to you, then these papers may fulfill their mission, that is the purpose for which they are now placed within the receptacle in this garment, namely, to do good.

“You will find one of the accompanying papers to be a will, made in favor of my dear departed Ignacio, by his father, conveying to him the rich mines belonging to his estate near here, and of which you have heard me speak. The other is the will of my dear departed husband, conveying the same property to me, and since you will be my only heir, I transmit them to you, as you will also inherit the *hacienda* of your grandfather and my father, as it came to me without a will, you being the sole representative of our house, all, all having gone where I, too, must soon go.

“In order to come in possession of all this property, you only need, wherever you may be

at the time of discovering this, to do so, to make proof of your own identity, the rest of the proof is here at hand, and which is the record of your grandfather's marriage, the birth and baptism of your mother, her marriage with your father, and your own birth and baptism, all of which are matters of record in the parish records here.


"And now, may the Virgin so guide and direct you that these vast estates may be used by you for the glory of the Most High. They are, indeed, vast estates, and are daily being added to in richness for you, as I have placed them in safe and reliable hands, where their vast revenue will be duly accounted for to you.

"And, with my dying benediction and prayer to the Virgin for you, I will sign myself as ever,

"Your Loving Aunt,

"MARGARITE MONTES."

To open the others was the work of an impulse, and she then viewed the great seals and the names attached to the documents, with the king's stamp upon them and she "wondered why and how it was that she had so long neglected to examine the garments thus critically, and then she ran over her past life, so filled with history, so taken up with her love for Jerald the grief over the loss of her father, her own imprisonment and escape, and the consequent connection with Cortina, the long weeks and months of anxiety over the absence of Jerald, the crushing weight that bore her to the earth,



Of distrust, upon the discovery that he was in New Orleans, and so near her, and yet, as she supposed, devoted to another. And then the terrible scourge of yellow fever through which she had passed, being stricken down herself with it; her new born hope of a blissful hereafter, and her ultimate recovery of her lost heart's treasure; all this, and what time was there left to do more than look after the things, so as not to have them damaged? And then, how little had they been in her possession, being first left at Zacatecas, then at San Antonio, but now she had found them, what would she do with them? What could she do with them? She would wait and see Jerald and submit the matter to him. And then she thought of her aunt's letter, in which she said the discovery might come to her at a time when she most needed it, and she asked herself if this could be true of her then? What did she need the discovery for then? She had ample means of her own, and did she not have a husband now who could supply all her wants, though she had nothing of her own? There must be some providence in all this, she thought. Yes, she had it now. It would help her to carry on the work among those who needed 'that light which lighteneth the world,' and into which she had herself just emerged. Yes, that was it, but how to make use of it? She would consult with Jerald; she would wait and see him."

The theological discussion was continued week after week, and they went back to the days of Christ and the apostles, and followed up by all the lights they could get along the path, noting every change, every innovation, every new dogma, every new creed, and culling everything bearing on the subject, from the writings of the fathers, the edicts of emperors, the proceedings of councils, the bulls of popes, and profane history, until they came down to the time of the reformation. Then, their field opened and widened, the discussions which followed that period having brought to light much that had before been hidden, and which they found contained in commentaries, essays, sermons, controversial documents, church histories and, indeed, all the vast field of church literature. And, perhaps, no city in America, at that time, was better supplied than New Orleans, as a considerable part, as we have said, of the collections made in Europe had found its way there to escape vandal hands. And with such champions as Jerald and Veramendi on the one side, and the learned father on the other side, assisted, as he was, by all the learning there was in the city on his side of the question — as this was, indeed, a fight, on their part, for a hold upon the people, since, if they could discomfit their antagonists now, they felt that the field would be open to them, at least for some time to come, but if they failed the way was open to this new wedge, which had so

suddenly entered to rend and drive asunder their whole fabric, and we say, therefore, that with such champions, this was to be no momentary affair, but was to be a long pull unless, indeed, a light from the celestial country should shine upon their path to make all bright to them. And so it did, for the good father, like his illustrious prototype, Luther, came in the course of his investigations, to a light that shined into his soul, through the word, operated upon by the Holy Spirit, and he renounced the Roman faith and allied himself to that of his opponents.

And now, Irene's new found treasure came into play through the agency of Veramendi's new found cousin, to whom, in connection with other capitalists, she rented her father's mine. She arranged for regular collections and transmissions to her, as well as from the *hacienda* of her grandfather, to which she was also, as we have seen, entitled. And as the proof of her identity was easily made through the evidence of Veramendi and the father, arrangements were at once perfected and the parties proceeded to Mexico to take possession of her father's mine, and to collect and transmit to her the other revenues, and from these sources she soon found herself possessed of ample means to carry out almost any plan she might adopt. And her first move was to build a large church alongside of the cathedral, where she and Cortina attended mass, and place it in charge of the new convert,

and since it became necessary that he should now have a name by which to be known, he gave it as Juan Martin de Latona.

And she established mission churches in other parts of the city, and thus she realized the leadings of providence in withholding so long from her the knowledge of the contents of that receptacle in the old garment.

Jerald's field of usefulness broadened and widened day by day. His congregation became too large for the church, and they built him a new one, more elegant and commodious. And no pastor's wife in the city was more at home in the performance of her duties than Irene; in fact, she was regarded as almost a model, one to be imitated and followed.

Mary settled down to the duties of a good housewife. Allan daily gained experience and reputation in his profession.

Helen and Arthur wended their way stately to the same church edifice, occupied the same pew, received the sacraments from the same hands, and made hearty responses at the baptismal font when their children needed the rite, from other hands than those possessing Episcopal ordination; indeed, there seemed to be no lack of harmony, either in their beliefs or their practices.

Arthur soon became the junior partner in the house that he first entered on his arrival in New Orleans, and to which position he brought his



abilities and capacities for business only, having no funds with which to purchase such a position, and as this review shows, they all seemed to glide smoothly along in the even tenor of their ways.

The new convert, or, as we must now call him, Latona, had a room fitted up for him next to that occupied by Veramendi, in what was now truly the *parsonage*, and which Irene inspected daily to see that the servants had made all right, and that nothing was lacking that could add to his comfort and enjoyment.

Thus she had drawn around her those who, in her eventful life, had contributed to her wants and needs when they had it in their power to do so. And now that she had the means of doing so, she was determined to repay them, and they altogether made a happy family.

After the tragic death of Cortina and Faucetta, McDonald, having no incentive to keep him longer in New Orleans, joined himself to Toledo's party and accompanied them to Texas. The other members of the party being some ten or twelve ex-United States officers. They established their headquarters on the left bank of the Sabine river, where they were joined by some seventy or eighty Mexicans and a few Americans. Dr. Robertson arrived soon after with fifteen or twenty more men, and in planning the details of the expedition they could not agree; Toledo insisting on the command and the ap-

pointment of his subordinates, and Robertson contending for the right of suffrage, allowing the men to elect their own officers.

Robertson and his men finally withdrew and established their encampment some twelve miles below Toledo on the river. They remained there two or three months waiting for recruits, but their own difficulties becoming known to the public, no one was disposed to join them, and they finally abandoned the liberation or conquest of Texas to future events.

McDonald returned with Toledo's party to New Orleans, and resumed his place at the gaming table, and was killed by a fellow-gambler over a game of cards. Such is the end that may come to all who have such habits and follow such practices.

And with this reflection, we will also bring our labors to an

END.

















